THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DECEMBER 14, 1912

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

MORE THAN 1,900,000 CIRCULATION WEEKLY

for "him"!

—the jimmy pipe joy smoke in the dandy pound glass humidor

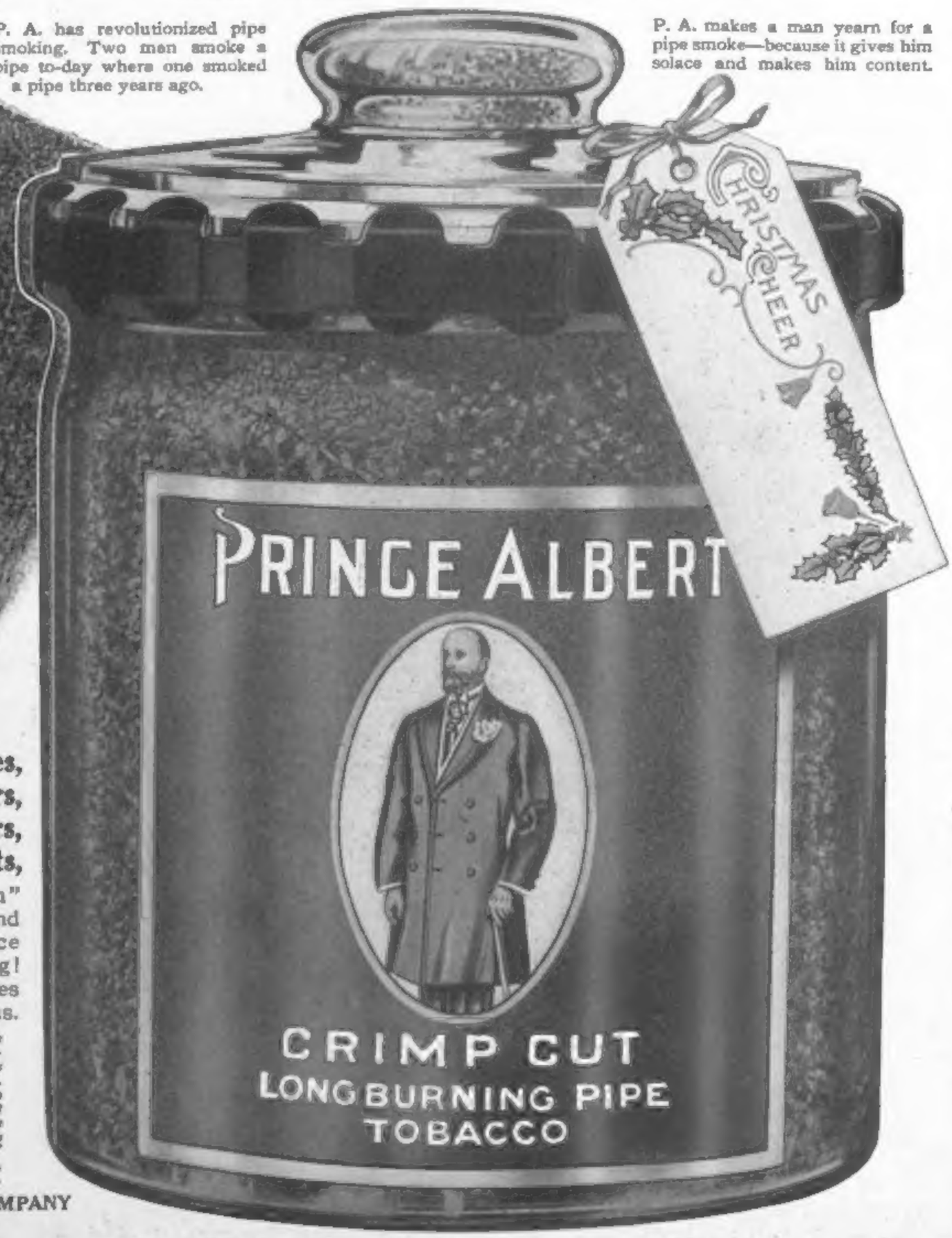
Here's *real* Christmas joy—a gift that hits just the right spot in every man fond of *real* tobacco. If he smokes a jimmy pipe, he'll get new happiness in Prince Albert; if he doesn't smoke a jimmy pipe, *he will* because he'll find P. A. a revelation. It can't bite his tongue—or anybody else's. The sting's cut out by a patented process. *No other tobacco can be like*

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*

It's fragrant and delicious—distinct from any other pipe tobacco. It meets hearty approval at home or at the office.

P. A. has revolutionized pipe smoking. Two men smoke a pipe to-day where one smoked a pipe three years ago.

P. A. makes a man yearn for a pipe smoke—because it gives him solace and makes him content.

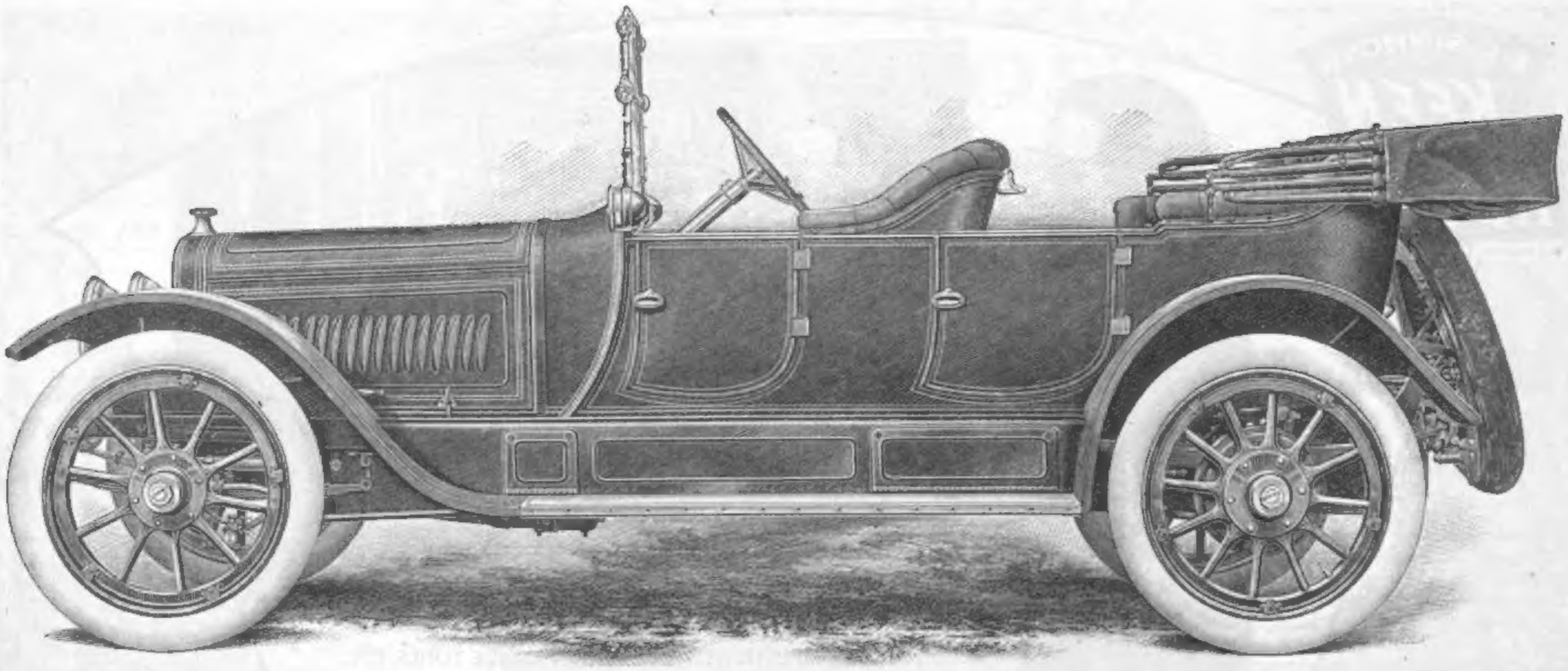


Wives, Mothers, Sisters, Sweethearts,

You buy "him" this dandy pound humidor of Prince Albert. You can't go wrong! It is *the one gift* that just tickles a man, because it is so delicious.

You'll find the handsome Prince Albert pound and half-pound humidors, tidy 10c tins and toppy 5c bags on sale at every cigar store in the land. You'll receive the politest attention at every shop. Just say: "I want a pound glass humidor of Prince Albert." It is neatly packed with a special Christmas tag to bear "his" name. Make "his" a real, cheer-up, Merry Christmas via the joy smoke.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.



See This New LOZIER at the Shows

THE automobile industry NOW offers you a six-cylinder car of the very highest grade construction at a medium price. See the car—the Lozier "LIGHT SIX," a true Lozier for $3250—at the New York or Chicago shows. If you are not going to the shows, write us today for advance catalogue, photographic reproductions of exterior and interior of the car, and *all the information* about it. Then we can arrange, through the Lozier branch or agency nearest you, for you to see the car itself, to drive in it and know for yourself that it *is* a true Lozier in every part, every line, every little detail that makes for endurance, comfort and safety.

This new Lozier for $3250 is not so large as the Lozier you know now—that greatest of all high-grade $5000 cars—and not quite so powerful.

But the "LIGHT SIX" gives you Lozier *quality*, and by every true test you cannot get Lozier quality in any but a Lozier car.

On every touring highway in the world, and on every metropolitan boulevard, you find—in increasing numbers—the men who *know* automobiles, the men who know them all, foreign and American-made alike, driving *Loziers*.

All over the country you find the people who are even *familiar* with automobiles speaking of Lozier with a regard which they attach to no other maker's name. Not because there are *great numbers* of Loziers all over the country, for there are not, but because of what the Lozier has *done*, because of what the name Lozier represents in six-cylinder construction.

One or two other makers have built Sixes as *long* as we have. But the public knows—*you* know—that the Lozier is the *only* Six that has figured prominently in the great national speed and endurance contests. You know that the Lozier holds, and *ever since* 1909 has held, the world's 24-hour stock chassis record. You can probably recall off-hand many of the great victories which have *proved* Lozier superiority of six-cylinder construction.

It is this proof of better construction, greater endurance, coupled with Lozier style and Lozier luxury and the fact that for 8 years the Lozier has commanded—and still commands—a price of $5000, that has made the name Lozier mean so much.

The new Lozier "LIGHT SIX" now brings Lozier quality within the reach of thousands of Lozier enthusiasts who have always wanted Loziers but who didn't feel they could afford to put $5000 into an automobile.

No wonder the announcement of the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" came as a sensation in automobile trade circles.

The trade knows what a Lozier for $3250 means. Scores of the best and strongest dealers closed contracts for Lozier agencies and made deposits for Lozier "LIGHT SIXES" without even seeing the car or knowing the details of its design and construction. They knew a Lozier is *always* a Lozier and that there is no other car to excel it. And they knew a Lozier for $3250 was bound to be the sensation of the year.

Advance orders for the "LIGHT SIX" have justified our confidence and the trade's confidence in the demand for the new Lozier. Our branches and agencies will make deliveries promptly, but even with such magnificent facilities as ours, there is a limitation to the production of cars built like every Lozier is built. Therefore, it will be to your advantage to see your Lozier dealer, or write to us, now.

LOZIER
"LIGHT SIX"
$3,250

Factors That Help Make This a Really Great Car

Left Side Drive, Center Control—Six-Cylinder long stroke motor—Unit power plant—Special Lozier smokeless lubrication—127½ in. wheel base—36 x 4½ in. tires, demountable rims—"Stream line" body design, eliminating the old projecting dash—Gray and Davis Electric Starter and Electric Lighting System—Bosch Magneto, Dual Ignition—Wind Shield, built into body, adjustable for ventilation or rain vision—12 in. Turkish Upholstery—Warner Speedometer—Instantaneous Locking Tire Carrier—Tool Boxes concealed in Running Boards—Silk Mohair Top, Top Cover, curtains quickly adjustable from seat—Ball-Bearing transmission—Floating Type Ball-Bearing Axle—Double enclosed Rear Brakes—Platform Spring Suspension—Multiple Disc Clutch—Large Gasoline Pressure-Feed Tank, with gauge—Full heavy nickeled trimmings—Clock and Electric Horn—Illuminated Running Boards—Robe Rail, Foot Rest and Folding Luggage-Rack—Corrugated Hard Rubber Steering Wheel, and many other features all on a par with these.

Five Body Types, Open and Enclosed.

Ask for "LIGHT SIX" Advance Catalogue

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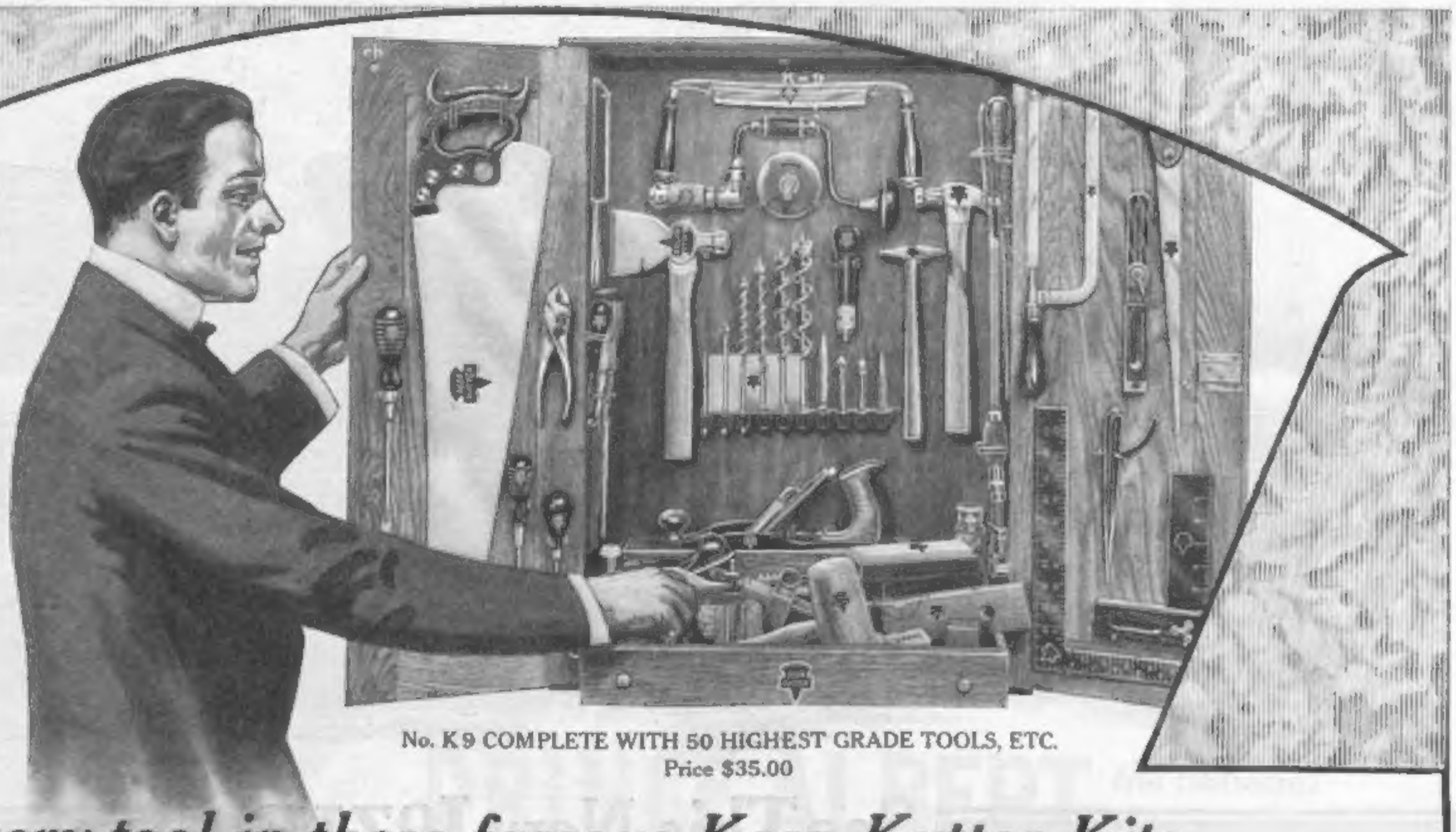

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Every tool in these famous Keen Kutter Kits is guaranteed the highest quality produced!

Finest of all practical gifts for man or boy. Prices range from $8.50 to $125.00.

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Keen Kutter tools for over 45 years have been established as the highest standard attainable. Every tool is specifically guaranteed to be absolutely perfect, to give long service under the most exacting conditions—or your money back from the dealer.

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Keen Kutter tool kits are the only ones sold with a *full line of guaranteed tools.* Hence, no matter whether you buy the smallest kit at $8.50 or the $125.00 outfit, your entire satisfaction is assured—*guaranteed beyond any* possible question.

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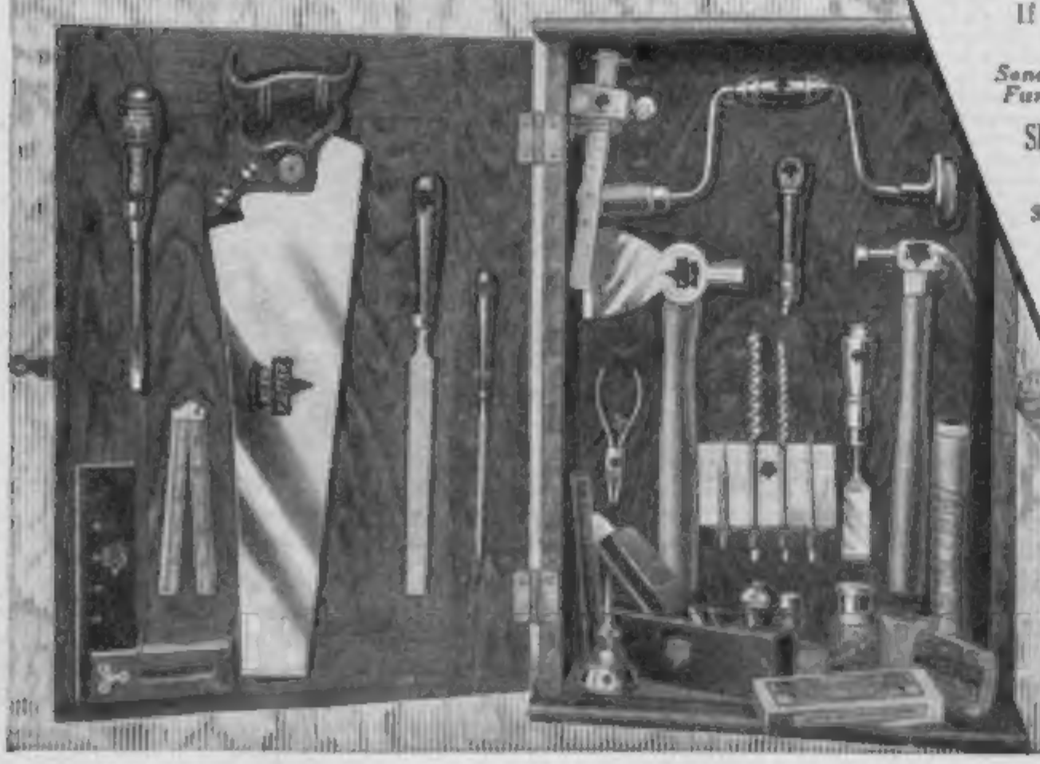

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Doing Something for the Irish

Parliamentary Peas are Alike, Though Pods May be Different

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IT MAY be the English legislators were the men who first put the bunk in bunkum, or it may be the American legislators did it. I am not prepared to say; but I am prepared to say that at some time or other both English and Americans put it in, and that it is still there in all its specious splendor.

The hall of the English House of Commons and the hall of the American House of Representatives are not much alike architecturally or in any other way; but the statesmen and patriots who legislate in the hall of the House of Commons and the patriots and statesmen who legislate in the hall of the House of Representatives are so much alike that, if you put the lot of them in a big box and stirred them up with a stick, it would be extremely difficult to separate one nationality from the other by any distinguishing characteristics, barring, of course, the accents, the clothes, and the wigs and gowns the English Speaker and clerks wear—a pleasing custom, by the way, that might be adopted, as to wigs at least, with excellent effect by Nick Longworth, Ollie James, and some others who might be mentioned.

The machinery differs, but the mechanicians do not. The trade of politics in England is the same as the trade of politics in America in all essentials. A manner may vary, or a method, but the same sort of results comes out of the hopper, and largely the same sort of treatment is given to the raw political material. An English statesman may go round a block to get to a given point and an American statesman cut across, but both arrive at the same destination and both travel with the same motions; both do practically the same things, talk the same kind of talk, promise the same kind of promises, view with the same dread alarm, and point with the same grandiose pride. Likewise, both have but one aim, one which is the perpetuation of party power and the aggrandizement of self.

PHOTO. BY "TOPICAL" PRESS AGENCY

The Little Welshman, the Bare Mention of Whose Name Makes Rich Englishmen Froth at the Mouth

The Fine Flower of Selfishness

POLITICS is the most selfish pursuit in this world for this reason: Its practice, which has for its ultimate object nothing but party and personal perquisites, is all based on the platform of popular need and popular aid. Politicians say they are doing things for the people; but they are doing things for their party and for themselves. Trim off the pretensions from any party policy in America or in England, and you find you have taken off a great many husks of desire for party and personal power, and have left a very small kernel of real, effective, honest, patriotic, non-partisan legislation. An English partisan and an American partisan do not differ even in degree. To be sure, without partisans in England or in our own country we could not have parties, and without parties there could be no government; but that isn't what I am getting at. The point I want to make clear is that the legislative as well as the national politics in England and America are conducted in the same way by the same sort of men; and the results they strive for in both countries are identical. In England they are playing to keep the government in power, or to get another sort of government in and throw the sitting government out—which is exactly what all our politics in America amounts to in a basic sense, with the people helped or hindered as the case may be.

Of course it might be expected Englishmen would be more expert at the game than Americans, having had many more years of practice at it; but I doubt whether they are. I have been watching the House of Commons work, and I have watched the House of Representatives work also. If there is any essential difference, except in detail, I cannot find it, and I do not think any one else can. The English do some things better than we do, and we have an advantage over them in various ways; but, as a whole, the show comes to the same general climax, and the performances of the performers are not so radically different that one set of actors could not readily exchange the stage with the other set, and—after the prompter had worked a few days—go along smoothly.

This doesn't mean the English legislator knows anything about American politics or policies, except in the vaguest way; nor that the American legislator knows anything about English affairs. It means merely that there is so little difference in the actuating impulses, so little variation in the spirit of the game, so little diversity in the human part of it, that you could shut your eyes in the House of Commons when they are debating a big bill and easily imagine yourself in Washington, with Underwood and Hughes and James and Sherley and Henry, and a dozen others, representing the majority, vigorously asserting that their way is the only way to save the Republic from wreck and ruin; and Mann and Payne and Cannon and Dalzell denying that such is the case and commending themselves as the grandest specimens of nation-savers the country has produced.

In the Commons' Gallery

ANY student of affairs in both countries soon finds himself at sea over the question whether in our great democratic country there is really so much democracy as is claimed, except in trivial manifestation. The real difference rests in the difference between form and spirit. We are great show-window democrats—we Americans. We are for the people everlastingly—until after election! And we have some tricks of democracy that we constantly display to credulous spectators; whereas in England they stick for form, cherish convention, seem to be wedded to the aristocratical and monarchial, and in reality, at the bottom of it all, are ten times as democratic as we are—in results and actual practices.

You get a fine illustration of this by a comparison of the forms of the English Parliament and the American Congress. Take the popular branches—the House of Commons and the House of Representatives—and examine into the surroundings—the touch with the people, say. Outwardly the Commons is a sequestrated, secluded, custom-bound forum of discussion. Outwardly our House of Representatives is a place open to all the world to come and hear and see. We have big galleries and easy admission. They have provision for not more than a hundred spectators, and they shut off behind a glass screen the few women who can get in. It is a job to get into a Commons gallery, not because they do not want you there, but because they have made provision for so few people. Any one can get into a gallery in the House of Representatives—all that is necessary is to get to the Capitol in time. Our members hand out tickets to the private galleries by the hundred. English members are chary about their tickets.

This isn't a big point, of course, but it is an interesting one. You want to go to a session of the Commons, and you make an application to a member or to a friend who knows a member or who knows the serjeant-at-arms—that's the way they spell it in England—and you get a ticket, numbered, with a space for your name and your London address, and with instructions to present it at a certain time. You go up to the House, say, at half-past two in the afternoon, for your ticket tells you the House ordinarily meets at two-forty-five. There is a policeman at the door leading to the first lobby. He examines your ticket and tells you to take a seat on the bench that runs along the wall of the corridor. If you are a sophisticated Commonsgoer you give the policeman a shilling and he finds a place for you at the head of the line, having usually placed a property umbrella or two to hold choice seats. If you are not a sophisticated Commonsgoer you do not trifle with the majesty of the law as exemplified by the policeman, and you are firmly required to get at the end of the line; for unless there is a shilling in it for the law—or mayhap two—the law stands with much dignity for the doctrine of "First come, first served."

At two-forty-five a policeman in the inner lobby shouts: "The Speaker is in the ch-a-a-r-r!" Your policeman takes up the cry, and the next and the next, until you hear it echoing through the great hall where Burke impeached Warren Hastings. That, in your opinion, must be somewhat of a function—putting the Speaker in the "ch-a-a-r-r"—quite different from the way Champ Clark slides in and motions to the chaplain to pray his little prayer. Five minutes later, after their prayer—just as short

as ours, by the way—your policeman counts off the first ten and imperiously tells that ten to go inside. Another policeman takes you and hands you along to another, who examines your ticket and motions toward a winding stairway, up which you climb. You go through a narrow corridor after you have climbed the stairs and are held up by a portentous person who takes your ticket and requests you to write in a book he has there various vital statistics concerning yourself, including the name of the person who gave you your ticket, your own name, and sundry other bits of personal information.

That over, you go through another hall down a stairway, and are met by a grave attendant, who wears an evening coat, a high-cut waistcoat, and has suspended round his neck a large gold-plated seal of some kind, which hangs down and bobs against the fourth button on his vest. He puts you in a seat, and that seat is yours so long as you care to keep it. If you desire to go down into the lobby for a cup of tea, or anything else, you put your overcoat or your umbrella, or both—you always have an overcoat and an umbrella with you in England in November, you understand—and the man with the gold-plated decoration sees to it that the seat remains unoccupied, especially if you have had the forethought to hand him a shilling, which is strictly against the rules, but may be done if sufficient delicacy is observed in the transaction—that is, the man will not actually take the shilling out of your pocket, of course, but can be persuaded to accept it if you dig it up yourself. If you have a long, giraffey neck you can see a little from the rear rows. If you have even the faintest conception of the power of half a crown with gentlemen who wear gold-plated decorations you can get a place on the distinguished visitors' bench, which is the front one, and from that you can see very well and hear excellently. Half a crown will make a distinguished visitor of almost any one if put in circulation skillfully.

When you want to visit the House of Representatives you go up to the Capitol and line up in the lobbies outside the gallery entrances. If there is room you get in. If not you stand there until there is room. That is all there is to it, unless your member has given you a card to the Members' Gallery. In that case you do not get in half so quickly as you do into the public gallery, for one of the cheapest and commonest methods of "doing something" for the visitor from home is the Congressional custom of handing out these special tickets, ordinarily signed with rubber stamps, that confer the distinction of the Members' Gallery on the visitor. They hand them out by the hundred—and nicely engraved cards they are too, and look very well when shown at home, where folks do not understand. They prove you have a pull with the great statesman who is directing the destinies of the nation through the medium of the votes of your district.

The Democracy of Parliament

THAT is but a comparison, with trifling differences; but it serves to illustrate the show window democracy we practice and the adherence to form and ceremony of the English. When you come to the vital differences it is another story. The democratic shoe is on the other foot—on the English foot. The members of the English ministry—the men who are the government—sit in Parliament. They are there to run the government and to tell exactly how they are running it, and they must answer all inquiries. Moreover, if they propose any proposition that is defeated they must immediately go to the country and get from the people either an indorsement of their proposal by the return of a majority that will support them, or they must get out incontinently. They have no Senate sitting over them, no executive with a veto power, no courts to review. They are the government, directly responsible to the people and held so rigidly. They do not go at stated times to the country. They go when they fail. The government is the government in immediate popular touch. If there is no support in the Commons the people take a hand, and vote whether their representatives are acting wisely or unwisely. In our country, when a Government proposition fails, whether it is upheld or opposed popularly, the people get a tardy chance to express their views upon it, and none at all in case the courts object to it.

This makes the House of Commons the real democratic institution it is. There are plenty of arguments to show that our system is better, and I have no concern with those. My point is, if the people are in immediate supervision of a lawmaking body, that lawmaking body is essentially more democratic in all its aspects than a lawmaking body that goes out at stated intervals for commendation or rejection, and is restricted by a Senate, a president, and a series of reviewing courts. I shall deal with the working of this phase of Parliament, as contrasted with our plan, farther along in this article. It is cited here to uphold the contention that, when it comes to democracy, the House of Commons has an advantage over the House of Representatives. It may have some other slight advantages, but not many. In reality there isn't much other difference—and so far as the members are concerned none at all, except temperamental and racial.

Let me outline the variants between the House of Commons and the House of Representatives. The House of Commons has six hundred and seventy members, who get four hundred pounds a year each as salary—or roundly two thousand dollars; the House of Representatives has, as at present constituted, three hundred and ninety-three members, who are paid seventy-five hundred dollars a year, with mileage, clerk hire and some other moneys. Until August 10, 1911, members of the Commons received no salary. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, passed the salary provision on that date. Instead of standing for election from a district in which he lives, an

PHOTO BY "TOPICAL" PRESS AGENCY

The Bareheaded Man is Mr. Winston Churchill, the Versatile First Lord of the Admiralty

Englishman can be elected from any district in the United Kingdom. There are some exceptions to the list, but almost any English citizen not disqualified by these exceptions—which relate to peers, imbeciles, aliens not naturalized, criminals, and so on—can run if he is of legal age, and can be elected. Members appointed to offices by the Crown vacate their seats as do men taking other office in America, and when a member of the Commons becomes a bankrupt he goes out, which is not the case with us—financially bankrupt, you understand, not mentally. No member of the Commons can resign during a term of Parliament, which nominally is for seven years; but there is a way out.

By accepting a Crown appointment as Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, or the Stewardship of the Manor of Poynings, of East Hendred and Northstead, or the Escheatorship of Munster—jobs that meant something once upon a time, but are now maintained simply to let men who want to get out of the Commons get out—the seat is declared vacant and a bye election is held.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is elected from the membership and continues in office until a dissolution. He acts independently of party considerations and becomes, in fact, the presiding officer and employee of the House; for he is prohibited from taking part in debate, must have no partisan attributes, and never votes except in case of a tie. His chief function is the preservation of order; he wears a wig and gown, sits on a raised chair at the end of the hall, and is a very dignified and imposing person. He gets a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, ranks as first commoner, and when he retires usually is made a peer and is given a pension of twenty thousand dollars a year. The present Speaker is the Right Honorable J. W. Lowther, who succeeded Speaker Gully in 1905. Gully was Speaker for ten years before that.

This gives the House of Commons the advantage of a non-partisan presiding officer instead of a partisan one. There is no chance for an Uncle-Joe machine in the House of Commons, for the Speaker in reality has nothing to do but preside. He has no voice in directing policies or proceedings, or in appointing committees; and when he is in the chair he is only an impartial official, not a partisan member. His rulings are based on the whole manual, not on such portions of the manual as partisanly fit the case, and he is a mild-voiced, mild-mannered dignitary, whose wig fits him very well.

All bills proposed in the House of Commons are government or majority bills. There are certain exceptions whereby, by ballot and by permission, members may introduce private bills, and certain bills are allowed on which the majority takes no attitude and which are permitted to go to discussion on their merits; but for all intents and purposes, and in the case of all big measures, every bill is a government or majority bill. The opposition, or minority, has no party power of introducing bills. Its members can, by permission, introduce private bills; but every big measure is a government or majority bill, and the opposition's only function is to oppose. There is none of the indiscriminate bill-introducing seen in the House of Representatives, where any member can drop as many bills in the basket as he chooses, which method argues for our side of the question as to which House is the more democratic.

Committee Work

IN THE House of Representatives there are about sixty standing committees and plenty of special committees. All preliminary work in our House is done in committee, and the House acts on the report and recommendations of the committee that reports the bill, either in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union or under a rule. Bills are referred to our committees as soon as they are introduced, and the committees take them up, reframe them, have hearings on them, and prepare a committee bill—which may or may not be based on the original bill, and may contain some, all or none of its provisions—report that bill to the House with a recommendation that it pass or do not pass, and the House debates for a certain time and then votes. Appropriations, for example, are handled by the Appropriations Committee, except the various appropriation bills that go to the specific committees, such as the Naval Bill, which is made up by the Naval Committee; the Army Bill, which the Military Affairs Committee handles; the Post-Office Bill, which is put together by the Post-Office Committee, and so on.

English appropriations are made by the Committee of Supply. The Chancellor of the Exchequer presents his budget, showing all the moneys required to run the government for a certain period, and gives his plans for getting the revenues to supply the money to be appropriated. Thus, instead of getting the appropriations in thirteen money bills, as in our House, the House of Commons gets it all in a lump and knows what the government proposes by totals.

The House of Commons, instead of working through sixty committees, works largely "in committee"—that is, the whole House goes into committee, the Speaker retires, the mace is placed under the table and the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means or the Committee of Supply takes his seat, not in the Speaker's chair, but at the table below that with the bewigged clerks. The two big committees are the Committee of Supply and the Committee on Ways and Means. The Committee of Supply passes on all propositions to expend public moneys, such as army, naval, post-office and other appropriations; and the Committee on Ways and Means deals with resolutions like Lloyd-George's land-tax schemes, by which the funds are to be obtained for the expenditures.

Of late, however, the House of Commons has resorted more and more to the committee system. There are several

(Continued on Page 26)

AN OLD ACCOUNT-BOOK

The Seven Miles From Johnson's Were a Tough Pull

By Laura L. Hinkley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

SHE'S asleep in there. I'm sitting here by the fire, waiting to get calmed down enough to spread out my blankets and bunk on the floor here, same as I've done the last three nights. It's still snowing, and this is the fourth day of storm!

The shack's not so cold as it was before it got all banked up with snow. The snow's up to the window-sills on the north and west; on the south it's up to the eaves.

How strange it is! Mother and the girls are in bed and dreaming back in Iowa. She's in there. I'm out here. Snow and wind and empty prairie everywhere outside. God's up in Heaven ——

Look here! I'm writing kind of wild. What I started out to do was to write down the whole thing just the way it happened. It won't make it seem any more likely, but maybe I'll get so I can come nearer believing it. I woke up once last night and almost thought I'd dreamed the whole business. In the firelight I saw her big plumy hat hanging on a nail.. I actually got up and touched it to see if it was real. It was, all right. It felt as soft! I put my big coarse fingers on that long white feather that curls all over it—it felt as soft as I bet her hand feels! Not that I know how her hand feels; I don't, and I ain't likely to find out.

You see, the very mischief of it is I got to talk to her like a Dutch uncle the whole blamed time. I don't know why, but it's so. That's what got me started thinking I'd better write things down. I got to let off steam somehow. When I saw this old account-book today under the pile of magazines in the corner I figured out I'd begin tonight, after she went to bed.

I bought this book two years ago to keep track of the fortune I was going to make ranching. It's not been used—there was a few scratches on the front page, but I tore that out—on account of the fortune not having materialized because of drought. I know where I'm going to keep it, too, so she won't run across it when I'm out at the barn—in the pocket of my gray coat. I brought my clothes out of the bedroom that first night, and drove in a few nails to hang 'em on, and rigged up a curtain over 'em; and that's the one thing in the shack I'm sure she never touches.

Say, she's got a way—she don't know anything about housekeeping or anything else like common girls do, no more than a kitten!—but she's got a way of fixing things round in a room that makes 'em look twice as good as they did before. She can't wash dishes, but she can put 'em up on the shelves so they look like a picture. She was camping once where they had electric lights and bathtubs. That's the nearest she ever came to roughing it, and she's as natural and sweet about sharing the tin washdish ——

She's the most educated person I ever talked to, not just book-educated, but rubbing up against things where they grow. Talks three or four foreign languages—learned 'em in these countries. She's lived in Paris and Rome and Venice and Berlin and a pile of places I never heard of. Lived in one of them duke's castles in England for a while once.

Say, written down, it looks like she was stringing me—don't it? How do I know she ain't? How do I know anything? I just know she's the straightest, honestest, sincerest person the Lord ever made. And she's the most beautiful thing He ever —— But what's the use getting started on that? And I've no more idea who she is or where she came from, or how she came, than this lead pencil has!

Now let me back up and get started straight. I ain't telling it so any one could make head or tail of it, and it ain't anything you could believe easy anyway. . . . Is this snow ever going to stop? There's fuel enough, thank God for that! We could live a month on the food in the house. It's not that. It's this grandfather business! It's having her round, it's being near her—the shack's only thirty feet long and twenty wide—all the time, all the time, except when I'm out at the barn, and never being able —— Say, I'd 'a' thought, if I'd read about anything like this in one of them magazine stories, that the fellow'd have all the chances in the world. Take it from me, it ain't so! I see clearer every day that it'd be dead wrong to say one word, or look one look, or give her any way the smallest hint how I love her.

Mort Parsons, have you got no sense? Can't you see that she's a society queen, that she's always had everything and been everything? And you're the horny-handed son of toil, all right. You're a farmer and the son of a farmer. You've got no money; you've got no luck; you've got no education to speak of. You don't always use good grammar. Quit your foolishness!

Last Tuesday I was—I was just an ordinary fool rancher last Tuesday. I bet no ten years of my life have meant so much to me as the four days since last Tuesday. I'm nothing to her, but she's changed the whole world for me. Well, this is the way it started:

I took a notion Tuesday to hitch up and go to town after supplies, for the grub was getting low. Besides I had a hunch it was fixing up to storm. Weather was as bright and clear as I ever saw, not a bit of snow on the ground, wonderful for so late in the year. But there's a kind of feel in the air, you know, that tells; and when you're sixteen miles from the railroad you've got to be on the safe side. Well, what happened in town ain't got anything to do with it, except that I stocked up with all sorts of grub, and all the story papers and magazines I could find for winter reading. Started home early, for I thought it was looking more like snow. I hadn't got to Peterson's before the flakes began to come down, and when I got to Johnson's it was hard going, even with the wind. Johnson wanted me to come in and stay with them till the storm slacked up. I'd have done it, too, if it hadn't been for leaving the stock overnight. Think of it! I'd be there yet. And she ——

And I've No More Idea Who She Is or Where She Came From Than This Lead Pencil Has!

The seven miles from Johnson's were a tough pull, and I had the wind too; but I made it before dark. I put the team in the barn and fed the stock. I loaded one arm up with groceries, kicked a way through the snow to the shack, opened the door and went in.

She was standing in the middle of the floor. It was light enough to see her plain—that sort of dusky, white light there is when the air's full of snow. Her hat was on the table, with her long gray gloves beside it, but her long fur coat was fastened round her. One of her hands, with rings shining on it, rested on the table careless-like, but with the knuckles pressing hard too. Her head was up; and her eyes looked straight at me, those sort of wonderful brown eyes she's got—this isn't foolishness; anybody'd say that. And all kinds of different expressions kept going through them—proud and defiant, and frightened and appealing, and desperate and proud again, and all the time sort of steady, as if she was trying to size me up and wondering how she'd better handle me.

What did I think? Well, what would you think if you walked into your shack on the middle of the prairie, in the middle of a blizzard, and found a fairy princess there, with a pair of white wings and a crown of stars and big brown eyes that scorned you and defied you and entreated you and puzzled over you all at once? Well, maybe there wasn't any wings and stars. I didn't particularly notice.

We stood there and looked at each other—me and the groceries all covered with snow. I thought I might as well say something to find out whether I was dreaming, or if the hallucination could talk.

"Hello," said I.

The groceries began to tumble on the floor. I put 'em on the table and straightened up again, and we looked at each other some more.

"Won't you sit down?" says I, thinking if it was the queen of the fairies I might as well be polite.

She drew her breath in quick, and straightened up a little and began to talk. I remember every word she said. Must have taken 'em in subconsciously, as it says in the magazines, for I was feeling about as intelligent as a lump of soft coal.

"Three hours ago," says she, making a sort of gesture toward a little fancy watch that was pinned on to her dress—"three hours ago, before it began to snow, I found myself alone on the prairie. There were only two houses in sight, yours and one in that direction," and she waved her little white hand off toward the Syrians' shack.

Say, it turns me cold yet, to think if she'd gone there! Of course it don't seem like any living being

could treat her otherwise than white, but one or both of them fellows is 'most always drunk.

"I decided to come here," she goes on. "I naturally supposed the family would be at home. I expected to find a woman."

She stopped a minute and sort of swallowed. I didn't have anything to say. She hurries along:

"The door was unlocked and the walk had tired me—it was farther than I had supposed—so I took the liberty of coming in, and sat down to rest. Then it began to snow. I took my hat off because my head ached."

She talked it out so clear it made me think I must be terribly dumb to keep feeling as if there was something or other that wasn't quite explained yet.

"You live alone here, do you not?" says she.

"Yes, ma'am," says I.

"Could you take me tonight to some neighbor's—where there are women?"

"I'd be glad to accommodate you if I could," says I, "but—well, I guess you ain't had much experience with blizzards. Johnson's is nearest; he's got a wife and five kids; but they're seven miles away, and we couldn't go twenty rods against this wind without getting lost—and dark coming on too."

She looked out of the window where the flakes was whirling duskier than before and nodded a little.

"I should have gone to the other place," says she.

That startled me, so I spoke right out: "Say, I'm glad you didn't! A couple of Syrians live there. I don't want to knock anybody without reason, but—those fellows drink a good deal. It's no place for a lady."

She gives a sort of shiver and that reminds me how cold it was. She'd not started a fire or anything. By that time I'd got it fixed in my feelings that she was a human girl.

"Sit right down again," says I, hospitable, "while I get a fire started. We'll have it warm here in a jiffy, Miss ——" And I kind of waited to see if she wouldn't put her name in.

"Oh!" says she, like she hadn't thought of that before; "Smith! Miss Smith! Mary Smith!" And her lip curled contemptuous.

Now that made me mad; her giving me a made-up name—and such a poor one!—and acting like I didn't have sense enough to catch on!

It wasn't plain mad either. Seemed to me like she wasn't treating herself square.

I set the lid down on the stove and looked straight at her.

"I'm Mortimer Parsons," says I. "I never got into a place yet where I had to sail under false colors."

It hit her all right. She colored up and bit her lip, and tried to act like I was a lowdown creature and it didn't matter what I thought. That got my dander up more. I'd been a little provoked, anyway, by that touch of uppishness she had.

"Gatherin' material for a novel on the workin' classes?" says I, smooth and sarcastic.

I guess that was a sort of mean thing to say, and I don't know what made her act like she did.

She held her head up high, and looked me in the eyes, square and honest and equal—and her eyes flashed too!

"My name is Florence Grant," says she.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Grant," says I. And we was friends.

Ain't it funny the way things happen? Think of us two standing there snapping at each other, all alone in a little shack on the prairie in the middle of a blizzard—for all the world like a couple of kids the first day of school, scrapping to see which one is going to be boss.

Well, it don't come in here really, but I got to tell now something that happened tonight while we was doing the dishes. She was drying 'em, and I was trying to keep from noticing too much how her little pearly pink fingers handled the cups, and how soft and pretty her hair come down on her temples, and the smooth, elegant, rich way her dress fitted. Well, she says, kind of sudden:

"What did you think of my grand-dame airs that first night?"

"Well, they irritated me some," I admits.

She laughs, and then she looks thoughtful.

"You see, I didn't know you then," she explains, like she was anxious to have me understand. "They were to impress you—because I was afraid. I did it to protect myself."

"You don't need any monkey business to protect yourself from me," says I, kind of short.

Then I thought that wasn't very polite and I was trying to think of some way to smooth it over when I happened to look at her.

Well, she seemed pleased! Her eyes were shiny and glad and sort of proud.

"Yes!" she says, half under her breath, and adds something in one of them foreign languages. She wouldn't tell me what it means, but I made her say it over till I got on to the sound of it. It went like this:

"*Voo zet uh nom don noor.*"

Some day I'll find out what that means.

If You Could See the Plain Simple Figure Dressed in Department-Store Basement Bargains!

Well, to get back to that first night. I started the fire and made her move up close to it; she was all chilled through. I lit the lamp, for it was getting dark by that time, and got some coffee and bacon on the stove and started to mix up some biscuits.

"Could I do that?" says she, watching me in her quiet lady way.

"Ever make biscuits?" I asks.

She shook her head: "No; I never cooked anything, even in a chafing dish."

That surely amazed me. The idea of a girl that never cooked anything! Though I don't know why I'd expect a girl that just materialized out of a snowstorm to know how to cook.

"Come out here to teach, I expect?" says I, inquisitive.

She didn't look like any of the teachers round here; but she looked more like them than anything else outside of the pictures in one of those society magazine stories.

"Do you think I could?" she asks, looking at me earnest.

"Why not?" I says. "It sorta comes by nature—don't it?—especially to ladies?"

"My French and Italian ought to be good," says she thoughtfully.

I grinned to myself at that.

"Well, what they want here is more reading and writing—for the young ones, you know," I explains.

She pondered that a minute.

"How would one begin to teach reading and writing?" she questions.

"Search me," says I, "but it can't be hard; so many do it. The kids have books; I guess you sorta go by them."

She turns that over in her mind, and comes back at me with:

"But would any one—employ me?"

The answer to that was easy.

"Sure. Ole Olson's school hasn't started because they couldn't get a teacher. You'd get a job, all right."

Before I got the biscuits in the oven I was enthusiastic about her teaching at Olson's. By the time we sat down to supper I was thinking the world was a lot more interesting than it used to be—before I saw her. And long before bedtime my thoughts and feelings was all tangled up in a hard knot of happiness and misery, and hope and fear, and wonder and uncertainty, and ecstasy and cautiousness and endurance.

What did we talk about that first evening? How can I tell? It was simply the greatest visit I ever had in my life—except some since. After I got reconciled to the surprisingness of her, and she made up her mind I was a white man, we sure talked to beat the band. There's two things I sure have always been curious about—one's printed matter and the other's folks.

It looked like I was a helpless infant beside of her, though. First off she begun asking questions about the schools, the country, the people, the climate, the neighbors. Say, you never saw anybody as ignorant as that girl was; but she was dead in earnest about wanting to find out! Next thing I knew I found myself telling her the story of my life; and when I tried to insinuate inquiries about her, Paris and London and the other places came to the front. She certainly is a marvelous describer.

Well I've written down quite a lot, but it don't begin to cover the situation. I guess it'll do for tonight though. It's kind of a relief to let on how I really do feel where it don't do any harm. And tomorrow I got to start in being old Uncle Mort again!

Saturday. Still snowing!

Of course, mysterious as she is, I've figured out a few things about her. It's plain she comes of very wealthy people. It's equally plain she's had a pretty desperate scrap with her folks. Maybe they wanted her to marry one of those foreign counts and she wouldn't. Maybe she's quarreled with a man she was engaged to. Maybe she found out she was adopted, or fled from some family disgrace. Anyway it's something she won't talk about; and, as long as she's not inviting any questions, of course I'm not asking any.

None of that throws any light on how she came here. Somebody must have seen her before she found herself alone on the prairie somewhere between here and the Syrians' shack. I'd probably have heard something about it if the storm hadn't shut in this way.

She's not happy—and it's more than just feeling queer about being shut up here with me like this, though I guess that does worry her considerable; or did, at first. Sometimes she comes out of the bedroom with her eyelids pink. Of course, then, I pretend not to notice and try to cheer her up. And sometimes she'll drop the magazine she's been reading and sit and think, and her face will get sort of hard and bitter and bleak, like the prairie in November with a cloudy sky and a north wind.

Today she sat a while looking like that, and then sort of roused herself and seemed puzzled and sorrowful and doubtful. Finally she saw I was noticing, and says to me, low and thoughtful: "What would you advise me to do?"

"Not butting in at all," says I, getting red, "I don't think advice is much good unless the adviser knows all the facts."

"Nevertheless, without knowing them, what would you advise?"

"Well," says I, not looking at her, "speaking in the dark, and not recommending the result, I'd advise you—to make it up with your folks."

"That is impossible," says she, with the bleak look settling over her face again.

"Well, then, I'd advise you to get a job school-teaching. You'd be dead sure to give satisfaction, and the wages is something and expenses not much."

"I should have something in reserve," says she. "Wait!"

She goes into her room and comes out in a minute with something in one hand. She puts it down on the table, and it glitters in gold and colors when she lifts her hand up. It was a little pile of jewelry. Her watch was there, and some rings and a necklace—all with fancy stones set in 'em.

"I don't know much about the prices of these things," says I, hooking the necklace over one finger, "but they're sure pretty!"

The necklace was made of two fine gold chains caught together every little ways with a round white bead or a square dark blue stone, alternate. From the center of it another white bead hung down alone, only this was larger than the others, about the shape and size of a chimney-swallow's egg, and had a soft, melting, pinky shine on it.

"That ought to be of some value," said she. "The pearl is a good one."

It ought to have been. It was most as dainty and pretty as one of her fingernails.

"No use your thinking about selling these," said I. "You'll earn all you'll want to spend, and you might as well keep your capital in this form as any other. Nobody to sell 'em to, either, in this country; so you better just keep your pretty things."

I spoke easy, but it chilled me some—her having all those expensive ornaments. I suppose that necklace alone might have cost several hundred dollars.

Sunday. It stopped snowing in the night. Bright and clear this morning, but fearfully drifted. I got out the team and started to break a road through to Johnson's; but I hadn't got more than a quarter of a mile when it clouded up and began to snow again; so I saw it was no use and quit. I'm worried some about Johnson's. Don't know how they were fixed for supplies; and five kids eat an awful lot. It's going on now as if it had never stopped, a northwest wind full of snow sifted fine as sand.

I found out some things this morning. We're right on the edge of the storm. It's a lot clearer even as near as the Syrians' shack; but it's no use going that way. Beyond them it's drifted some, of course, and pretty hard going, but nothing to shut travel off as soon as it really clears up. This snow's not likely to last much longer; and I hope we can get out tomorrow or the day after.

Now when I say that I'm a liar! I don't want us to get out. I don't want it to stop snowing—ever!

It's funny, the way I've got to feel about the snow. It comes down so white and fine and delicate and incessant and irresistible! It's like a beautiful, cold, pure enemy; it's like a treacherous, smothering friend.

Monday. No sign of any let-up today. It is snowing hard tonight. That I wrote last night about the way I feel is not true; I mean it is not the main thing. What she is and what she makes me feel is something different.

It isn't that she is so beautiful, though she's beautiful enough to break any man's heart. It isn't the mysteriousness

of her, though that would get any fellow half wild with curiosity. It's not even that she is such royal good company and we can be such perfect friends. It is not that she is an education and an inspiration, though, please God, the rest of my life is going to show how much she is of both! It isn't that she is in trouble and don't know what to do, and I can help her out a little, though that does take hold of a fellow. It's not that we've lived alone together six days in two little rooms, though I'm not denying that's a mighty searching experience. It is just that she is herself—and I am me. It is that she has taken hold of me in all these ways, and more—and more—that I cannot find any words to tell of.

She has taken hold of me and taken root in me. I am not just myself from this time forth; there is something of her in me. It is not because I wish it to be so; I could not help it if I tried; it is just so! I was like a field lying plowed and empty in the sun, and she came and sowed seeds in me, and now all the strength of the land is only good to make those seeds grow.

The seeds are ambition and courage and patience and good manners and large-mindedness and gentleness and love—and love—and love!

Tuesday. I guess the storm's over. It cleared off a while before sundown—hard, cold, bright weather. It was too late to begin digging out, so that's what I've got to do tomorrow. It's considerable stunt, too, to get round those drifts, some of them up to the horses' backs. I found that out Sunday—but I expect I can get over to Johnson's about noon if I have good luck.

I was talking to her about it tonight, and she said:

"What are you going to tell them about me?"

"Why," says I, "that there's a lady stormstayed at my shack—a lady that wants to teach school; and that she's very capable, and she and I have figured out that Ole Olson's school is the place for her. As soon as the roads get broke out a little, we'll go over and see Ole about it."

"Are you sure he will be satisfied with my qualifications?" she asks, anxious.

"Well," says I, "I reckon so. Whenever he wants a letter written in English he gets me to do it for him."

So she laughs.

She quit kind of early tonight and went to bed, though I was doing my level best to keep her from seeing how blue I was. Honest, I never figured out how hard it was going to hit me—finishing up this playhouse stunt. I couldn't feel worse if I was never going to see her again!

I've got no call to feel like that. It's not far to Olson's, and I'm her oldest friend here. She's got some confidence in me; she trusts me; she likes me some—I know she does!

Just the same this is the last night—the last night we'll ever spend alone together under the same roof—maybe.

If we have a decent crop next year and prices hold up; if folks keep coming into the country the way they've been doing, and if the railroad goes through—I'll not be able to give her pearl necklaces and jewels and ruby rings, but I'll have a home for her. If it's fair, and I can't see why it isn't fair if she's really turned her back on her other life—if it's fair to her—I can make her love me.

What's the use thinking? I'll not write any more. Me for the drifts tomorrow!

. . . . . .

[The foregoing entries in the old account-book are written in lead pencil, in a large, firm, somewhat unpracticed masculine hand. The following ones are written with ink, in a flowing feminine chirography.]

Many have loved your gladness and your grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

I have had my bath and wrapped myself in a pink silk negligee with eiderdown trimming that stirs softly with every breath or movement over the fine, blue-veined skin of my arms and neck. I am wearing pink slippers with delicate white pompons—tiny and alluring to the eye, soft and delicious to the foot. I have made myself again the physically immaculate, physically exquisite, physically easeful creature I was bred to be. The room is full of suave, even warmth—oh, the shack bedroom was cold sometimes! I have locked the door and settled myself in a deep, soft chair of dark green velvet—the room is rather well done in good shades of green—and put the carefully shaded lamp just at my elbow. And I have read every word you wrote of me, Mort—every word! But not without shame or without remorse! If you knew! Perhaps you would be glad. No; you are not cruel enough to be glad.

What do you think of me now? It is forty-eight hours since you wrote the last of those words beside the fire in the shack. I had no chance to read them on the train last night or today. What did you think when you came back through the drifts and found me gone—vanished as utterly as if I had been a dream? I have thought all day—and all day yesterday—how you must have looked for me about the shack; how bewilderedly, frantically, perhaps. And then you must have found the tracks of the sleigh in the snow; and if you followed them past the Syrians' shack perhaps you learned there how I went, for one of the Syrians called and waved a bottle after us. And what did you think, when at last you looked for your diary in the pocket of the old gray coat to write the end of me, and found there only the pearl and sapphire necklace with the pendant you compared to a chimney-swallow's egg?

I think the Syrian saw me plainly. I meant him to. Such sleighs cannot be common on the prairie, or horses so strong and swift. The Syrians' was the only house we passed for a long, long way.

Oh, that ride through the endless, glittering white world! We were silent as shades sunken in among the robes. And always, as the horses plunged through the breaking snowcrust, I thought they were like Pluto's black steeds, and I Persephone, snatched back to live among the dead after one long breath of upper air.

He is ill tonight. The doctor has ordered him a nurse and forbidden him to think of any exertion; so we shall not go on immediately.

I do not care where we are. All places are alike to me—but one; and I shall never go there again. All people are alike to me—but one; and he is thinking very bitter things of me tonight.

Oh, Mort, Mort, I could not help it! Oh, Mort, what shall I do? How shall I endure this warm, soft, luxurious, scented, tinted hell?

I know you cannot help me. I know I have cut myself off from help and hope. I had a life of freedom opening before me; I had one friend; and by my own deliberate act I turned away from both.

. . . . . .

He is dead. I cannot feel anything; I cannot realize that it is true. I have been making arrangements, sending telegrams, finding how very little I knew of his life or his friends or his plans; and, in the midst of this, again and again I have come to myself with a start, saying over, with all the bewilderment of the first moment—he is dead.

In a sense he died for me. He had contracted a severe cold, which he disregarded in coming back for me as soon as the storm ceased. Pneumonia developed. I think neither the doctor nor the nurse considered it critical until within an hour of the end. His heart was weak, they say.

I should be sorrier for his death and for the manner of it. Compunction moved him for what my fate might be.

He and I were fatal to each other. I told him at first that I could never love him, and afterward that I could not choose but hate him. Let me think there was some kindness in what he felt for me.

I might have been kinder to him. I did not wish him to die.

The world is very desolately empty, even of hate, even of sorrow. God have mercy on his soul—and on mine!

. . . . . .

It is seven years since then. This is the anniversary of that wild day of storm when I found shelter and safety with you. How tall you were as you stood there powdered and crowned with snow! What clear surprise was on your brow; what strange, wondering welcome in your eyes! How kind you were, how infinitely to be trusted!

Do you ever think of me now? Do you guess, do you dream, how often—how very often—I think of you?

No; you must have made haste to forget me. After I had gone without explanation or farewell, after I had stolen your most guarded secrets and flung my jewels in your face, after I myself had defaced the golden image you made of me, you must have cast the wrecked thing out of your thoughts. If ever a random recollection flits across your mind and you ask yourself, "Where is she now?" your fancy paints me lapped in luxury, queening it in society, clothed in silks and laces, decking myself with pearls.

If you could see this small bare room, the worn rug, the marred varnish on washstand and dresser, the ugly wall paper, the splotched mirror! If you could see the plain simple figure at the dingy writing table dressed in department-store basement bargains! That entourage of wealth I lived in crumbled to nothing, like an enchanter's palace when the enchanter died. I am a teacher of French and Italian in a girls' school—not a very competent teacher. I cannot do anything well, Mort, as you found out so long ago.

You are married now, no doubt, to some good, simple, girl who does not discern how wide and various are your thoughts, how fine your tact, how firm your will. If I read you right you are one in whom affection rules. You would stop the wound I left you—oh, I know you were hurt; I know it by the unhealing wound I bear!—but men are not like women!—you would stop the hurt with the first wholesome, sweet, uncomplicated love that came your way. I wish your wife all joy. I yield her all the tangible, conscious part of you. Only I hope it is not wrong if now and then, on the anniversary of our meeting, I write words to you like these—words you will never see.

Do you ever feel me clinging to you with my thoughts? Are you ever aware of a shadow across the sun when the sun is bright, and do you rouse yourself with a dim start and wonder vaguely that virtue has gone out of you?

. . . . . .

Oh, Mort, Mort, I have had a living word of you! Lucy Doane has been in my class for months; I have liked her fresh, freckled face, enjoyed her bright frankness, shivered at her accent—and never guessed how lately she had seen you, talked with you. How could I not have known?

It was only today she told me she had been a teacher too; and when she began to speak the first premonition crossed my mind that she had filled the place I might have had.

"The director's name was Ole Olson," she ended. "I boarded with a family named Johnson."

"Isn't it a wild, desolate country?" I managed to say.

"Oh, it's changed a lot in the last ten years," she answered. "It used to be. Nine years ago they had a terrible blizzard up there. Mrs. Johnson told me all about it."

"Tell me."

"Why, they were snowed up for five days so they couldn't get anywhere. It kept snowing all the time; and they ate up everything they had in the house and were afraid they'd starve. The fifth day the snow stopped, and Mr. Johnson got out as soon as it was light and started to break a road to the nearest neighbor's. But he was afraid he'd never get back, so he loaded Mrs. Johnson and the children into the sleigh and they got through to Mr. Peterson's place. It was five miles and they had a terrible time; but it was awfully lucky they went when they did, for the snow began again before they got there and kept on for two days more."

"Had they no nearer neighbors?"

"Well, I should say not! Their nearest neighbor on the other side was a young man seven miles away. He was all alone through the storm."

"All alone!" I gasped.

(Continued on Page 43)

It's a Joke of Ours Which One of Us That Necklace Belongs To

The Spending Jag in New York

By WILL IRWIN

IF NEW YORKERS had any real local pride they might bristle a little at hearing their city compared to a raw, crude, Western mining camp. Yet the fact remains that New York, as it lives, moves and has its inner being in these early years of the twentieth century, reminds the philosophical observer of nothing so much as Leadville, Colorado, the "carbonate camp" in the early eighties of the nineteenth. Eliminate from your mind all such fortuitous differences as those between skyscrapers and board stores, tastefully decorated stone mansions and garishly decorated log cabins; get down to the sociological meaning of the two cities, and you have communities as like as two bricks from the same mould.

Leadville of '79 and '80 is nearly forgotten, save in the reminiscence of old miners. Following the inevitable law of mining camps it petered out, so that the remaining population is now engaged merely in scraping the pudding dish. Two out of three among its board-and-brick houses are vacant, the paneless windows sealed with clapboards; here and there stand the remains of a district devastated by fire and never rebuilt.

It was not so in that first flush of the seventies and the early eighties. Along a series of rocky, unpromising hills at the foot of the Mosquito Range, H. A. W. Taber's prospectors had sunk into a body of lead carbonates, which lay close to the surface, carried three hundred dollars a ton in silver, to say nothing of lead, and ran like shot under the pick. The whole region was spotted with deposits of these carbonates. Only they lay irregularly—so irregularly that the best expert could do no more than guess at their course. The prospector made his location, got money for tools, baskets and timbers by the grubstake process, and sank his shaft. Either he hit it or he missed it. If he did break into the carbonates he and his partner simply dug and hoisted, selling their ore at the mouth of the shaft; no necessity for expensive development work, for negotiations with capitalists and sharks in the money markets of New York and London. Then, too, a miner holding a location on the edge of the big properties could always sell out for a good price before ever he raised a pick or tamped a blast—the company was willing to risk thirty or forty or fifty thousand dollars as a speculation. Leadville was a poor man's camp if ever there was one!

The Boom Times in Leadville

SO NOT only did the millionaires, like Taber, take away fortunes considered fabulous in that remote financial period, but the city was spotted and dotted with little fortunes. Plain miners, old, luckless prospectors, shoemakers, carpenters, clerks and common laborers found themselves masters of twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars in cold, unincumbered cash. Men who in childhood had considered the Christmas stocking of candy a glittering luxury, who in early manhood had looked forward to a game of pool, a few beers and a seat in the gallery on Saturday night as a wild debauch, beheld opening before them a world of luxury which heretofore they had only glimpsed. They were not like those who had built on the normal lines of civilization, increasing the fortune slowly, adding year by year, and learning the true uses of wealth by a slow, gradual process of education in spending.

The consequences are still remembered in Colorado. The West never saw such a spending jag as followed. Before the railroad came, the slow freight wagons, crawling up a hundred miles from Cañon City to that roof of the world, were bringing as much value in champagne as in flour and bacon. Diamonds, sealskin sacques, Parisian gowns—these equally with canned goods, condensed milk, meat and breadstuffs were staple freight of the Mosquito Trail. Along lower Harrison Avenue and State Street sprang up a little city of gambling houses and dance-halls. Never, even in Monte Carlo, was the play so high, were the average stakes on one turn of the cards so heavy. In the dance-halls crowds of the newly rich held contests to see who could pile up the most empty champagne bottles on the bar.

They tell you still of Scotty, who paid the fines of all the prisoners in the county jail and sent them on their way with money in their pockets and new clothes on their backs; of John, who dropped his newly found thirty thousand dollars in a month, playing a new system at the faro bank; of Bill, who bought all the canned goods in the city and distributed them to the populace. And it came to pass—here is an important point—that a man was ranked in Leadville not so much by what he had as by what he spent. He who, upon striking it rich or selling out his claim, failed to "set 'em up" for all comers at all bars was a poor thing indeed, and without standing in camp. Such was Leadville while the first sprightly running of the carbonates lasted—a debauch of spending on things vain, foolish, fantastic, intoxicating, indigestible, because the spenders had come by their money so suddenly, so unduly easily, that they had no training in the arts of consumption.

Let us now set those four rocky hills at the foot of the Mosquito Range against the resources of the United States. In the period of recovery following the paralysis of the Civil War the country went through such a time of wealth-creation and wealth-shifting as the world never saw before. Western Europe was a howling wilderness populated by savages or barbarians when, in 58 B. C., Julius Cæsar accepted his proconsulate and took his legions across the Alps. From that time forth Western Europe was nineteen centuries in developing her resources and reaching the flower of modern civilization. That strip of developed territory along our Atlantic Coast began to settle west of the Ohio in the early years of the nineteenth century. So, with our Western domain as large as Western Europe, as rich in resources, we were less than a century in accomplishing the same result. We tore into this new territory bravely and ruthlessly, being under the control of laws formed for a different stage of civilization. In much of our work we behaved like a mining camp, taking away that which could not be replaced. Then following the pioneer era, interlocking with it, came the period of gambling to control these newly formed accumulations of wealth, and finally the era of huge, fictitiously capitalized combination. What the prospector, the furtrader, the pioneer rancher, the enterprising engineer had gained for the world by his blood and his brains changed hands in one turn of the cards at the financial gambling tables of New York and Chicago.

Our millionaires heaped up such fortunes as the world never saw before—the Astor pile, the Vanderbilt, the Rockefeller, the Carnegie, the Harriman, the Morgan. Not only this; in the same sense as was Leadville it was a poor man's camp. That Western term does not mean what appears at first glance. There never was any camp made for the unenterprising or luckless common laborer. In mining towns, as everywhere else, the price of labor always tended toward the lowest point at which life can be maintained. It did mean in little Leadville—as in the greater Leadville—that the lucky and the enterprising, in the flush of new times and new discoveries, stood to win their piles with a minimum of effort.

The underlings of the great American millionaires, no less than their masters, made their smaller fortunes with little scheming and work, with less direct participation in developing the world and adding to production. As we all know, when Carnegie undertook the series of financial operations which led to the present situation in the steel industry, he won not only hundreds of millions for himself and his nearer associates but competences for men in the office force, men in direction of the mills, even men who worked at the furnaces. The European immigrant was stampeding to us as to a newly discovered mining camp. Everywhere he who is first established on the ground exploits the newcomer; in providing for the increased wants of a swollen population, in directing their labors, lay other fortunes small and great—but generally easily won. With winning came spending; still others grew rich by the invention or exploitation of some new luxury.

Look about you! You must be able to recall a dozen instances from your own acquaintance—certainly I can from mine. There is John, a small employing printer before he discovered a new and neat device in Christmas cards. Now he is building his country place and adding to the number of his automobiles. Five years ago James was an advertising solicitor on a small salary. He devised a plan for making rich men, on one hand, and newspapers, on the other, "come through" with comparatively valueless advertising in special editions. Now he, too, is rich—they say he could write his check for half a million. Bill was employed in a position of trust close to a great man of Wall Street. He got certain, advance information of a combination. By plunging with his savings, by clever manipulation, he pulled out his pile in a few months. Why go on with examples? You could gather them by the tens of thousands. These are the fairy tales of democracy which, spread among the Europeans who scarcely know any access to fortune except by slow and stable growth, send the immigrants rushing to our shores.

The Headquarters of the Spenders

EASY come, easy go. The Englishman who has harbored his savings to buy a share in his draper's establishment, who has built that business from a little store to a big one, and all through a long term of years, takes his prosperity as soberly as he does his business. He invests his pleasure money carefully in such permanent enjoyments as country places; he looks forward to the establishment of a family. The typical American, with his typical easily won fortune, thinks of nothing, it would seem, but spending it hectically and rather ostentatiously. For that spending jag which he contemplates as soon as his gold tumbles into his lap there is only one resort, one center, one focus—New York. Even if, for business or family reasons, he establishes his permanent residence in the city of his beginnings, he and his wife must visit New York at least once a year for their most expensive pleasures and purchases. And now are Broadway and Fifth Avenue become as the main street of a mining camp, a place where the newly rich blow the proceeds of their strike, the center toward which all the luxury dispensers are rushing their most expensive goods, the setting for such a spending jag as the world never saw before—as it is not likely to see again, since the madness cannot endure into our newer industrial era. Now are we of Manhattan become like our brothers of Leadville in the early days. A man has little standing in most circles if he does not pile up the bottles on the tables. He is ranked, to a great extent, not by what he has or what he is, but by what show he makes of spending. To be prosperous he must look that prosperity; and the only way he can prove it to New York is by the manner in which he is seen to blow his pile.

New York goes on and on, heaping up the devices for spending easy money; and whenever the pessimistic philosopher declares that the end is in sight New York gives him the lie by taking another spurt forward. Five years ago it seemed as though the limit had been nearly reached in the number and extravagance of the loud chorus-girl cafés. No sooner did we reach that conclusion than half a dozen establishments, new or rebuilt, sprang up about Times Square—and drew their crowds from the beginning. When, a few years ago, the Astor, the Knickerbocker and the Plaza hotels opened their doors as palaces of the very

latest luxuries, attention was called to the fact that New York had ninety first-class hotels—ninety hotels, any one of which would be a cause for public pride in another city. The gilding was hardly yet set on the ceilings and furniture of these hotels before ground was broken for the Ritz-Carlton and the Vanderbilt, each a step in advance in the matter of luxuries. When the Plaza, the Astor and the St. Regis opened their royal suites and bridal suites, furnished with all the arts and devices of the furniture maker and upholsterer, the old-fashioned and pessimistic considered them as mere advertising; it did not seem likely that apartments so expensive would be occupied often enough to yield returns. As a matter of fact, these apartments are in just as much demand as the humble single rooms with bath.

Five or six years ago it seemed that the sixty first-class theaters should be enough to minister for all time to the amusement demands of New York. Since then our promoters have added half a dozen others, and many more are in course of planning or construction. Had I space I could tell the same story about dressmaking, furs, tailoring for men, the very trade in such basic commodities as groceries and dairy products. Everywhere the plain line in New York has made way for the fancy line; everywhere the standard of buying has gone on and up.

Now the habits of those who acquire suddenly and spend suddenly have influenced—corrupted if you wish—every class of society. You see it in the tastes of the up-to-date stenographer, who would scorn to have a man take her to dinner in any place short of a Broadway hotel, as well as in the habits of the millionaire, who refuses to go to Europe in quarters less regal than a special suite with baths and servants' quarters. But we can study the effects most easily, I think, in that middle class which is the driving wheel of the world.

Blossoming Out in New York

BOTH in and out of the city the expensiveness of life in New York is traditional. When the upbuilding man of moderate means decides to transfer his business or his employment to the metropolis, the first deterring argument offered by his cautious friends is: "But it will cost so much more to live there!" As a matter of fact, this dictum is not wholly true. Owing to the crowded condition of the island, rents are higher than in any other American city. Allowing for that item, it is probable that one can maintain the same scale of living at the same expense as in Boston, in Chicago or, since the fire, in San Francisco. Some foodstuffs may be a little dearer; clothing is, on the whole, a little cheaper; so is domestic service. I solemnly assure the reader that a dozen shrewd housewives of retiring temperament and old-fashioned ideas have given me testimony to this fact—testimony backed, in one case at least, by systematically kept account books.

Yet the practical result is the same. People need not spend more—but they do. From the moment when the average middle-class family crosses the Bronx or the Hudson, the provider thereof finds himself obliged by the pace of those about him to raise and keep on raising his standard of living. He establishes himself in an apartment or a flat. There, as I have explained before, is the one necessarily increased expense. But he and his wife have no sooner looked about them and taken stock of their world than they feel themselves compelled, by the law of imitation, to plunge on luxuries and refinements of necessities that they never dreamed of before. Her new outfit of clothes, which looked dainty, fashionable and perfectly adequate when she left Peoria or Pueblo or Platteville, appears shabby and out of date compared with those costumes of expensive simplicity worn by the New York woman in her own circle of acquaintance. She develops that out-of-place feeling, most poignant, they inform me, in the woman who deems herself shabbily dressed. It is not six months before, with her husband's grudging or cordial consent, she is buying new clothes from special makers at two, three or four times the price she paid at home. She could duplicate her old clothes in New York, remember, at the old prices; but what she needs, and what she gets if she can, is that distinctive touch that even the stenographers and girl clerks of New York manage to put into their costumes.

He, meantime, has not lagged behind his wife. Take that very matter of clothes. If he be a man of average build the chances are that at least some of his suits come ready made from the shelf. He no sooner matches himself with his associates of equal income than he discovers that ready-made clothes rank with overalls in their esteem. Early in his stay he begins to visit the tailor. Perhaps he is contented at first with thirty-five-dollar suits. That contentment does not last long. Again he compares his garments with those of his associates. In another year, consoling himself with the reflection that the best is the cheapest, he is customer to a fifty-five-dollar tailor. If he does not go from there up to seventy-five dollars it is only because he finds he must call a halt somewhere; it is not for lack of desire. Within two years the average bourgeois family transplanted to New York is paying four or five times as much for clothes as it ever did at home. Remember again that this is not due to the higher cost of clothing in New York. What with the opportunities for bargains in that city of quick sales, one can dress on the same scale rather more cheaply if anything. It is a matter of keeping the pace—of imitative vanity.

Right down all the columns of the family account book runs this tendency. Her home standard of taste in household furnishing no longer satisfies the new arrival. She has seen too many flats and apartments furnished with smart, expensive simplicity. If she be the average adaptable American woman she develops at once new tastes and new desires. The family furniture, brought on from home, seldom lasts very long in New York. The outlander woman finds it almost necessary to refurnish, that her family may make the appearance which her position demands. And always, what with the tempting offers of the shops, calculated to turn the head of any woman, what with the examples she sees all about her, she makes her furniture match her clothes—indulges, on the plea that she must, the whim for something special in dining-room sets, silver, rugs, wall decorations.

The children—if there be any—must have an education. The chances are that the public schools were good enough for them at home. Now New York has an excellent public-school system, only second, I am informed on expert authority, to the model systems of Boston and Detroit; but every woman of her acquaintance solemnly assures the newcomer that she mustn't—she simply must not—send her children to the public schools. They mix with immigrant children. Johnnie This and Mary That have acquired contagious diseases. The manners they encounter are dreadful. Perhaps this is true, though I doubt it—I have never investigated the subject. But motherhood makes snobs of all women, and the middle-class mothers of New York generally believe this possible slander on the public schools. With the feeling that she must sacrifice herself for her children, the mother contrives before long to place them in one of those semipublic schools that rival, for size and equipment, the schools for which we pay taxes.

Still, it would not be so very bad if the item of entertainment did not enter into the calculation. Those who live as cheaply in New York as they did in their home cities must be recluses. As soon as you begin to seek the society of your kind you find yourself floundering in extravagance; for the amusements of New York differ essentially, both in kind and degree, from those of our other cities. The place is so vast, acquaintance for any one with the least trace of social talent mounts up and multiplies so rapidly, that the small, cheap contacts of personal intimacy are nearly impossible. Many simple forms of social diversions are practiced but slightly—possibly just because they are cheap and therefore somewhat taboo in our set.

If I have heard one middle-class young man or woman complain of the dearth of dances, I have heard twenty. The trouble there seems to be, first, the lack of room, but second and more importantly the fact that any one who is any one seems ashamed to give a dance with any trimmings short of a ballroom at a big hotel, with special catering and special decoration.

Gradually the fledgling New Yorker acquires the New York habits in his diversions. He goes a good deal to the theater—at two dollars and a half a seat, what with the necessity for paying a fee to the ticket agency. He finds it almost necessary to top off his evening at the play with a supper in one of a hundred gilded night cafés, where haut monde and demi-monde sit table by table, outrivaling each other in the smartness of their costumes, the elegance of their ornaments. He gives and takes many dinners. These are not the simple affairs that he gave, most likely, at home. No longer does he set before his guest the regular family menu dressed out with a few flowers, an extra delicacy or so, a bottle of claret. By the same law of imitative vanity his dinners become elaborate beyond any scale he ever knew.

Eating Under Gilded Ceilings

IN NEW YORK, as everywhere, tea is with women the oil on the machine of society; but no more does his wife in her round of formal or informal calls sip a simple cup at a simple tea-table. Calling, in fact, is comparatively little practiced in New York; no one has time to be nice in such matters. Instead, the woman gives at-homes or teas really expensive affairs, what with cut flowers, dainties and extra service; and she in her woman life, as well as in the community life, with her husband, finds the restaurant habit growing upon her. More and more, if she be the average woman, she meets her friends at the tea hour in the Fifth Avenue or Longacre Square restaurants—cost, at least, a dollar a place—or at luncheons in the same establishments—cost, from a dollar and a half a place up.

As for her husband, the same process eats mightily into his income. Much of New York's preliminary business is done at luncheon. Disregarding the Bohemian tables d'hôte, one may make three rough divisions of the New York restaurants. There are the cheapest hashhouses of the Bowery, Eighth Avenue and the East Side—ten or fifteen cents for a steak. These do not enter at all into the calculations of a New York business man. Farther along there are those white-tiled restaurants run in strings where clerks and stenographers eat, jammed tight, elbow to elbow, getting the attention of the waitresses as best they may, and helping themselves to napkins from a shelf. Here a plain steak costs twenty-five or thirty cents. The middle-class business man newly arrived in New York may, for a time, take his luncheon at these restaurants; but imitative vanity soon cures him. Besides, he could not entertain a customer in such a place. Sooner or later he graduates to a restaurant of the third and highest class, where a corps of expert waiters move sinuously under gilt ceilings, past over-decorated stucco walls—and where a plain steak costs from a dollar up. The average business man, if he be not a teetotaler, has fallen by this time into that easy drinking habit which is a bane of New York life.

(Continued on Page 40.

DANCEY'S LEGACY

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DANCEY, who had just alighted from the train at his native village, stood for a moment looking round him with some surprise. Usually native villages shrink; this one had grown. The train, which in his remembrance had always paused impatiently and proceeded immediately, was now making a quite definite stop. Perhaps half a dozen passengers besides Dancey had debarked, and baggage was being unloaded. Two or three quite smart brick blocks gave an air of prosperous solidity to the vista of Main Street. There were cement sidewalks in place of the old boards, and the roadway was macadamized.

"Huh!" muttered Dancey. "I shouldn't wonder if this turned out pretty well."

He was prosperous-looking himself—not aggressively so, but in a modest and entirely respectable way. His clothes were of irreproachable cut, but somber hue; he carried a neatly furled silk umbrella and wore eyeglasses. A comparatively young man, his smoothly shaved face was prematurely lined and in the black hair at each temple there were small patches of white. His mouth would have been the better for a mustache—there was a hard look about it.

He made his way to the one waiting hack and dropped his black walrus-hide traveling bag on the seat.

"Know the Rimple place?" he asked the driver.

"Sure!" was the reply. "A mile out—it will cost you a dollar."

"Is the old man alive?" asked Dancey, hesitating.

"Alive!" said the driver. "Why, no; I shouldn't call it as you might say 'alive'; only he doesn't know he's dead yet and keeps moving round out of force of habit."

Dancey smiled grimly.

"I suppose he still comes in town and scatters money with both hands," he remarked as he got into the vehicle.

"Yes," said the driver dryly. "Does that out o' force of habit too. You must know him."

Dancey knew him. Leaning back against the tattered cushions as the hack rolled along, he considered what good reason he had to know the old man, the years he had drudged for him—the lean dreary years of his orphaned boyhood. He knew the old skinflint—yes, indeed!

"Going right back again?" queried the driver over his shoulder.

Dancey shook his head. He felt sure he would be allowed to stay when Uncle Joseph knew that his nephew had become rich. He wanted to stay—as long as was necessary.

The houses by the way became more and more detached and the macadam of the road merged into the uneven and rutted stretch of a country highway, on either side of which corn stood in rustling shocks, with red-gold blobs of pumpkins scattered in the stubble. Dancey looked at the prospect with a grimace of distaste. It had no beauty for him, with his memories of frosty mornings when he had stumbled along behind the ever-hurrying farm wagon, snapping the frost-covered ears of corn from his allotted two rows with numbed fingers that bled from the rasp of the shuck. Uncle Joseph took the "down" row that the team trampled, in addition to his side two; but even then he was ahead of the boy most of the time and, with grating sarcasms, urged the youngster to greater haste.

"Bless his old heart!" said Dancey fervently.

A few minutes more of jolting and the hack stopped before a dilapidated farmhouse, and with a curious mingling of sensations Dancey saw the object of his benediction crouched at a gap in a small poultry run, which he was evidently repairing—a rather undersized and much-withered old man, clad in faded blue denim patched to an incredible extent. He wore a peaked cloth cap with dangling ear-lappets, and there was nothing of his face visible, but Dancey knew him instantly. The house itself was not more unmistakable, or the gnarled, half-century-old apple trees in the neglected orchard.

At the grating of the wheels, as the driver cramped to allow his passenger to descend, the old man raised himself painfully, with a hand on the small of his back, and peered curiously at his visitor. Then he dropped his hammer into the pail that held his wire staples and slowly advanced to the gate, where Dancey met him.

"You don't know me?" said Dancey, smiling.

Uncle Joseph blinked at him a while with red-rimmed eyes and stroked his ragged white beard.

"I know you well enough to swear to you in a court o' justice, William," he answered calmly. "You look as if ill-got gains had prospered with you though," he added.

Dancey laughed and dismissed the gaping hackman with a gesture. Then he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and produced a bankbill folded about some silver coins and handed it to the old man.

"There it is, with interest to date!" Dancey said. "I didn't intend to steal it; I just borrowed it and I've been going to bring it back to you for the last ten years. I'd have asked you for it, only I was afraid you'd refuse me. Will you shake hands, Uncle Joseph?"

The old man finished counting the money and then pocketed it and held out his knotty, toil-hardened hand.

"Come on up to the house, William," he said. "I'm glad to see you back."

. . . . . .

They sat in the kitchen after supper. The woman who had cooked the meal had gone upstairs to prepare a room for the returned wanderer. Uncle Joseph occupied the well-remembered old rocker with the painted rose garland on its back panel. His feet rested on the shelf of the fast-cooling oven, and his pipe, filled with the crumpled fragments of an expensive cigar, was in his mouth. Dancey was smoking a cigar of the same brand.

"So you've got rich—have you, William?" asked Uncle Joseph.

Dancey blew a couple of rings of smoke.

"I suppose you might call it that," he admitted. "I'll be richer, though, before the year's out. How have you prospered?"

The old man shook his head sorrowfully and heaved a sigh that whistled in his chest and set him to coughing until he was breathless.

"I'm a pauper, William," he said when he had recovered. "Just enough left to give 'em an excuse for not letting me into the poorhouse. Yes, sir; that's the way it is—a pauper, by gracious! A roof over my head and victuals to eat, an' when you've said that you've said all."

He coughed again and as he did so Dancey eyed him covertly, darkly and keenly.

"Well, Uncle Joseph," he said in a cheerful and hearty voice, "you certainly won't have to go to the poorhouse as long as I've got a dollar!"

"Do you mean that?" asked the old man, blinking at him. "I shouldn't think you would, William—not but I done my best by you when you was with me, but I wouldn't 'a' thought you'd go that far."

"Why not?" said Dancey genially. "You know you're all the kinsfolk I have and, as you say, you did your best for me. You taught me to be industrious—and honest."

"I didn't think the honest part had stuck, but I guess I was mistaken," said Uncle Joseph. "Well, blood's thicker'n water, William; an' I'm certainly glad to see you. A man gets lonesome in his old age. Mis' Peabody, she's deef; an' Olson, the man who's runnin' the farm for me—it's mortgaged, the farm is—Olson, as I say, he don't talk plain English; an' the other neighbors, they keep themselves to themselves. I'm glad you're rich, William. A man has good friends as long as he's good money. How did you make yours?"

Dancey's eyes gleamed.

"Well, it's a long story, uncle," he said.

. . .

"Oh, Charlie! Come in Here Quick; Mr. Dancey is Having a Fit!"

As he undressed, shivering in the chill of the room, Dancey grinned triumphantly. "I've got him!" he murmured. "Oh, I have got him, all right! If he doesn't dig up one of those tomato cans inside of twenty-four hours it's because he's been telling the truth, and he's not feebleminded enough for that. Pauper! Farm mortgaged, eh? Well, maybe it is. If it is then I'm out—that's all."

Frowning on this reflection, he braced himself for his encounter with the cold sheets by a stiff drink from a flask that he took from his bag. Then he blew out the light.

Before daylight had fairly come he was wakened by Uncle Joseph calling to him in quite the old way. Swearing below his breath, as he had often sworn before, he returned a cheery answer and got up. Breakfast and Uncle Joseph awaited him.

"I've a notion to rouse you out for the chores," said the old man in greeting. "I don't know but I'll get you to help Olson and me out a little yet. Ought to make you earn your board—eh?" He giggled foolishly as he spoke, but there was serious interrogation in his look.

Dancey laughed and lifted a slice of floating bacon from its bowl of hot grease, repressing a shudder at the same time.

"I'd like to first-rate," he lied. "I've got to go right back though. Time's precious with me, and there's business I have got to attend to. I just wanted to see how you were getting along and to square up; and, now I've done that, I must leave you."

"Not right away?"

"I'm afraid I must," said Dancey sorrowfully.

Uncle Joseph sighed.

"Well, if you must you must," he said. There was a plaintive note in his voice that made Dancey look at him more closely, and to his amazement he saw that the red-rimmed eyes were brimming with something more than the rheum of age. "It was clever of you to come, William," the old man proceeded. "I take it kindly of you; and that there money—well, it'll help out." He blinked rapidly.

"If you want any more at any time let me know," said Dancey. "If I've got it you can have it, and welcome as the flowers in May."

"I take that kindly of you, too, William," declared Uncle Joseph. "I certainly hate to see you go. A man gets mighty lonesome when he gets old—an' I'm an old man, you know."

Breakfast over, Dancey lit a cigar and put on his overcoat and hat. Picking up his bag he went out on the porch accompanied by Uncle Joseph, and there he held out his hand in farewell.

"Hold on a minute, William," said the old man. "There ain't no such rush. Let's sit down a while. Now this

"I'm a Hen-Stealing, Skulking Fox, and I'll Never be Anything Else"

syndicate of yours! You say you've been out in that country and seen the mines yourself? You ain't taking nobody's say-so?"

"In a matter of business I wouldn't take anybody's say-so, uncle," replied Dancey. "That's the principle I go on. No; my partner and I went out and investigated and we were pretty well satisfied. My partner, Mr. Ganz, isn't any easier to satisfy than I am either. No; don't you worry about me, Uncle Joseph. I'm all right, believe me!"

Uncle Joseph had taken out his pocketknife and begun cautiously to trim a piece of an old shingle that he had picked up at the foot of the porch steps. He pared economically thin shavings, with the blade of his knife drawn inward. Dancey noted the operation as inseparably associated with a certain mental condition, and smiled.

"I'm not worrying about you, William. I was studying. . . . Now couldn't a fellow get a holt of a little of that stock—without paying any fancy price for it?"

Dancey laughed.

"No, sir!" he replied. "We're going to keep it in the family."

"Me being in the family ——"

Dancey's start of surprise did him credit.

"You!" he exclaimed. "Why, I thought you didn't have any money."

The thin shavings curled back against the knifeblade with the regularity of a machine.

"I'm not saying I have any; but suppose—suppose I could lay my hand on a little—a few hundred dollars or such a matter—mortgage money? I reckon I could get an extension on that mortgage."

Dancey hesitated.

"I'm afraid my partner wouldn't ——"

"Who's this a-coming?" said Uncle Joseph.

The hack that had brought Dancey the day before had stopped at the gate and a man was getting out. He was a short, plump, well-dressed person, with a broad good-humored face and eyes that twinkled as they rested on the couple who sat on the porch steps. He waved his hand and smiled as he approached them, and Dancey barely succeeded in stifling an emphatic exclamation of annoyance.

"Well, that's odd!" he said. "There's my partner now. Uncle, this is Mr. Ganz. Ganz, shake hands with my uncle, Mr. Rimple."

Mr. Ganz followed instructions. He shook hands gladly, heartily.

"I've often heard of you, sir," he said; "but I never expected to have the pleasure of meeting you. A matter of pressing business, though—had to consult William here. Mighty long-headed boy, William, sir; does credit to your raising!

"Sorry to have to break in and spoil your visit, William, but the matter couldn't wait and I'm afraid, if your uncle will excuse me, that I'll have to take a little of your time."

"Ain't no apologies ne's'ry," declared Uncle Joseph. "Business is business and you don't need to let me stand in the way. I've got to go over the hill a piece to see the fellow that's working the place. I'll be back inside of an hour. You won't go till the afternoon train now, will you, William?"

"I expect I'll have to stay now," replied Dancey.

He waited until the old man was well out of hearing and then turned an angry face on his partner.

"Well, you're a peach!" he said bitterly. "You're Johnny-on-the-spot, you are!—aren't you? Listen here! Did I wire for you?"

"Easy now, Bill," remonstrated the smiling Mr. Ganz. "There's nothing to get excited about. I came down ——"

"You don't need to tell me why you came down," said Dancey. "I'm wise to that. You came down because you were afraid I might not handle the thing right; you weren't sure but I might hold out on you if you weren't here to watch me. Now listen here! If that's the way you feel about it we'll split up right here and now. This was my own little private snap; but I told you we'd make the cut even, if there was anything to cut."

"It was noble of you, my boy," said Ganz. "It was like your generous spirit and, considering that there wasn't another thing in sight and that I financed the experiment from my own little private wad, it was also, in a manner of speaking, necessary. But suspect you of holding out on me! Absurd! If you and I can't trust each other I'd like to know whom we can trust. Shame on you!"

"What did you come down here for then?" demanded Dancey.

Mr. Ganz stopped smiling.

"Two or three reasons!" he replied crisply. "We've got to be back tonight with a hunk of dogmeat for the hounds of justice. I got the tip an hour after you left. Tomorrow won't do. We've got to come across or we do a tent-folding act, with an impersonation of the baseless fabric of a dream. If we're lucky we do. Number two!—I've got a buyer for the Masonic Temple and I may want you to make out the deed for it. I'm a poor conveyancer myself. Well, it occurs to me that this is the time for a rapid touch and a quick getaway, if the touching is good and tangible. How about it?"

Dancey considered a moment or two.

"Well, now you're here you might as well stay and object to me selling any stock," he said. "He wants a few hundred dollars' worth, he says. Perhaps he'd take more, but he's got me guessing whether he's able. He claims he's a pauper. Well, he may be a millionaire; I don't know. He's changed—got childish. I thought he was going to kiss me good night when I went to bed—that's straight. Somehow I've got a hunch that he's strong for me."

"Well, if he's a millionaire it might pay you to stay and keep solid. He can't last forever," Ganz suggested.

"I'm Glad You're Rich, William. A Man Has Good Friends as Long as He's Good Money"

"Johnny," said Dancey almost passionately, "if I knew he was worth a million and I knew that I could get it by staying here a month, I'd turn the proposition down. Here's where I did a man's work—yes, more than a man's work—when I was a kid of twelve. Here's where I was kept on the keen jump from dawn to dark, from week-end to week-end. Woke up in the morning before I'd fairly got asleep at night—never a let-up, never a moment I could call my own, and that old devil drove me. I'd do well soothing his declining days! No, J. G., we'll take what we can get and let him keep the rest."

"Don't get worked up about it," said Ganz. "I wouldn't let you do it. Because why? I made the acquaintance of an old sheep in goat's whiskers coming down on the train. Notary public he was and J. P.; also former county judge and attorney-at-law duly unqualified; also legal adviser to the Honorable Joseph Rimple. Allen was the name—Judge Allen. Does it awaken memories—no? Well, anyway, the judge leaked tobacco juice and information quite copiously, and I gather that your respected uncle's wealth is limited to what he's got hidden under the carpet."

Dancey frowned and chewed savagely on his cigar.

"Well, we'll do the best we can and get out of this hole. Here he comes now."

They made room for Uncle Joseph between them and Dancey explained the awkwardness of the situation. There had been an agreement at the very inception of the enterprise that there should be no small sale of stock. Mr. Ganz, so Dancey informed Uncle Joseph, was opposed to any exception to this rule.

"Nothing personal in it, Mr. Rimple," Ganz broke in. "You see, small stockholders are an uncertain element and a menace to proper control. You can't count on 'em when any question of policy comes up; you don't know where to find 'em. You understand—don't you?"

Uncle Joseph looked disappointed.

"I s'pose I do," he said.

"I guess my uncle would vote with me," urged Dancey.

"It would be the thin edge of the wedge," Ganz objected. "The understanding, also, that the stock shouldn't be put on the market—you know that. You know how people have been clamoring for it. Here, look at these!"

Ganz produced two or three letters from his breast pocket and handed them to Dancey, who glanced at them and in turn passed them to Uncle Joseph. The old man shut and pocketed his knife, fished out his spectacles, and by degrees spelled his way through the documents. They were appeals from would-be investors, almost pathetic in their pleading for syndicate stock.

"Well, rules is rules, of course," said Uncle Joseph ruefully; "but I kind o' thought I might get let in. One thing—I wouldn't be a small stockholder. I expected to buy as much as"—he paused and his lips moved as though in calculation—"as much as a thousand and maybe fifteen hundred dollars' worth," he calculated.

Dancey's eyes gleamed as he looked across at his partner. Ganz nodded almost imperceptibly.

"We wouldn't call that much, uncle," said Dancey gently with an amused and tolerant smile.

Then his manner changed and he spoke with sharp decision—defiantly.

"Ganz," he said, "I guess there's not anything in our agreement that would interfere with me selling my uncle a little of my own individual stock; so I am going to do it. Uncle, I'll let you have fifteen hundred dollars' worth if you want it."

"It isn't business," Ganz grumbled.

Uncle Joseph beamed on him.

"Blood's thicker'n water," he said, and placed a hand on his nephew's shoulder.

. . . . . .

When the afternoon train pulled out Messrs. Dancey and Ganz occupied the smoking compartment of the chair car, and between them, on the seat, the black walrus bag, corpulent with rugged bills of small denomination mainly, but aggregating the amount of fifteen hundred dollars.

"It isn't clean and it isn't cold—but it's cash," Ganz remarked with a chuckle.

"No; it isn't clean," Dancey agreed moodily. "It is about as dirty as any I ever saw." He was still thinking of Uncle Joseph—as the old man stood on the station platform—his red-rimmed eyes filled with tears or the rheum of age.

"Come and see me again soon, William," the old fellow had quavered. "It won't cost you a cent to stay and I'd like to have you. It's lonesome."

"It's to be hoped we don't leave him any," said Ganz.

"I guess not," replied Dancey. "I think we've done the job thoroughly."

There was little more conversation on the way in. Ganz complained of having got up too early and presently composed himself for slumber. Dancey also dozed, but it might have been observed that the slightest movement on his companion's part unclosed his eyes. Arriving at the terminus they took a taxi and soon reached one of the shabby office buildings at the river end of the loop. Then they companionably ascended the stairs to the fourth floor and entered a room at the end of a corridor. There Ganz switched on the light and disclosed ordinary office furnishings, including a couple of desks, a typewriter, and a table on which Dancey placed the bag. Ganz pulled down the window-shades and snapped the catch on the door.

"How much does Mac want?" asked Dancey as he opened the bag. "I suppose it's Mac."

(Continued on Page 57)

The Autobiography of a Chief of Police

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"What are You Buttin' In Here For?"

II

NATURALLY after the pickpocket and the plainclothes men tried to land me and failed I was a little nervous. I had the feeling by night and by day that something else was going to happen. I didn't have to wait very long to find out what it was either. Murphy may have had his little faults, but letting the grass grow under his feet wasn't one of them. He gave up the plainclothes men for a couple of dolts, sought the more reliable agency of the politicians, and before many days passed I was transferred to High Plains Station.

"Transferred" was the legal and polite term they employed in the notice, but the word "banished" comes a whole lot nearer expressing what they actually did to me. High Plains Station was situated some twelve miles from my home, and in order to reach it in time for rollcall I was obliged to get up an hour and a half earlier than my customary schedule. Before I left my wife and kid for High Plains I always had the feeling that I was starting out on a journey to the rolling prairies of the Far West. What I found after my arrival justified the sensation. High Plains in those days consisted of a tin-can factory, a planing mill and a box factory at the west end of it, our station in the center, and vast stretches of real estate everywhere else.

I neglected to mention in the first chapter of my autobiography that I was called upon one night to arrest a man for the highly original crime of stealing a front yard. He had devised the plan of digging up the sod on a lawn, hauling the stolen goods off on a wagon, and subsequently selling them to residents in remote neighborhoods who had front yards but no lawns. But the real estate in High Plains ran no such danger of theft, the agents being more than willing to give it away in order to get the dreary subdivision started. Therefore, I couldn't guess why a station was planted there, unless it was meant to serve as a sort of home for the exiled. And my guess proved to be more or less correct. No one was there from choice, with the result that our whole detail was sore at the administration in general or at some officer or politician in particular. But though they were a disgruntled lot, they were honest. They had to be—several of them against their wills. You couldn't have stirred up any graft in the High Plains of those days with a dog and a gun.

Farcical Physical Examinations

IN WINTER the subdivision resembled the steppes of Siberia, in summer it was like the desert of Sahara, and I never felt that the radical change in seasons was any compensation for the eighteen months I was made to stay there, plowing through the snows and picking my way out of the sands. The worst of it all was that I saw no chance of being assigned to more temperate climes and cheerful surroundings. I had no pull, and to improve my lot through sheer ability was an impossibility, because ability without a pull was considered a sign of mental deficiency; otherwise the ability would have been put to use in getting a pull.

Moreover, the examinations for advancement were a farce, and the only excuse for their existence, so far as I could perceive, was to promote in rank those who were totally lacking in the ability to pass them. No better or quicker method for selecting and favoring the incompetent and the worthless could have been devised than the physical, mental and medical tests of the department. Without them the fittest might have managed to survive, and so have upset a system founded on pull. Judged from this point of view, I always have thought that the physical tests were even more praiseworthy than the mental. If they raised my ire it was only because the perfection with which they operated made me the victim of them. I remember one test in particular, when a very fat policeman—he looked like a hogshead on legs—started to run for the rope over which we were required to jump at a height of three feet and eight inches. Exhausted by his sprint long before he reached the mat, this rotund person dropped to the ground and rolled—under the rope? Indeed not! The kind-hearted lieutenant, unwilling to thwart Nature, who never does anything herself by leaps and jumps, dropped the line and let his fat friend roll over it.

Before the partisans of the athlete, who were legion, had finished applauding his feat I ran out of rank to look over the shoulder of the pencil man to see what mark he had jotted down for the roller. He had marked him 100.

"What are you buttin' in here for?" he asked, pulling his record sheet out of my sight. "I'm doin' the markin', ain't I?"

"And I'm going to be marked," I retorted.

"You can bet on that!" he growled in reply. "Go back to your place. I'll take good care of you at the right time."

He kept his promise; for when my turn came for jumping the rope the man who held the loose end of it did his best to trip me up by the heels and send me flying on my head. Being prepared in a way for the trick, I managed by a dexterous twist to escape a fall and to land on my feet. The twist must have struck the marker as lacking in grace, for, as I afterward found out, he deducted twenty-five from my mark on account of it.

In the tests that followed on the gripping machine, the water spirometer, the back-and-legs dynamometer, and the like, they couldn't give me such liberal discounts, because no sooner had I performed on a given apparatus than I made a mad rush to get round to the recording plates and read my own averages. None the less I resolved to leave as little as possible to the legerdemain of their partial pencils, and so on the next day I visited the office of the head examiner and insisted on my right to see my own papers. After much bluff and bluster they were produced. From them I learned things about myself that I had never suspected; for though the examiners had on the whole given me high physical marks, they had offset these by giving me zero for sobriety, while the medical expert had graded me exceedingly low on the ground that I was suffering from an overaccelerated heart. Inasmuch as I always had been most temperate in all my habits I couldn't but conclude that my overaccelerated heart had been caused by the stimulants I hadn't drunk. The head examiner didn't agree with this logical conclusion, for when I complained bitterly of the unjust treatment and pointed out that a man with a bad heart couldn't have ranked as high as I had physically he remarked:

"You probably strained it while taking the tests."

I said above that I always have thought the physical tests were more praiseworthy than the mental ones in view of the purpose both were meant to serve, but the statement is rash and needs modification. After all, the biggest fool could pass easily in the three R's, police rules and regulations if he had a drag and knew where the questions could be purchased in advance of the examinations, or if he could copy the answers out of books while obliging watchers turned their heads toward the men without influence, or if, better still, on returning home he wrote out his answers at leisure and then got a corrupt clerk to substitute the more carefully prepared for the hastily scrawled papers.

There were crooks in the department who made a regular business of securing the examination lists ahead of time for a certain pawnbroker. This pawnbroker acted as their agent, and from him the papers might be had by the knowing at certain fixed rates. Those who wished to be sure of becoming patrolmen paid two hundred dollars for that practical certainty; patrolmen who wished to be advanced to the position of sergeants paid five hundred dollars, and so on up the line to aspiring inspectors, who thought as much as two thousand dollars not exorbitant if it would purchase what they wanted. When the money changed hands and the promotion was not forthcoming there was immense dissatisfaction, of course.

The Prices of Examination Papers

I OFTEN wonder whether Jimmie Breen, whose name I always associate with this sort of examination trickery, has got over his dissatisfaction yet. Jimmie wanted to advance from a captaincy to an inspectorship along that royal road, and he gave a snug little pile to Inspector Lew Burton for a set of papers on legal duties, which Lew had secured on the night preceding the examination from an unscrupulous criminal lawyer who had drafted the list of questions for the board. But despite this very material assistance Jimmie failed to pass in this difficult branch, and he rushed to Burton in a frenzy to demand his money back.

"Good heavens, Jimmie!" protested the inspector: "how was it my fault you didn't pass? It was the questions themselves and not the answers I agreed to sell you. Why didn't you stay home the night before the examination and look up the answers, instead of going out with the boys to celebrate your promotion before you got it?"

As a result of these and similar methods of giving and taking examinations I found myself up against an almost hopeless competition. How I could meet it was a problem that I was on the point of giving up as one of those that are by their very nature insolvable, when it occurred to me that I could be no worse off than I already was if I called on the chief and presented the facts in my case in a straightforward manner. Nor after all was this plan so foolish as it may seem, when the character of the man who was at

He Could Not Have Been More Than Twenty-five Paces Away From Me

that time chief of police is taken into consideration. He was a simple, high-minded man, but wondrously ignorant of the police business. He owed his position to the friendship of the mayor, which dated back to his boyhood. His appointment was greeted with howls of derision by the potent ones of the force, who hated Drake on account of his sterling honesty and his love for civic morality and decency, which they knew he would enforce if he could. The trick, of course, was not to let him have his way, and the knaves, being more cunning and shrewder than he, put stumbling blocks in every turn of his path.

The thwarting of Drake's will and purpose began on the very day of his inauguration, when Inspector Henry MacWhorter, thinking that the chief, like himself, had his price, brought him a present of fifty one-hundred-dollar bills from the president of the Bon Ton racing track. At least the president sent that amount, but on the way downtown Henry peeled fifteen hundred dollars off the top of the roll for himself. He had had experience with other chiefs who, when they were elevated to their high office, forgot the rule governing percentages and he didn't want to run chances with Drake.

"Take it back!" shouted Drake in anger and amazement when MacWhorter laid the money on his desk and told him why it was there and from whom it came. "What do you take me for, a thief and a scoundrel? I'll prosecute those people for offering a bribe to an officer, as sure as I'm alive. I'll ——"

"There, there, chief," interrupted MacWhorter soothingly as he reached out for the fat roll, grabbed and pocketed it. "Don't let yourself get worried or excited about this. I'll take the filthy stuff down to the boiler room in the basement and burn it."

The Old Man's Joke

MACWHORTER told this story broadcast, thinking it too good to be kept secret, and from that moment on the way they kept putting it over poor old Drake was pathetic. When he gave orders by the wholesale for the closing up of the worst resorts in the city the inspectors and captains of the various precincts would read the instructions to their men and tell them on the quiet afterward: "It's the old man's idea of a joke. You don't need to pay any attention to all that bunk."

And when, a few days after his peremptory orders had been issued, Drake would take up the newspapers of the opposition and find himself bitterly assailed on the score that never before had vice flaunted its hideous mien so openly and with such an utter lack of respect for civic decency, the old man would tug at his gray beard and tell the reporters of those sheets to go back and tell their editors that they were a pack of systematic liars.

Naturally the information delighted the editors, and they retorted in terms more specific and less sweepingly general, by publishing long lists of the names and numbers of the resorts which—to quote them—"the most hypocritical chief of police that ever disgraced the office would hoodwink all decent citizens into believing he had stamped once and forever out of their midst."

Dumfounded, but still raging, the old chief would order his driver to be on hand that night to take him out on a secret tour of investigation, and the driver, also enrolled as a policeman, would telephone the news at once to some inspector, so that before Drake had started on his travels the word would have sped from mouth to mouth that the old man was going out to see real city life that night and that it was to be shown to him proper. Or it might be that Drake would hide his intentions from the driver, in which case his private secretary, who was paid by the powers that prey to keep them informed of what was going on at headquarters, was practically certain to find out his superior's plans and sound the warning.

At any rate, by the time the old chief got round to those districts in which vice was segregated all was so quiet and serene that a denizen of the quarters would wonder what sudden spasm of virtue had seized all the other inhabitants. What the chief found—or rather what he didn't find—as the result of his labors always delighted him, and, primed with what he was sure were the facts in the case, he would abuse the editors more hotly than ever. They retorted in kind, to be sure, and so the war kept up merrily until he finally resigned in disgust.

However, there were times when, despite all efforts to balk him, old Drake would discover things that weren't at all to the credit of the inspector in whose district they took place. Yet when he put such an officer on the carpet for a grilling, the officer would shift all responsibility by the hot assertion: "It isn't my fault, chief, on my word of honor. I instructed the men to see that such iniquities shouldn't occur, and you see for yourself how they obey my strict orders." To trace this disobedience to its source was difficult, and after much vexation of spirit and waste of energy old Drake would usually give it over.

Now and again, moreover, when conditions got too raw, and the inspectors were afraid that the chief in one of his uncontrollable explosions of temper would blow them up along with himself, they would arrange with some den to "stand for a pinch" at an hour agreed upon as most convenient for all concerned. My friend, Captain Al Streeter, who made many of these "phony pulls," told me a story about one of them which I shall repeat now to show how they were worked. On this particular occasion Al's patrol drove up to the gambling house run by Johnny-on-the-Spot Boyle, and Al, jumping off the wagon, ran into the resort and surveyed the fifteen or twenty bums whom Johnny had hired at a dollar and a half a head to undergo the discomforts of arrest. After one quick look round, Al exclaimed in disgust: "Good heavens, Johnny, you haven't got enough tables and wheels running to let me make any kind of a show! I told you to be ready, didn't I?"

"All right, we'll arrange it," chirped Johnny. "Just hold your wagon a bit and I'll send over to Gus Freiberger, across the alley, to see if he can't spare me some tables and wheels. I accommodated Gus when you pinched his place last week."

These truths concerning the régime of the late lamented George Drake, never before printed though often told in dark corners, may serve to show clearly how an inner ring of police can render it next to impossible for an honest chief, or a chief whom it dislikes, or one whose policies are at variance with those of such a ring, to make more than a bluff at running the department on the square. Later on I shall indulge in more intimate revelations concerning these inner and secret circles. Just now I must get back to my story and tell you about my visit to Chief of Police Drake and what came of it. When I called on him he beckoned me to a chair in his usual polished manner and heard me out to the end, his expression showing amazement and increasing indignation as I unfolded my tale.

"Great Cæsar, is it possible!" he exclaimed when I had done. "I am surrounded by thieves on all sides, like an island by water! I only hope we can clean up this muss without letting the news of it get in the papers."

Then he sent for the documents covering my case, looked over them, and promised to see that I was given the mental and physical marks I deserved, and that I was credited with perfect sobriety and a sound heart once more. All of this was satisfactory, so far as it went, but it stopped far short of what I wanted most, and so I asked: "Do I get my promotion, chief?"

"Well," he groaned, "the question of promotion is very difficult. No matter what's done in this office it raises a rumpus in the department and the newspapers. Besides, you must admit your record for efficiency is very low."

"I know," I protested; "but since efficiency is based on heroic conduct and the number of arrests made in the faithful discharge of one's duties, and since there's nobody to arrest in High Plains, where do I get off?"

"True," he said, plucking his gray beard, "you're in a model district. I wish they were all like that. Just you go back to where you were and keep on doing your duty, and the first chance that comes along I'll see that you get your promotion if you win it honestly."

Back I went to High Plains, more hopeless and discouraged than ever, not seeing anything to arrest except a few harmless hobos, whose only crime was their refusal to settle in the place for over an hour at a time. In despair I was about to resign from the force and seek a job as truck-driver when that eminent gambler, Mike Farrell, hit on the idea of starting a roadhouse in High Plains as an adjunct to his thriving city business. As if by magic Tim Cannon, the captain of our precinct, lost his sour expression and his bitter manner of speech. Becoming cheerful himself, he spoke cheeringly to me and bade me hang on.

"There's always an opportunity in life for a bright man, John, no matter where you put him," he said to me just before the roadhouse opened.

Before the roadhouse had been running at full blast for one week, Tim, with a show of anxiety to do me a good turn, sent me over there to arrest a sucker who was taking liberties with the furniture, the gambling apparatus and all else he could lay his hands on. But for his own good reasons Tim neglected to state that the disturber was Reddy Twilling, the heavyweight champion from Baltimore, and by the time two other cops came to my assistance and we dragged the prisoner back to the station—he kept all hands busy on the return trip—I looked as if I had been run through a sausage machine or a cider mill, nobody could tell which. There wasn't enough of me left to make diagnosis possible.

"I'll Take the Filthy Stuff Down to the Boiler Room in the Basement and Burn It"

The Peter Job

I NEVER asked the chief for promotion on the score of that arrest; in fact, I was just as well satisfied that he never heard about it. There were times before my eyes began to open and shut normally and the lumps on my face to show a downward tendency when I thought that Cannon was more adroit than Murphy and had found a subtler way of getting rid of me.

Less than a month after this luckless adventure my fortune changed in a truly marvelous fashion, and I succeeded in making the arrest that won that first promotion on which my future career pivoted. The whole thing was curiously involved with the mad endeavor of one Captain Buck Randall to elevate himself to an inspectorship through efficiency, and since this part of the episode is an excellent illustration of police methods, besides being necessary to an intelligent understanding of what follows, I shall set it forth in all its hideous details.

Efficiency, unlike examination papers, couldn't be bought, but it could be manufactured; and Buck, in his impatience to forge ahead, proved one of the most heartless and daring manufacturers that this line of the business ever knew. At Buck's dictation Charlie Donnovan, one of his creatures—a spineless cop always in terror of losing his job—"framed" four Peter men to blow the safe of a rich German jeweler who kept shop in Charlie's beat. While the bandits were at work, Buck and Donnovan, as the climax of that cold-blooded piece of deviltry, planned to creep on them unawares, shoot two of them down, capture two more after wounding them seriously, and then claim that they had engaged in the most desperate encounter known to local police history, and risked their lives, like heroes, in the defense of private property. It never developed that Feldtman, the jeweler, offered to sacrifice his safe to Buck's record for efficiency, and the probabilities are that the honest German never was asked. It would have been too difficult to make him understand the fine points of that most complicated of sports, the American police game.

Through one of Buck's stool-pigeons Donnovan was put in touch with an accommodating mob of box-blowers, who were quite willing to save Feldtman the trouble of locking up his jewelry in the future. They were even eager to tackle the job, since for one-fifth of the swag—an

Continued on Page 42

EXPENSIVE FREE EDUCATION

An Interview With the President of the Illinois Federation of Labor

By FORREST CRISSEY

DOWNSTATE, in Illinois, is a laboring man who doesn't applaud when the commencement day orator refers to "Our glorious free-school system"; nor does he throw his hat in the air when the president of the school board becomes eloquent over "The common school—our nation's richest heritage!"

The wage-earner's attitude is not due to a lack of interest in education. He has five children of school age, and when the first child came he settled it with his wife that this child—and those that might follow—should be given a good, fair education, no matter how hard the load might press upon his shoulders at times. The children should have a better education than their father or their mother had been given—a whole lot better! And the mine-worker and his wife have stuck to this program through thick and thin—stuck when it hurt and when it meant less meat in the family pot; so it is from no lack of appreciation of the benefits of education that this toiler fails to sparkle up when our common-school system is the subject of eulogy. It is because he is tremendously in earnest about the education of his children that he is a little slow in his applause.

Here's what happened to dampen his ardor: Most of the time since his first child was born he has lived in the same county; but the nature of his work has obliged him occasionally to move from one district to another. Every time he moved—and often when he did not—he found himself obliged to get a new outfit of books for each child. Being a frugal man—he has had to be!—all the discarded schoolbooks have been saved. The other day he decided to get them together and see what the collection looked like. He stood them on end close together on a shelf. The line was so long that, just from curiosity, he measured the space it occupied. Just six feet of discarded books! He then figured the cost of these volumes and found it to be thirty-six dollars. This laborer is willing to grant that some of the discards may have been in the interest of progress; but he has a settled conviction that a system which calls for a progressive sacrifice of parental coin on a scale of this sort somehow falls short of being either an ideal or a reasonable system for a man who is trying to rear and educate five children on a laborer's wage. There is a screw loose somewhere, as he looks at it; and he has a suspicion that it is a thumbscrew in the grip of the schoolbook-makers.

A Good Place to Standardize

IN ONE Illinois county there are one hundred and fourteen school districts having one hundred and thirteen distinct sets of schoolbooks. In other words, only two districts in that county have the same books or the same course of study. And this county happens to be one in which most of the children come from the families of wage-earners who are comparatively poor. Much the same conditions are to be found in many other counties of Illinois, and in the counties of all other states where uniformity of textbooks has not been established. This has been done in comparatively few states of the Union.

Has the workingman a legitimate kick on the general status of the common-school system, or is he simply suffering from an unreasonable grouch when he says the system is all right for the man in the automobile class, but that it is oppressive to the wage-earner who wants to educate his children?

Possibly there are few men in the country more competent to answer this question than Edwin R. Wright, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, who still holds his card as a journeyman printer. His first qualification is that he is a thoughtful student of school matters, moderate in temperament and broad in judgment. His official duties have long brought him into intimate contact with wage-earners scattered over a large state—those living in country villages and provincial towns as well as in large cities.

"The wage-earner," declares Mr. Wright, "has a real, solid grievance in connection with the common-school system as it obtains in most of the states of the Union. As a general thing he is keenly appreciative of the good things in that system—I believe no type of parent is more so—but he knows that it piles burdens on his back and imposes on his children handicaps that have no business to be there. I believe these defects could be very largely done away with if the men who are earnestly devoted to the improvement of educational systems could be brought to understand thoroughly the wage-earner's viewpoint—to see just where the collar galls on parent and child. For that reason I am glad to give the laborer's view of what is the matter with our common-school system, and what needs to be done with it in order to fit it to his conditions and necessities.

"In industry and in commerce, in shop and mine and railway, the wage-earner finds that the slogan of the day is: Standardize! But does he find it in the public schools? He does not! Of course there are states and cities that afford shining exceptions to this rule; but, broadly speaking, he finds chaos instead of standardization. And because this chaos helps to fatten a multitude of schoolbook-makers he naturally suspects there is some connection between the two facts. However, the fact that a change of school district so often means a change of books is not his only grievance on this score of lack of standardization. Perhaps it is the least of his troubles, though certainly it is not a small one. If his main concern is the amount of education his children are able to get in the years before they must go to work, then another feature of this chaotic, hit-or-miss system looms into larger prominence.

"What would uniformity of textbooks save the parents of school children in this country? The sum is so staggering that I'd rather confine the figures to Illinois, the state with which I am most familiar and in which I have studied this problem for some years. Some authorities say the saving would amount to two dollars or more for every child in our public schools. My own investigations lead me to conclude that this is a little high, but I am certain it would exceed one dollar for every child. As we have nine hundred and ninety-six thousand children attending the public schools of Illinois, the saving for this state by the adoption of uniform textbooks would amount to a round million dollars a year. Figure it out on this basis for your own state.

"But this burden is not a horizontal tariff, borne equally by each family in proportion to the number of children it has attending the public schools. Far from it! The parent who is obliged to move his family from one school district to another with more or less frequency is the one who pays the heavy toll under this systemless system. And what class of citizens mainly constitutes this moving part of the population? Men who own their businesses and their homes, who are in comfortable circumstances and are thoroughly settled in their neighborhoods? By no means. Wage-earners of certain trades requiring a shifting residence make up the main body of this army of short-term residents—men who have to follow their work in order to keep in touch with the pay envelope throughout the year. There are many mine-workers in this class, many who belong to the seasonal trades, the building trades and the semi-scale industries. These are the men who do the rough, hard work of the world and who receive a laborer's wage instead of a salary. On the shoulders of these workers falls the main burden of supporting the schoolbook-makers, who thrive on a system that compels the pupil to throw away a set of expensive and perhaps new books just because the father has been obliged to move into a new district, and to stock up all over again."

Fattening Schoolbook Houses

"AGAIN, it should be held in mind that the wage-workers of this class are the ones who are doing most to keep up the stock of citizens. They run to large families. Go through any mining town, for instance, and you will get a quicker and more convincing demonstration of this fact than any array of statistics could afford. Of course you may argue that the wage-worker has no business to raise a big family; but the fact remains that he does, and he will continue to do so—and these children are needed to do the hard work of your state and the nation. But don't miss the point that the men who raise the largest families of school-children are, as a class, those who are obliged most frequently to move from one school district to another.

"Is it any wonder, in view of these facts, that the workingman wants a change in our school system, so that when he follows his work from one district to another he will not be compelled to make a fresh contribution to the schoolbook publishers? This constant toll to the book-houses, however, is only one part of the penalty the present system of unstandardized schools exacts from the laboring man. If he is greatly in earnest about giving his children a thorough common-school education—and most of them are—it is the smaller part of that penalty. The heavy end is the setback his child has to suffer at every transfer, because there is no uniformity of studies. I know from personal experience all about the educational cost of being 'put back' on changing from one school district to another. My father was a printer and always on

the alert to improve his condition by means of a better job. This meant that we occasionally moved from one town to another. Sometimes he was obliged to change because of lack of work, for in those days printed matter was not used so freely as today.

"Whenever we moved and I entered a new school I was invariably set back in my classes—never less than six months and in one instance an entire year. What was the result? When, at thirteen years of age, I had to quit school and start out as a wage-earner I lacked two years of finishing the grammar grades. In a state having uniform textbooks and study courses I should have completed the grammar studies and perhaps been well along in the high-school course, for I was not a backward student and really wanted an education. The loss of the studies covered by those two years was not a small one to me. I have felt it keenly for years. I had to start as a wage-earner at a dollar and a half a week, and to stick there for some time. This would not, I am satisfied, have been necessary if I had started with the knowledge I could have gained in the studies embraced in the concluding two years of the grammar school.

"There is a more definite way, however, of arriving at the loss the pupil suffers who is put back because of the chaotic, unstandardized school system of his state. Recently I did a little digging into wage and educational records, with the result that I found this situation in Massachusetts: At twenty-five years of age the average wage received by the young man who left school at fourteen was a trifle over two dollars a day, while at twenty-five the average wage of the worker who quit school at sixteen was four dollars a day. Just carry this out to its logical conclusion and it is easy to determine the cost in earning capacity of this sacrifice of two years' schooling. From twenty-five to forty-five years of age this loss, at the same ratio, would mount into the thousands. The figures I consulted are official and trustworthy. Personally I feel sure that I have been cheated out of much more than mere money already through the setbacks in grade that were imposed because there was no uniformity in the courses in the different schools that I attended. My school record, so far as I was able to go, warranted me in feeling that I could have covered the ground that is recognized as standard for the sixteen-year-old boy had it not been for the setbacks due to non-uniform study courses."

Ontario's Sensible System

"TO A PUPIL of any spirit, this process of being constantly set back is so discouraging that he is fortunate if it does not sap him of ambition, leave him indifferent to his studies and wreck what educators call the school spirit. That it does this in thousands of cases there is not the slightest doubt. Any teacher will bear testimony to the fact that the real educational results obtained by a year's study when the pupil feels that he is making headway are twice as great as when he is discouraged and expects that probably he'll have to go over at least half the ground again another year. This loss cannot be put into tables and figures, but it is one of the heaviest handicaps imposed upon the children of the wage-earner who occasionally has to follow his work from one district to another. I know what a ball of lead this ties to a pupil's feet, for I've felt it year after year.

"Probably the men who frame the courses of study and select the textbooks will say that uniform textbooks and uniform courses of study are not practical throughout a whole state. I think I've heard something of this kind before. But the laboring men of the country are not satisfied with that answer. They want uniform textbooks and uniform courses of study in the elementary and grammar grades. The miner who finds himself obliged to move from Spring Valley to Springfield wants to know that he isn't going to be forced to buy a new outfit of books for each one of his children because of his change of residence; but, most of all, he wants to know that his children will be able to take up their work in the new school right where they left off in the one from which they were withdrawn. Those are the two main planks in the wage-earner's educational platform, and I believe he's going to keep hammering away at them until they are nailed into the working school policy of state after state. How long could any big manufacturing concern keep up its end of competition if its departments were as little coördinated as the public schools in the states where uniform textbooks and uniform courses of study have not yet become the order of the day? Almost any industry you can name is far more thoroughly standardized, as a whole, than our public schools.

"Almost the first objection raised against the plan of uniform textbooks is that it breeds graft; that when you give a small group of men the power to select the textbooks for a whole state the temptation is too great for them and for the representatives of the schoolbook houses, and that money and influence are wrongfully used. That's too bad! But still the wage-earner can't see in this a valid reason why he should continue to stack up discarded books to the profit of the schoolbook houses, or why he should be satisfied to see his children lose a year or two years out of the educational course they are fairly entitled to complete in the too-short period they are able to spend in the schoolroom.

"Up in Canada they take care of this matter of furnishing schoolbooks in the way it should be done—in the way that the workingman wants it done in this country. There, in the Province of Ontario, the copyrights of all schoolbooks are vested in a minister of education and in his board of advisers, who select the books for their educational value. Textbooks and courses of study are uniform throughout the province. When a publisher or a printer wants to get into the schoolbook game he has to bid for his chance—not bidding on how much he will pay the state for the privilege, but on how low a price he will make to the people on a certain book of specified paper, print, binding and general physical and artistic excellence.

"There the people own and control the schoolbook industry, and the parents who buy the books get the benefit of this proprietorship direct, at first hand and in proportion to the number of books they buy. Remember, under this system there can be no cheapening of the product, for the book is rigidly standardized in all particulars. No matter who gets the contract, he cannot cheapen the book by using inferior materials or less of them. The book must be up to an exact standard as to every element that enters into it.

"The primer is the first book placed in a child's hands. There are probably more primers used than any other schoolbook, for the reason that all must start with it, while classes become thinner and thinner as they advance in grade. Recently I bought the primer now in use in Ontario and published under the conditions I have described. It is a well-made book in every particular—good paper, good presswork, good binding, and the typesetting and makeup are of first-class order. It has a two-color frontispiece, an artistic cover and numerous illustrations. This primer costs the Ontario parent just four cents.

"By hunting through the array of primers in use in various schools in Illinois, I found one that compared closely with the Ontario book in size, workmanship and all other physical and artistic elements. That primer costs the Illinois parents who are compelled to use it just twenty-five cents—or more than six times as much as the Canadian book costs its users. I confess this gave me a jolt. On the face of the situation it looked as if the Ontario publisher might be indulging in a little well-directed philanthropy to help out the parents of primary-school children. I was interested and determined to get at the bottom of this matter. It was not difficult for me to get the facts about these books.

"What I found was this: the publisher made a profit on these four-cent primers and all the labor involved received a maximum wage at that! In other words, he did not make his profit by taking it out of the men who did the actual work of producing the book. How did he turn out the books at so low a cost to the parents and still keep the account on the profit side of the ledger? First, he had a sure sale—to all practical purposes, a certified sale. Second, he had practically no selling expenses—no 'entertainment expenses'; no devious costs for 'lining up' a board of award or a bunch of school trustees. Third, he manufactured in large quantities, which enabled him to get the cost of his materials down to rock bottom. Fourth, he used this work as a 'filler' to keep his force and his machinery in operation during periods of slackness, when there was a lack of work yielding a larger margin of profit. The overhead expenses, the fixed charges of all sorts in that printing shop, were, of course, the same in the slack season, when a part of his force was idle, as in the busy season. Therefore, if he could keep the wheels turning and the hands all busy when slack times were on and make a profit of only five per cent on the operation, the gain was really much greater than that, because of the equalization of the fixed charges."

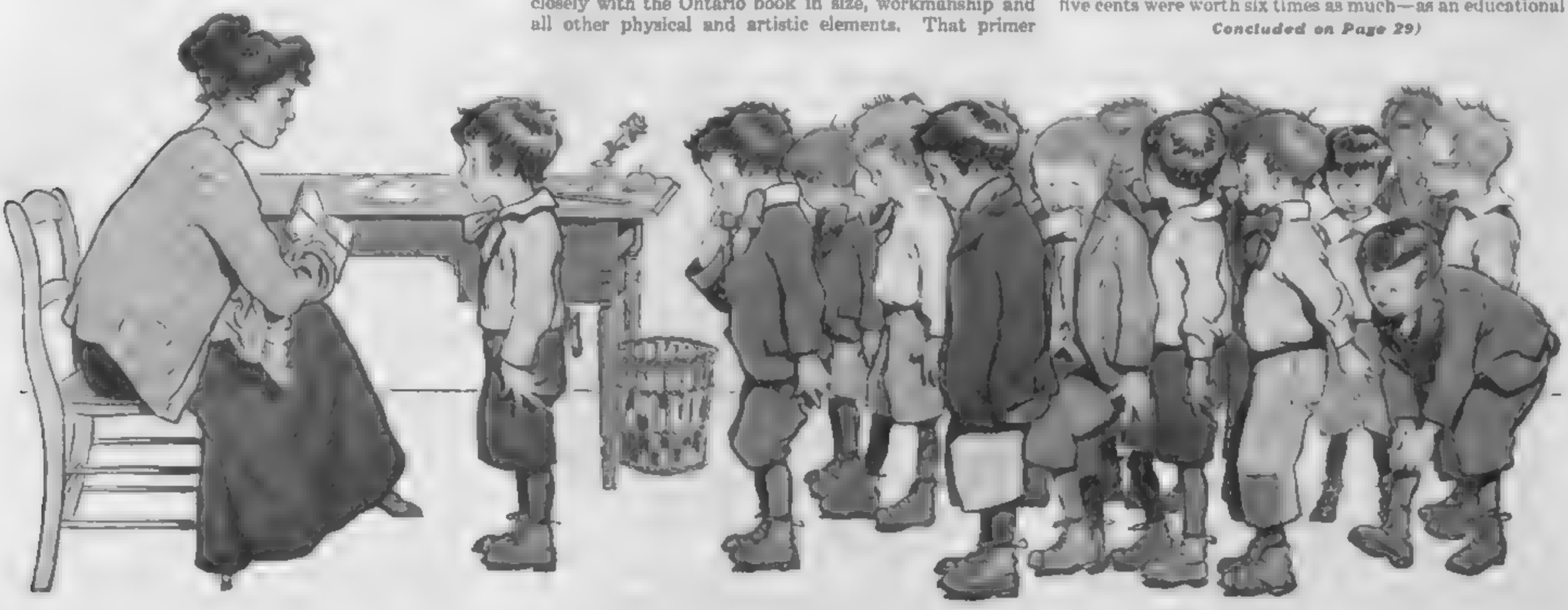
The Best Books Not Too Good

"THE Ontario First Reader costs the parent six cents, while its parallel takes thirty cents from the wage-earner in the United States. Certain writing books used in the Ontario schools cost the parents there only one cent each. These books are not cheap books. Their contents are passed upon by the educational authorities of the province, and they are made 'for the children' all the way through.

"This is the plan the workingman of the United States wants to put into operation here. It works in Ontario—why not here? It saves the parents of the province hundreds of thousands of dollars a year; it would save the parents of our own school-children millions of dollars annually. And most of that saving would be made by wage-earners who are obliged to shift their residences to keep employed—wage-earners who raise the big families. There is only one reason in the world why this system cannot now be adopted and put into operation in the states—and that reason is the schoolbook interest!

"I want to emphasize the fact that our workmen are not after cheap schoolbooks—that is, books of inferior educational value. We want the best books that can be had. This is the way we look at it: When our children go to school they are handed the tools with which to fashion their working equipment for a lifetime. Poor books are poor tools, and they generally mean a corresponding deficiency in the educational result. From an intimate knowledge of the mental attitude of the wage-earner toward school matters, I feel sure there is not one worker in my state who would not willingly pay the present exorbitant prices for his children's books if he were convinced that such prices represented the real educational value of the books. If the Illinois primer at twenty-five cents were worth six times as much—as an educational

(Concluded on Page 29)



JOHANN By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

Showing How the Old Order Passeth Away

Uncle Johann Had Nothing to Do Now but Enjoy Himself; Yet Uncle Johann Was Obviously Unhappy!

JOHANN, you're a fool!" commented shrewd old Heinrich Baumann, raising his voice somewhat to make himself heard above the assorted noises of the big family party.

Johann Koepler, whose face was rounder than his brother-in-law's, placidly waved away that opinion with his brier pipe.

"*Ja;* why?" he wanted to know.

"You be sorry you turned the business over to Honus!"

A shrill little bell rang. Young Honus Koepler, who was big and plump and healthy, squeezed between Karl and Aunt Emma, clomped out of the little public sitting room, passed through the saloon and into the grocery store. Johann watched him contentedly.

"I wasn't so old as Honus when my father turned over the business to me," he argued.

"Honus is smart enough, but you ain't old enough," insisted Heinrich, whose leather cheeks were sunken, but whose wrinkled eyes were particularly keen. He was known in the family as a "slick one." "I'm sixty, and I like my work."

"The Johann Koeplers all turn over their business when they're fifty, and take it easy the rest of their days," doggedly maintained Johann.

"All right; go on the farm—but you be sorry!" warned Heinrich. "It ain't here like in the old country, Johann. A man he was old when he was fifty, and glad to set down and take it easy; but look at you now! You can't set still a minute. You will miss your business in the country."

Johann placidly puffed his pipe. "Tomorrow Rosie and me go in the country and take it easy the rest of our days. Ain't it so, Rosie?"

Mrs. Koepler, dressed in her brown silk, and her big garnet breastpin, and her gold rope necklace, and her gold watch and chain, and her broad bracelets, and her four rings, all in honor of Johann's fiftieth birthday, turned from an important discussion with the Widow Pfeiler about preserves.

"Sure!" she said, and returned to the preserves.

A shrill voice came back with Honus from the store. It belonged to Mrs. Voglein, who was warped and shriveled beyond all human comparison. "Well, Johann, you're an old man now!" she laughed.

"I'm as young as the rest of 'em," chuckled Johann. "Have a glass of beer, Mrs. Voglein?"

"I bet you," accepted Mrs. Voglein, setting down her bucket with a hand like a claw. Karl moved over to make a place for her at the improvised table between himself and Lulu's husband. "My menfolks, they're waiting for their beer," went on Mrs. Voglein. "Well, *gesundheit,* Johann!" And she drained the glass without a pause. "We don't none of us like it that you and Rosie give up the business and move in the country. Maybe Honus runs the store like you; but nobody thinks it."

"Honus and I will try our best, Mrs. Voglein," pleasantly urged Honus' wife, Alma

"*Na,* my beer gets all stale," said Mrs. Voglein, and started for the door. "Well, good night!"

Uncle Jake's Ludwig's little Clara fell off a chair.

Ludwig's wife, Bertha, who had queer little wrinkles across her nose for so young a woman, picked little Clara up by one arm and shook her awake.

"It's time we go home," she announced, and started upstairs for her bonnet and Ludwig's hat and little Clara's cap and cloak.

There was a general stir, amid which Papa Johann rose ponderously and pounded on the table with his stein.

"Wait a minute!" he ordered. "Honus, bring them two bottles up from the corner of the top shelf in the cellar. Watch you don't shake 'em too!"

"*Ja,* papa," replied Honus obediently, and moved down into the cellar.

Ludwig's wife, Bertha, sat down again and plumped little Clara on her lap. Uncle Gustav's Otto, who with his green vest looked like a globe with the Indian Ocean in front, hurriedly drank another stein of beer to make ready for the wine, while Mamma Rosie and Honus' wife, Alma, distributed a motley assortment of wineglasses.

Honus brought the two dark, dusty, long-necked bottles, holding them carefully on their sides, dust uppermost; and old Johann opened them with reverent art.

"The good old *Rheinthränen!*" he explained as he walked round the table and filled each glass.

"That's fine wine!" commented Heinrich, holding it up to judge it critically. "Old Johannus gave us the *Rheinthränen* the night he turned over the business to you, Johann."

"There's two bottles more for when Honus turns over the business to little Johnnie," said Johann with the barest trace of pathos in his voice.

"Albert Jones, He's Pretty Smart. Lulu's Got a Good Man by Him"

Everybody glanced at little Johnnie. The youngest of the Johann Koeplers sat with his chin barely above the edge of the table, his blue eyes round as saucers, and his small hand clutched on the handle of a man's-size stein. Finding all eyes focused on him, little Johnnie, in a remarkably bass voice, said "Ho-ho!" and concealed his chubby countenance in the top of the stein; whereat everybody laughed.

"He drinks his beer like a Koepler!" said purple-faced Uncle Wilhelm admiringly.

There might, in more formal gatherings, have been a gracefully expressed toast—to the dead Johannus, the retiring Johann, the incoming Honus, and even little Johnnie, the wide-eyed future hope of the Koepler business; but in the little bare sitting room of the Koepler establishment all these things were understood, and old Johann merely said:

"*Gesundheit!*"

After that everybody went home.

"Honus, you and Alma go to bed," advised Johann. "Tonight I close up."

"All right, papa," agreed Honus. "Here's Mrs. Voglein's ten cents for the beer."

Johann put the coin in his pocket. All the money that came in tonight was his. Tomorrow morning it belonged to Honus.

Alma and Mamma Koepler were busy whisking away the sandwich plates and straightening the sitting room, and Alma was for staying in the kitchen to wash the dishes; but Mrs. Koepler insisted that she go upstairs to little Johnnie and the baby.

Mamma Koepler put the kitchen to rights with as much brisk clatter as ever; but once in a while, without pausing to be pensive over the circumstance, she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. That little kitchen had been her home for many years. Now she was moving to the country to take it easy.

There was a little black-handled steel paring knife which had been worn by years of whetting to the breadth of her little finger and the flexibility of a whip. Grossmutter Koepler had brought it from the old country. Mamma Koepler had practically lived with it in her hand for twenty-five years. She looked at it a long time and slipped it into the pocket of her apron; then she slowly put it back. Alma would need it. It saved so much on the potatoes.

The kitchen was neat as a pin when Mamma Koepler left it.

She passed into the sitting room where their friends and neighborhood customers sat occasionally with their wives and drank their beer; and where, every Wednesday night and Sunday afternoon, Otto Landhofer and Oscar Brandorf and *der alte* Gebhardt and Louis Lindmann played pinocle in impossible silence until the end of each hand, when they quarreled bitterly over the past deal. Christian Oberholz used to play in Louis Lindmann's place. Christian had been the best player of all; but he was dead. Alma had left an empty stein on the beer shelf under the pinocle table and Mamma Koepler took it into the little saloon and washed it behind the bar. This, like the kitchen, had been a home to Mamma Koepler. Tomorrow Alma would serve old Gebhardt with his morning schnapps.

She passed on into the grocery and found Johann leaning on the cheesebox with tears in his eyes.

"Come on, Johann—we go to bed!" she said.

II

IT WAS about half past eight in the morning when Heinrich Baumann trudged out from the end of the carline and turned in at Johann's gate. Beneath the big beech tree stood the sag-bottomed rush chair in

which old Johannus had contentedly smoked his pipe and silvered his hair every day until he died; but Johann was not sitting in it. He was stalking about aimlessly in the garden.

Heinrich did not take the chair of old Johannus. Instead he drew up a broken-armed horsehair chair and set it where the rear legs would not sink so uncomfortably into the earth. He produced a black stogy, which betrayed a feebly irregular impulse to be spiral, and smoked calmly for ten minutes.

Johann came out. He took the chair of old Johannus, but he sat bolt upright even after he had lit his brier.

"Hello, Heinrich!" he said, and Heinrich grunted cordially.

Both men smoked for a time.

"I brought some tomato plants," observed Heinrich, pointing with his crooked thumb to the package on the gnarled-rooted beech tree. "When the sun's hot cover 'em with a newspaper."

"I got some young onions," said Johann. "Rosie can wash you some for your lunch. Well, how goes it?"

"Oh, so-so!" replied Heinrich. "Lulu's husband is got a new job."

"He don't stay on no place," snapped Johann. "What's he doing now?"

"He gets more money," defended Heinrich, whose ideas, though sometimes unconventional, were entirely practical. "Albert Jones, he's pretty smart. Lulu's got a good man by him."

"He don't stop changin' his job till he ain't got none," worried Johann. "Has Peter Ganzel moved in by you yet?"

"Yes; we're all settled now," puffed Heinrich.

"Ganzel is in Honus' two rooms on the third floor in front of me, and Honus is got your three rooms on the second floor. Honus is got a cheese-slicer machine."

Johann puffed his regret into the green beech leaves. Honus had always cut cheese crooked!

"That spoils the cheese!" he sorrowfully admitted.

Both men puffed silently.

"They got a new bright light in the store," observed Heinrich. "It makes the store look dirty."

Johann smoked uncomfortably. In a whole month of trial he had not been able to make the chair of Johannus fit him. He rose ostensibly to pull a weed from the geranium bed. In reality he looked wistfully toward the smoke of the city. Heinrich watched his sister Rosie's husband with the trace of a shrewd grin.

"Honus gets his beer from Aubt now," he cruelly added.

That announcement was the straw that broke the beautiful reserve of Johann.

"What!" he exploded, his round cheeks reddening.

"He saves twenty-five cents a barrel from Aubt's beer, and they give him one of them fancy beer pumps with the red light in it."

Johann swore strange, gurgling oaths, which only a Rhinelander could know.

"Beer in a pipe!" he concluded, and cleaned out his brier with savage vigor, while Heinrich watched and smiled to himself.

The distant whistles blew for the morning lunch hour of nine-fifteen, and promptly on the minute Rosie came out with the tray.

It was part of her taking it easy for the rest of her days that she cooked no lunch at this hour. Instead, she served only cheese and sausage, and rye bread and beer; but, alas, it was only bottled beer!

"Hello, Rosie!" greeted her brother Heinrich. "How's the chickens?"

"Fine!" said Rosie, upon whose brow there was the trace of unrest. "I got three hens setting. Johann, what's the matter?"

Johann took a piece of cheese.

"Honus is a fool!" he blurted.

"What did he do?" demanded Rosie with a sharp glance at Heinrich.

"He puts in Aubt's beer!"

Mamma Koepler threw up her hands. It had been her intention to defend her firstborn; but this was past defense!

"Come on, papa; we go right into town and see about it!" urged Rosie.

Johann puffed three puffs of forcible repression.

"We wait till the first, when Honus gives us our money," he advised, tamping down his tobacco. "It's only till Wednesday."

III

HONUS hurried out of the store early in the morning of the first and, his face beaming with happiness, helped his papa and mamma out of the big, old-fashioned buggy.

"Hello, papa," he greeted Johann, and he kissed Mamma Koepler a resounding smack. "How's the chickens?"

"Fine!" said Mamma Koepler. "I got three hens setting. Honus, why do you put in Aubt's beer?"

Johann stopped hitching the horse to wait for that answer.

"I make more money by it," asserted Honus.

"Aubt's beer ain't so good as Kissel's," declared Johann. "They give you one of them fancy pumps what spoils it."

"I took the pump out, papa," quickly returned Honus.

"I'm glad you got that much sense anyhow," Johann complimented, and followed him into the store.

Mamma Koepler went straight back to the kitchen. Honus went behind the counter and opened the cash-drawer.

Johann and Rosie Stepped in Front of the Koepler Store in Amazement

He lifted out a little sack, with a very serious expression. "Here's the money, papa," he observed; and, opening the sack, he slid it out on the counter—a careful collection of bills and silver.

Johann counted it methodically in four separate piles—Ganzel's rent for the two upper rooms; Heinrich's rent for his room on the third floor back; Honus' rent for the store and second-floor living rooms; and the fifteen dollars a month Johann was to receive from the business so long as he lived.

"You moved the cracker barrel from by the door!" charged Johann.

"Everybody eats 'em!" worried Honus.

"That's why I put 'em there. People like to taste something in the store, and crackers is the cheapest. Don't all the children go to the butcher shop where they get a sausage?"

Honus opened his mouth in respect for the wisdom of his father.

"I put it back right away, papa," he promised.

Mrs. Klein came in—a woman whom it would have exhausted to walk round herself.

"Well, well, Johann!" she exclaimed with pleasure. "How goes it in the country? How's Rosie's chickens?"

"Fine!" said Johann. "Rosie's got three hens setting. Well, what you have this morning, Mrs. Klein?"

"Two pounds of loaf sugar, and a bag of salt, and a pint of molasses," rattled Mrs. Klein.

"We got some nice fresh string-beans," recommended Johann as he went behind the counter.

He hung his hat and coat on the old peg at the end of the soap shelf and put on an apron. A gray something which had sat indefinably on his face dropped from it like a mask, and he was his portly, ruddy self again, with the smile that belonged to the store.

"It's like old times, Johann," laughed Mrs. Klein happily as Johann scooped vigorously into the sugar.

Der alte Gebhardt came plodding through with his mind set on his schnapps. He caught sight of Johann and stopped to greet him as one returned from the dead. He asked about the country, the garden, the chickens and the cow; and when he went back toward the saloon his eyes were brighter and his step less heavy.

Johann followed him to the door and called Rosie from the kitchen.

"Hello, Rosie!" hailed *der alte* Gebhardt as Mamma Koepler came in from the kitchen, with the little paring knife in her hand and smiling with all her countenance. "*Na*, how's Rosie?"

"Fine!" beamed Rosie, slipping behind the bar and reaching mechanically to the spot where *der alte* Gebhardt's schnapps bottle had always stood. In its place she found some shiny new bottles of whisky of strange brands.

"It's on the bottom shelf, Rosie," advised *der alte* Gebhardt with just a trace of sadness in his tone.

Rosie quite thoughtfully poured his schnapps, measuring it out in the little round-bottomed glass, generously but exactly. She turned to the back bar, with the schnapps bottle in her hand, and hesitated; then with sudden decision she cleared away a space and set Gebhardt's bottle in its old place.

Alma came bustling in from the kitchen with some plates of lunch for the little table at the end of the bar. She smiled cheerfully at *der alte* Gebhardt and bustled back into the kitchen.

"Honus has got a good woman by Alma," observed Gebhardt as he drank his schnapps, opening his throat and tossing in the drink as if it were a pill. "She cooks the same lunch yet like you cooked, Rosie."

"Sure, Alma is a fine wife for Honus," agreed Mamma Koepler. "*Ach*, it's nice to be in the store again!"

At three o'clock in the afternoon Johann went to the door and looked up and down the street.

"Little Millie from the tailor shop don't come for the beer!" he fretted.

Honus frowned.

"She gets it by Brennen's, right across the street from the tailor shop."

"That's what I think," objected Johann. "She gets Aubt's beer any place. Honus, you lose your beer trade by taking out Kissel's."

"I make more money from Aubt's," stolidly insisted Honus. "There's only a few yet likes Kissel's beer."

Johann looked round the store glumly.

"That new light makes your gas bill high!" he suddenly charged.

"The people like the bright light; but it makes the store look dirty," Honus considered with drawn brows. "I got to paint the ceiling."

"You spend all the money you take in!" grumbled Johann.

"I got to keep up to date—ain't I?" defended Honus.

"You break up the business," stated Johann with wrinkled brows.

"It's all right, papa," said Honus, looking speculatively at the ceiling.

Little Johnnie held the lines on the road home that evening, and the old white horse plodded along as stolidly as if he were not being slapped on the back at every step.

"Well, Johann, what you think about it?" inquired Rosie anxiously.

"Honus spends too much money!" answered Johann; and they both fell into troubled thought.

IV

HEINRICH found Honus looking dolefully at the freshly painted white ceiling.

"It looks better," decided Heinrich; "but it makes the shelfs look dirty."

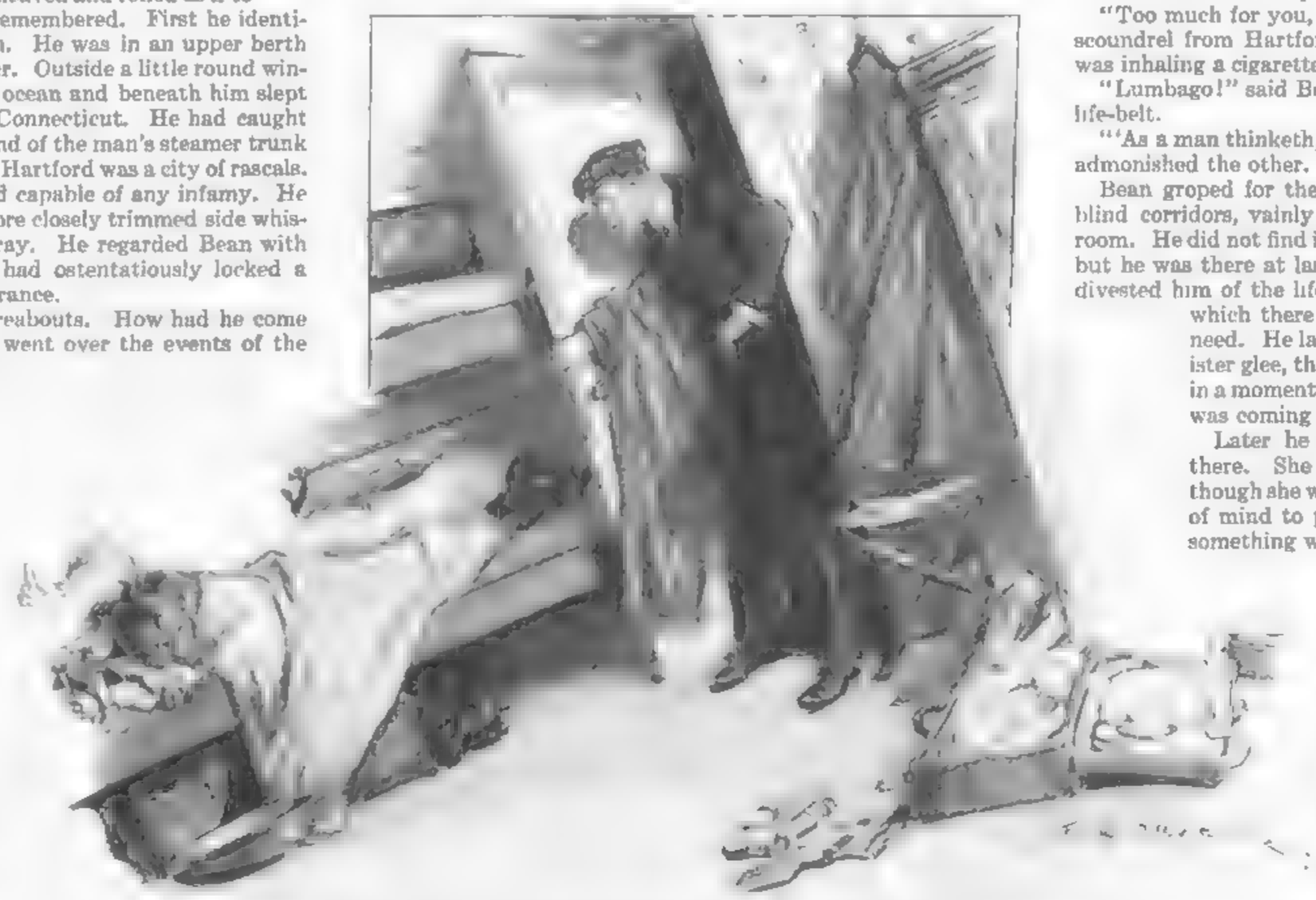
"Yes, that's the trouble," agreed Honus, full of care. "Everything makes everything else look worse. If I put in

(Continued on Page 53)

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"Hold Fast to the All Good" Counseled Bean Revengefully

XIX

BEAN awoke late that night, believing he was dead; that he had fallen on sleep and been laid unto his fathers. But the narrow grave was unstable. It heaved and rolled as if to expel him. Slowly he remembered. First he identified his present location. He was in an upper berth of that little old steamer. Outside a little round window was the whole big ocean and beneath him slept a man from Hartford, Connecticut. He had caught the city's name on the end of the man's steamer trunk and been enraged by it. Hartford was a city of rascals. The man himself looked capable of any infamy. He was tall and thin and wore closely trimmed side whiskers of a vicious iron-gray. He regarded Bean with manifest hostility and had ostentatiously locked a suitcase upon his appearance.

So much for his whereabouts. How had he come there? Laboriously he went over the events of the afternoon. They were hazy, but certain peaks jutted above the haze. They were tagged, as the Flapper had surmised they were going to be. Aboard the little old steamer had appeared Breede and Julia and the Demon. They had called the Flapper aside and apparently told her something for her own good, though the Flapper had not liked it and had told them with much spirit that they were to perfectly mind their own affairs.

Bean had fled into the throng on deck. His hat had received many dents, and when he emerged to a clear space at the far end of the boat he had discovered that his perfectly new watch was gone. He was being put upon and was meekly submitting to it as in that other time when he had not believed himself to be somebody. He stared moodily over the rail as the little old steamer moved out. Thousands of people on the dock were waving handkerchiefs and hats. They seemed to be waving directly at him and yelling. Above it all he was back in the bird and animal store, hearing the parrot shriek over and over: "Oh, what a fool! Oh, what a fool!"

He made an adventurous way through all kinds of hurried people back to that group of queerly behaving Breedes. The Flapper was showing traces of tears, but also a considerable acrimony. She was threatening to tell the captain to just perfectly turn the little old steamer back. But it came to nothing—at least to nothing more than Bean's sharing the stateroom of the Hartford man, who had covered the lower berth with his belongings so that there might be no foolish mistake.

And that was because there had been no provision made on the little old steamer for this invasion of casual Breedes. Pops and Moms had secured an officer's room; the Demon, rather than sit up in the smoking room of nights, had consented to share the Flapper's suite; and Bean had been taken in charge by a cold-blooded steward, who left him in the narrow quarters of the Hartford person.

And there, in the far night, he was wishing he might be back in the steam-heated apartment with Nap. He had a violent headache, and he had awakened from a dream of falling into a well of cool, clear water of which he thirstily drank. His narrow bed behaved abominably, rolling him from side to side, then letting his head sink to some far-off, terrifying depth. And there was no way of leaving that little old steamer—not for a man who couldn't swim a stroke.

So he fumed for long, miserable hours. Light broke through the little round windows, and outside he could see the appalling waste of water, foaming, seething, rising to engulf him. He couldn't recall mounting to that high place where he had slept. He wondered if the callous steward would sometime come to take him down. Perhaps the steward would forget.

The man from Hartford bestirred himself and was presently shaving before the small glass. Bean looked sullenly down at him. The man was running a wicked-looking razor perilously about his restless Adam's apple. He was also lightly humming The Holy City.

"Blank," said Bean distinctly, recalling the name that had revealed the fictitious and Hartford origin of it.

"Adams," said the man, breaking off his song and tightening a leathery cheek for the razor.

"Adam's apple," said Bean scornfully. "Blank!"

The man glanced at him and painfully twisted up a corner of his mouth while he applied the razor to the other corner. But he did not speak.

"Think there's a doctor on this little old steamer?" demanded Bean.

The man from Hartford laid down his weapon and began to lave his face.

"I believe," he spluttered, "that medical attendance is provided for those still in mortal error."

"'S 'at so?" demanded Bean, still sullenly.

The man achieved another bar of The Holy City and fondly dusted his face with talcum powder, critically observing the effect.

"If you will go into the silence," he at length said, "and there hold the thought of all good, you will be freed from your delusion."

"Humph!" said Bean, and turned his face from the Hartford man.

The latter locked his razor into a toilet case, locked the toilet case into a suitcase, and seemed to debate locking the suitcase into a little old steamer trunk. Deciding, however, that his valuables were sufficiently protected and that nothing was left out to excite the cupidity of a man to whom he had not been properly introduced, the person from Hartford went forth with a final retort.

"'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!'"

"'S 'at so?" said Bean insolently to the closed door.

He roused himself and descended precariously from his shelf. Once upon his feet he was convinced that the ship was foundering. He hurriedly dressed and adjusted a life-belt from one of a number he saw behind a rack. Over the belt he put on a serviceable raincoat. It seemed to be the coat to wear.

Outside he plunged through narrow corridors until he came to a stairway. He mounted this, to be as far away from the ocean as possible. He came out upon a deck where people were strangely not excited by the approaching disaster. Innocent children romped, oblivious to their fate, while callous elders walked the deck or reclined in little old steamer chairs.

He poised a moment, trying to prevent the steamer's deck from mounting by planting one foot firmly upon it. The device, sound enough in mechanical theory, proved unavailing. The vast hulk sank alternately at either end and to fearsome depths of the sea. There would come a last plunge. He tightened the life-belt. Then through the compelling force of associated ideas there seemed to come to him the faint, sweet scent of lilac blossoms the vision of a lilac clump revolving both vertically and horizontally—the noisome fumes of Grammer's own pipe.

"Too much for you, eh? Ha, ha, ha!" It was the scoundrel from Hartford, malignantly cheerful. He was inhaling a cigarette.

"Lumbago!" said Bean with both hands upon the life-belt.

"'As a man thinketh, so is he'—as simple as that," admonished the other.

Bean groped for the door and for ages fled down blind corridors, vainly seeking that little old stateroom. He did not find it as quickly as he should have, but he was there at last, and a deft steward quickly divested him of the life-belt and other garments for which there no longer seemed to be any need. He lay weakly reflecting, with a sinister glee, that the boat was bound to sink in a moment. He wanted it to sink. Death was coming too slowly.

Later he knew that the Flapper was there. She had come to die with him, though she was plainly not in a proper state of mind to pass on. She was saying that something was the nerviest piece of work she'd ever been up against, and that she would perfectly just fix them—only give her a little time.

"You'll perfectly manage—jus' leave it to you," her moribund husband breathed.

"If you'd try some fruit and two eggs," suggested the Flapper.

He raised a futile hand defensively, and an expression of acute repugnance was to be seen upon his yellowed face. "Please, please go 'way," he murmured. "Let Julia do fussing. Go 'way off to other end of little old steamer; stay there."

The Flapper saw it was no time for woman's nursing. Sadly she went.

"Telephone to a drug store," demanded Bean after her, but she did not hear.

He continued to die, mercifully unmolested, until the man from Hartford came in to ascertain if his locks had been tampered with.

"Hold to the all good!" urged the man, at a moment when it was too poignantly, too openly, certain that Bean could hold to very little indeed.

"Uh-huh!" gasped Bean.

"Go into the silence," urged the man kindly.

"You go ——" retorted Bean swiftly; but he should not further be shamed by the recording of language that he lived to regret.

The Hartford man said "Tut-tut-tut!" and went elsewhere than he had been told to go.

There ensued a dreadful time of alternating night and day, with recurrent visions of the Flapper, who perfectly knew and said that he had been eating stuff out of the wrong cans.

"'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,'" affirmed the Hartford person each morning as he shaved.

A merry party gathered in the adjoining stateroom of afternoons and sang songs of the jolly sailor's life—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, and Sailing, Sailing Over the Bounding Main.

On the morning of the fourth day Bean made the momentous discovery that the image of food was not repulsive to all his better instincts. Carefully he got upon his feet, and they amazingly supported him. He dressed with but slight discomfort. He would audaciously experiment upon himself with the actual sight of food. It was the luncheon hour.

Outside the door he met the Flapper on one of her daily visits of inspection.

"I perfectly well knew you'd never die," exclaimed the Flapper, and laid glad hands upon him.

"Where do they eat?" asked Bean.

"How jolly! We'll eat together," rejoined the Flapper. "The funniest thing! They all kept up till half an hour ago. Then it got rougher and rougher and now they're all three laid out. Poor Moms says it's the smell of the rubber matting, and Granny says she had too many of those perfectly whiffy old cigarettes, and Pops says he's plain seasick. Serves them rippingly well right—taggers!"

She convoyed Bean to the dining room, where he was welcomed by a waiter who had sorrowfully thought not to

come to his notice. He greedily scanned the menu card while the waiter, of his own initiative, placed some trifles of German delicatessen before them.

"It is a lot rougher," said the Flapper. "Isn't it too close for you in here?" She was fixedly regarding on a plate before her a limp, pickled fish with one glazed eye staring aloft.

"Never felt better in my life," declared Bean. "Don't care how this little old steamer teeters now. Got my sea legs."

"Me too," said the Flapper, but with a curious diminution of spirit. She still hung on the hypnotic eye of the pickled fish.

"Ham and cabbage!" said Bean proudly to the waiter.

The Flapper pushed her chair swiftly back.

"Forgot my handkerchief," said she.

"There it is," prompted Bean ineptly.

The Flapper placed it to her lips and rose to her feet.

"'S perfectly old rubber mattin'," she uttered through the fabric, and started toward the doorway. Bean observed that incoming diners anxiously made way for her. He followed swiftly and overtook the Flapper at her door.

"Maybe if you'd try a little ——" he began.

"Please go perfec'ly away," pleaded the Flapper.

Bean returned to the ham and cabbage. "Ought to go into the silence," he reflected. "'S all she needs. Fixed me all right."

After his hearty luncheon he ventured on deck. It was undeniably rougher, but he felt no fear. The breeze being cold, he went below for his overcoat.

Blank, of Hartford—or Adams, as he persisted in calling himself—reclined in his berth, his unlocked treasures carelessly scattered about him.

"Hold fast to the all good," counseled Bean revengefully.

"Uh-hah!" said Blank, or Adams, not doing so.

Bean fled. Everybody was getting it. The little old steamer was becoming nothing but a plague ship.

"'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,'" he muttered, wondering if the words meant anything.

Then in the fullness of his returned strength he was appalled anew by the completeness of his own tragedy. He had become once more insignificant. Forever now he must be afraid of policemen and all earthly powers. People in crowds would dent his hat and take his new watches. He must never again carry anything but a dollar watch.

And the Breedes saw through him. He must have confessed everything back at that table when he had felt so inscrutably buoyant. Once in Paris they would have him arrested. They might even have him put in irons before the ship landed.

And back in the steam-heated apartment lay that mutilated head, a sheer fabrication of papier-mâché. He wondered if Mrs. Cassidy could have swept it out—the head that had meant so much to him. There was no hope any more. In Paris he would have one look at that tomb, and then—well, he had had his day.

Two days later the little old steamer debarked many passengers in the harbor of Cherbourg, carelessly confiding them to a much littler and much older steamer that transported them to the actual land. Among these were a feebly exploding father, a weak but faithful mother, and the swathed wrecks of the Demon and the Flapper.

Then began a five-hour train ride to the one-time capital of a famous upstart. There was but little talk among the members of the party. Bean kept grimly to himself, because the only friendly member slept. He studied her pale, drawn face. She had indeed managed well, but his own downfall had thwarted her. He was a nobody. They were doubtless right in wanting to keep him from her. Yet he would see that tomb, and at the earliest possible moment.

At eleven that night they reached the capital. A dispiriting silence was maintained to the doors of a hotel. The women drooped in chairs. Breede acquainted the reception committee of a Paris hostelry with the party's needs as to chambers.

Thereupon they discovered one of the party to be missing. No one had seen him since entering. They were excited by this—all but the Flapper.

"I perfectly don't blame him," averred the Flapper—"tagging us! You let him alone! I shall perfectly not worry if he doesn't come home all night. Do you understand? And when he does come ——"

"Not safe," snapped Breede. "King of Egypt. Not after money—just principle of thing. Chap's nutty, talk'n' like that!"

"Good night!" snapped the Flapper in her turn.

xx

BEAN had walked quickly away while porters were collecting the bags.

"Keep on the main street," he thought, plunging ahead. He did not change this plan until he discovered himself again at the door of that hotel he meant to leave. It faced a circle and he had traversed this. He fled down a cross street and again felt free.

For hours he walked the lighted avenues or sat moodily on wayside benches, and at length, on a rustic seat screened by shrubbery in a little park, he dozed.

He awoke in the early light, stretched legs and arms luxuriously and again walked. He saw it was five o'clock. He was thrilled now by the morning beauty of the Corsican's city, all gray and green in the flooding sun. The streets had filled with a voluble traffic that affected him pleasantly. Every one seemed to speak gayly to every one. Two cab-drivers exchanged swift incivilities, but in a quite perfunctory way, with evident good-will.

Walking aimlessly as yet—it was too early for tombs—he came again to that hotel on the circle. They were asleep in there. Little they'd worried—glad to be so easily rid of him! Then he noticed at the circle's center a lofty column wrought in bronze with infinite small detail. Surmounting that column was the figure of the Corsican. An upstart who had prevailed!

He left the circle lest he be apprehended by the Breedes. Soon he was again in that vast avenue of the park places where he had slept. And now far off on this splendid highway he descried a mighty arch. Sternly gray and beautiful it was. And when, standing under it, he looked aloft to its mighty façade, its grandeur seemed threatening to him. He knew what that arch was—another monument imposed upon the city by the imperial assassin, without royal lineage since the passing of Ramtah.

"Some class to that upstart!" he muttered.

And if Napoleon had been no one, was it not probable that Bean had not been even Napoleon? The Countess Casanova had doubtless deceived him, though perhaps unintentionally. She had seemed a kind woman, he thought, but you couldn't tell about her controls.

His mind was being washed in that wondrous sunlight. He was himself an upstart. No doubt about it. But what of it? Here were columns and arches to commemorate the most egregious of all upstarts. Upstarts were men who believed in themselves.

He retraced his steps from the arch.

Curious thing that scoundrel Blank had kept saying on the boat: "'As a man thinketh in his own heart, so is he.'" Must mean something. What?

Far down that wide avenue he came to a bridge of striking magnificence, beset with golden sculpture. He supposed it to be one more tribute to the sublime Corsican who had thought in his heart, and was. He had the meaning of those words now: He, Bunker Bean, had believed himself to be mean, insignificant. And so he had been that. Then he had come to believe himself a king, and straightway had he been kingly. The Corsican, detecting the falsity of some Ramtah, would have gone on believing in himself nonetheless. It was all that mattered. "'As a man thinketh ——'" If you came down to that nobody needed a Ramtah at all.

From the center of the bridge he raised his eyes, and there, far off, high above all those gray buildings, was the golden cross that he knew to surmount the tomb. Sharply it glittered against the blue of the sky.

"Be upstart enough," it seemed to say, "and all things are yours. Believe yourself kingly, though your Ramtah come from Hartford."

He walked vigorously toward that cross. It often eluded him as he puzzled a way through the winding gray-walled streets. More than once he was forced to turn back, to make laborious circuits. But never for long was the cross out of sight.

Constantly as he walked that new truth ran in his mind, molten, luminous. Who knew of Ramtah's fictive origin, or even of Ramtah at all? No one but a witty scoundrel calling himself Balthasar.

Bean had become some one through a belief in himself. Ramtah had been a crude bit of scaffolding and was well out of the way. The confidence he had helped to build would now endure without his help. Be an upstart—a convinced upstart. Such the world accepts.

Then he issued from the maze of narrow streets and confronted the tomb. Through the open door, even at this early hour, people went and came. The Corsican's magnetism prevailed. And he, Bunker Bean, the lowly, had that same power to magnetize, to charm, to affront the world and yet evoke monuments—if he could only believe it.

He went quickly through the iron gateway, up the long walk and took the imposing stairway in leaps. Then, standing uncovered in that wonderfully lit room, he gazed down at the upstart's mighty sarcophagus.

Long he stood under that spell of line and color and magnitude, lost in the spaciousness of it. No Balthasar had cheated here. There lay the mighty and little man who had never lost belief in himself, who had been only a little chastened by an adversity due to the world's fear of his prowess.

He was quite unconscious of others beside him who paid tribute there. He thought of those last sad days on that lonely island, the spirit still unbroken. His emotion surged to his eyes, threatening to overwhelm him. He gulped twice and angrily brushed away some surprising tears.

By his side stood a white-faced young Frenchman. He became infected with Bean's emotion. He made no pretense of brushing his tears aside. He frankly wept.

A stout, motherly woman with two children in hand was flooded by the current. She sobbed comfortably and companionably. The two children widened their eyes at her a moment, then fell to weeping noisily. Farther round the railing a distinguished-looking old gentleman of soldierly bearing, who wore a tiny red ribbon in the lapel of his frock coat, loudly blew his nose and pressed a kerchief of delicate weave to his brimming eyes. Beyond him a young woman became stricken with grief and was led out by her husband, who seemed to feel that a tomb was no place for her.

The exit of this couple aroused Bean. He cast a quick glance upon the havoc he had wrought and fled, wiping his eyes. Halfway down the steps he encountered the alleged Adams, of Hartford, who had stopped to open his guide-book at the right page before entering the tomb.

"A magnificent bit of architecture," said the Hartford man instructively.

There Lay the Mighty and Little Man Who Had Never Lost Belief in Himself

"Pretty loud for a tomb," replied Bean judicially. He was not going to let this Blank, or whatever his name was, know what a fool he had made of himself in there. Then he remembered something.

"Say," he ventured, "how'd you happen to think up that thing you were always getting off to me back there on the boat—about 'as a man thinketh, is he'?"

"Tut-tut-tut! Really? But that is from the Holy Scriptures, which should be read daily."

"I must get it; something in that. Funny thing," he added genially, "getting good ideas like that out of Hartford, Connecticut." He left Blank, or Adams, staring after him in some bewilderment, a forgotten finger between the leaves of the guide-book.

He began once more to lay a course through those puzzling streets. He was going to that hotel. He was going to be an upstart and talk to his own wife.

The tomb had cleared his brain.

"I'm no king," he thought—"never was a king . . . more likely a guinea-pig. But I'm some one now all *right*! I'll show 'em . . . not afraid of the whole lot put together . . . face 'em all."

He came out upon the river at last and presently found himself back in that circle of the hotel. He stared a while at the bronze effigy surmounting that vainglorious column. Then he drew a long breath and went into the hotel.

A capable Swiss youth responded to his demand to be shown to his room, seeming to consider it not strange that Americans in Paris should now and then return to their rooms.

At the doorway of a drawing room that looked out upon the column the Swiss suggested coffee perhaps.

"And fruit and fumed—boiled eggs and toast and all that meat and stuff," supplemented Bean firmly.

He tried one of two doors that opened from the drawing room and exposed a bedroom. His evidently. There was the little old steamer trunk. He discovered a bathroom adjoining, and was presently suffering the celestial agonies of a cold bath with no Waster to coerce him.

He dressed with indignant muttering and with occasional glances out at that supreme upstart's memorial. He chose his suit of the most legible checks. He had been a little fearful about it in New York. It was rather advanced, even for one of that Wall Street gang that had netted himself four hundred thousand dollars. Now he donned it intrepidly.

And with no emotion whatever but a certain grim sureness of himself he at last adjusted the entirely red cravat. He gloated upon this flagrantly. He hastily culled seven cravats of neutral tint and hurled them contemptuously into a wastebasket. Done with that kind!

He heard a waiter in the drawing room serving his breakfast. He drew on a dark-lined waistcoat of white piqué—like the one worn by the oldest director the day Ramtah had winked—then the perfectly fitting coat of unmistakable checks, and went out to sit at the table. He was resolving at the moment that he would do everything he had ever been afraid to do. "'S only way to show you're not afraid," he muttered. He was wearing a cravat he had always feared to wear, and now he would devour meat things for breakfast, whatever the Flapper thought about it.

When he had a little dulled the edge of his hunger he rang a bell.

"Find m' wife," he commanded the Swiss youth, only to be met with a look of blankness. He was considering if it might do him good to make a row about this—he had always been afraid to make rows; but the other door of the drawing room opened. His wife was found.

"'S all for 'a aft'noon," he exploded to the servitor, who seemed not displeased to withdraw from this authoritative presence. Then he engaged a slice of bacon with a ruthless fork.

"Where you been?" he demanded of the Flapper. Only way to do—go at them hammer and tongs!

The Flapper gazed at him from the doorway. She was still pale and there were reddened circles about her eyes. The little old rag of a morning robe she wore added to her pallor and gave her an unaccustomed look of fragility.

"Where you been all the time?" repeated her husband with the arrogance of a confirmed upstart.

The Flapper seemed to be on the point of tears, but she came into the room and sat across the table from him. In spite of the blurring moisture in her eyes he could still read the old look of ownership. Time had not impaired it.

"I just perfectly wouldn't let them know I felt bad," she began. "I said I was going to sleep and wouldn't worry one bit if you perfectly never came home all night. And you never did because I couldn't sleep and watched; but I wouldn't let them know it for just perfectly old hundred thousand dollars. And this morning I said I'd had a bully sleep and felt fit, and you had a right to go where you wanted to and they could please mind their own affairs and I laughed so at them when they were going for the police——"

"Police, eh? Let 'em bring their perfectly old police. They think I'm afraid of police!" He valiantly attacked an egg.

"Of course not, stupid; but they thought you might wander off and get lost, like those people in

(Continued on Page 49)

He Was Convinced That the Ship Was Foundering

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

V

HUE and cry, hubbub and mystery, swept the Isle of Arcady that morning, but the most painstaking search and query proved fruitless. It developed beyond doubt that the football man had not been seen since his one brief appearance on the ballroom floor. Search was transferred to the mainland, where, as it neared noon, Lake's perseverance and thoroughness were rewarded. In Chihuahua suburb, beyond the north wall, Lake noted a sweat-marked, red-roan horse in the yard of Rosalio Marquez, better known, by reason of his profession, as Monte.

Straightway the banker reported this possible clew to the sheriff and to Billy, who was as tireless and determined in the chase as Lake himself. The other masqueraders had mostly abandoned the chase. He found them on the bridge of the La Luz sallyport.

"It may be worth looking into," Lake advised the sheriff. "Better send some one to reconnoiter—some one not known to be connected with your office. You go, Billy. If you find anything suspicious the sheriff can 'phone to the hospital if he needs me. I'm going over to see how the old watchman is getting along. Ought to have gone before. If he gets well I must do something handsome for him."

Billy fell in with this request. He had a well-founded confidence in Lake's luck and attached much more significance to the trifling matter of the red-roan horse than did the original discoverer—especially since the discoverer had bethought himself to go to the hospital on an errand of mercy. Billy now confidently expected early developments. And he preferred personally to conduct the arrest, so that he might interfere, if necessary, to prevent any wasting of good cartridges. He did not expect much trouble, however, provided the affair was conducted tactfully—reasoning that a dead game sport with a clean conscience and a light heart would not seriously object to a small arrest. Poor Billy's own heart was none of the lightest as he went on this loyal service to his presumably favored rival.

Bicycle-back, he accompanied the sheriff beyond the outworks to the Mexican quarter. Near the place indicated by the banker Billy left his wheel and strolled casually round the block. He saw the red-roan steed and noted the Double Rainbow brand on his thigh.

Monte was leaning in the adobe doorway, rolling a cigarette. Billy knew him in a business way.

"Hello, Monte! Good horse you've got there."

"Yais—tha's nice hor-rse," said Monte.

"Want to sell him?"

"Thees ees not my hor-rse," explained Monte. "He ees of a frien'."

"I like his looks," said Billy. "Is your friend here? What's his name? I'd like to buy that horse."

"He ees weetheen, but he ees not apparent. He ees *dormiendo*—ah—yais—esleepin'. He was to the *baile*."

Billy nodded. "Yes; I was there myself." He decided to take a risk. Assuming that his calculations were correct, *x* must equal Bransford. So he said carelessly: "Let's see, Bransford went as a sailor, didn't he? *Un marinero?*"

"Oh, no; he was atir-re' lak one—*que cosa?*—what you call thees theeng?—*una pelota para jugar con los pies?* Ah! *sí, sí!*—one feetball! Myself I come soon back. I haf no beesness. The bes' people ees all for the dance," said Monte with hand turned up and shrugging shoulder. "So, *media noche*—twelve of the clock, I am here back. I fin' here the hor-rse of my frien' and one *carta*—letter—that I am not to lock the door; *porque* he may come to esleep. So I am mek to r-repose myself. Later I am ar-rouse when my frien' am to r-retir-re himself. Ah, *que hombre!* I am yet to esmile to see heem in thees so r-redeeculous *estudos!* He ees ver' gay. Ah! *que* Jeff! Een all ways thees ees a man ver' *suficiente*, cour-rageous, es-trong, formedubble! Yet he ees keep the *disposicion*, the hear-rt, of a seemple leetle chil'—*un muchacho!*"

"I'll come again," said Billy, and passed on. He had found out what he had come for. The absence of concealment dispelled any lingering doubt of Jeff Buttinski. Yet he could establish no alibi by Monte.

Perhaps Billy White may here require a little explanation. All things considered, Billy thought Jeff would be better off in jail, with a friend in the opposite camp working for his interest, than getting himself foolishly killed by a hasty posse. If we are cynical we may say that, being young, Billy was not averse to the rôle of *deus ex machina;* perhaps a thought of friendly gratitude was not lacking. Then, too, adventure for adventure's sake is motive enough—in youth. Or, as a final self-revelation, we may hint that if Jeff was a rival so, too, was Lake—and one more eligible. Let us not be cynical, however, or cowardly. Let us at once say shamelessly what we very well know—that youth is the season for clean honor and high emprise; that boy's love is best and truest of all; that poor, honest Billy, in his own dogged and fantastic way, but sought to give true service where he loved. There, we have said it; and we are shamed. How old are you, sir? Forty? Fifty? Most actions are the result of mixed motives, you say? Well, that is a notable concession at your age. Let it go at that. Billy, then, acted from mixed motives.

When Billy brought back his motives—and the sheriff—Monte still held his negligent attitude in the doorway. He waved a graceful salute.

"I want to see Bransford," said the sheriff.

"He ees esleepin'," said Monte.

"Well, I want to see him anyway!" The sheriff laid a brusk hand on the gatelatch.

Monte waved his cigarette airily, flicked the ash from the end with a slender finger and once more demonstrated that the hand is quicker than the eye. The portentously steady gun in the hand was the first intimation to the eye that the hand had moved at all. It was a very large gun as to caliber, the sheriff noted. As it was pointed directly at his nose he was favorably situated to observe—looking along the barrel—that the hammer stood at full cock.

"Per-rhaps you have some papers for heem?" suggested Monte with gentle and delicate deference. He still leaned against the doorjamb. "But eef not eet ees bes' that you do not to enter thees my leetle house to distur-rb my gues'. That would be to commeet a r-rudeness—no?"

The sheriff was a sufficiently brave man if not precisely a brilliant one. Yet he showed high intelligence. He dropped the latch.

"You Billy, stop your laughing! Do you know, Mr. Monte, I think you are quite right?" he observed with a smiling politeness equal to Monte's own. "That would be rude, certainly. My mistake. An Englishman's house is his castle—that sort of thing? If you will excuse me now we will get the papers, as you so kindly pointed out."

They went away, the sheriff, Billy and motives—Billy still laughing immoderately.

Monte went inside and stirred up his guest with a prodding boot-toe.

"Meester Jeff," he demanded, "what you been a-doin' now?"

"Yes But That You Do Not to Enter Theez My Leetle House to Disturerb My Guez"

Jeff rumpled his hair and rubbed his eyes.

"Sleepin'," he said.

"An' before? *Porque*, the sheriff he has been. To mek an arres' of you, Meester Jeff, I theenk."

"Me?" said Jeff, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "I haven't done anything that I can remember now!"

"Sure? No small leetle cr-rime? Not las' night? Me, I jus' got up. I have not hear'."

Jeff considered this suggestion carefully. "No. I am sure. Not for years. Some mistake, I guess. Or maybe he just wanted to see me about something else. Why didn't he come in?"

"I mek r-reques' of heem that he do not," said Monte.

"I see," Jeff laughed. "Come on; we'll go see him. You don't want to get into trouble."

They crossed the bridge and met the sheriff just within the fortifications, returning in a crowded automobile. Jeff held up his hand. The machine stopped and the posse deployed—except Billy, who acted as chauffeur.

"You wanted to see me, sheriff—at the hotel?"

"Why, yes, if you don't mind," said the sheriff.

"Good dinner? I ain't had breakfast yet!"

"First-class," said the sheriff cordially. "Won't your friend come too?"

"Ah, señor, you eshame me that I am not so hospitabble, ees eet not?" purred Monte as he followed Jeff.

The sheriff reddened and Billy choked.

"Nothing of the sort," said the sheriff hastily, lapsing into literalness. "You were quite within your rights. For that matter, I know you were at your own bank, dealing, when the crime was committed. I am holding you for the present as a possible accessory; and, if not, then as a material witness. By the way, Monte, would you mind if I sent some men to look through your place? There is thirty thousand dollars missing. Lake asked us to look for it. I have papers for it if you care to see them."

"Oh, no, señor!" said Monte. He handed over a key. "The house is yours."

"Thank you," said the sheriff with unmoved gravity. "Anything of yours you want 'em to bring, Bransford?"

"Why, no," said Jeff cheerfully. "I've got nothing there but my saddle, my gun and an old football suit that belongs to 'Gene Baird, over on the West Side; but if you want me to stay long I wish you'd look after my horse."

"I too have lef' there my gun that I keep to protec' my leetle house," observed Monte. "Tell some one to keep eet for me. I am much attach' to that gun."

"Why, yes; I have seen that gun, I think," said the sheriff. "They'll look out for it. All right, Billy!"

The car turned round.

"Oh—you were speaking about Monte being an accessory. I didn't get in till 'way late last night, and I've been asleep all day," said Jeff apologetically. "Might I ask before or after exactly what fact Monte was an accessory?"

"Bank robbery, for one thing."

"Ah! . . . That would be Lake's bank? Anything else?"

The sheriff was not a patient man and he had borne much; also, he liked Lars Porsena. Perfection, even in trifles, is rare and wins affection. He turned on Jeff with an angry growl.

"Murder!"

"Lake?" murmured Jeff hopefully.

The sheriff continued, ignoring and, indeed, only half sensing the purport of Jeff's comment:

"At least, the wound may not be mortal."

"That's too bad," said Jeff. He was, if possible, more cheerful than ever.

The sheriff glared at him. Billy, from the front seat, threw a word of explanation over his shoulder. "It's not Lake. The watchman."

"Oh, old Lars Porsena? That's different. Not a bad sort, Lars. Maybe he'll get well. Hope so. . . . And I shot him? When did it happen?"

"You'll find out soon enough!" said the sheriff grimly. "Your preliminary's right away."

"But I haven't had breakfast yet! Feed us first or we won't be tried at all."

. . . . . .

Within the jail, while the sheriff spoke with his warder, it occurred to Billy that, since Jimmy Phillips was not to be seen, he might as well carry his own friendly message. So he said guardedly:

"Buck up, old man! Keep a stiff upper lip and be careful what you say. This is only your preliminary trial, you know. Lots of things may happen before court sets. The devil looks after his own, you know."

Jeff had a good ear for voices, however, and Billy's mustache still kept more than a hint of Mephistopheles. Jeff slowly surveyed Billy's natty attire with a lingering and insulting interest for such evidences of prosperity as silken hosiery and a rather fervid scarfpin. At last his eye met Billy's, and Billy was blushing.

"Does he?" drawled Jeff languidly. "Ah! . . . You own the car then?"

Poor Billy! Notwithstanding the ingratitude of this rebuff, Billy sought out Jimmy Phillips and recounted to him the circumstances of the arrest.

"Oh, naughty, naughty!" said the deputy, caressing his nose. "Lake's been a cowman on Rainbow. He knew the brand on that horse; he knew Jeff was chummy with Monte. He knew in all reason that Jeff was in there, and most likely he knew it all the time. So he sneaks off to see Lars—after shooting him from ambush, damn him!—and sends you to take Jeff. Looks like he might be willing for you and Jeff to damage either, which or both of yourselves, as the case may be.

"Must be a fine girl!" continued Jimmy absently. "Well, what are you going to do? It looks pretty plain."

"It looks plain to us—but we haven't got a single tangible thing against Lake yet. We'd be laughed out of court if we brought an accusation against him. We'll have to wait and keep our eyes open."

"You're sure Lake did it? There was no rubber nosepiece at Monte's house. All the rest of the football outfit—but not that. That looks bad for Jeff."

"On the contrary, that is the strongest link against Lake. I dare say Buttinski—Mr. Bransford—is eminently capable of bank robbery at odd moments; but I know approximately where that noseguard was at sharp midnight—after the watchman was shot." Here Billy swore mentally, having a very definite guess as to how Jeff might have lost the noseguard. "Lake, Clarke, Turnbull, Thompson, Alec or myself—one of the six of us—brought that noseguard to the bank after the robbery, and only one of the six had a motive—and a key."

"Only one of you had a key," corrected Jimmy cruelly. "But can't Jeff prove where he was at the time, maybe?"

"He won't."

"I'd sure like to see her," said Jimmy.

. . . . . .

The justice of the peace, when the county court was not in session, held hearings in the courtroom proper, which occupied the entire second story of the county courthouse. The room was crowded. It was a new courthouse—there are people impatient to try even a new hearse, and this bade fair to be Arcadia's first *cause célèbre*.

Jeff sat in the prisoner's stall, a target for boring eyes. He was conscious of an undesirable situation; exactly how tight a place it was he had no means of knowing until he should have heard the evidence. The room was plainly hostile; black looks were cast upon him. Deputy Phillips, as he entered arm in arm with the sometime devil, gave the prisoner an intent but noncommittal look, which Jeff rightly interpreted as assurance of a friend in ambush; he felt unaccountably sure of the devil's fraternal aid; Monte, lolling within the rail of the witness-box, smiled across at him. Still, he would have felt better for another friendly face or two, he thought—say, John Wesley Pringle's.

Jeff looked from the open window. Cottonwoods, well watered, give swiftest growth of any trees and are therefore the dominant feature of new communities in dry lands. The courthouse yard was crowded with them; Jeff, from the window, could see nothing but their green plumes; and his thoughts ran naturally upon gardens—or, to be more accurate, upon a garden.

Would she lose faith in him? Had she heard yet? Would he be able to clear himself? No mere acquittal would do. Because of Elinor, there must be no question; no verdict of Not Proven. She would go East tomorrow. Perhaps she would not hear of his arrest at all. He hoped not. The bank robbery, the murder—yes—she would hear of them perhaps; but why need she hear his name? Hers was a world so different! He fell into a muse at this.

Deputy Phillips passed and stood close to him, looking down from the window. His back was to Jeff; but, under cover of the confused hum of many voices, he spoke low from the corner of his mouth:

"Play your hand close to your belly, old-timer! Wait for the draw and watch the dealer!" He strolled over to the other side of the judicial bench whence he came.

This vulgar speech betrayed Jimmy as one given to evil courses; but to Jeff that muttered warning was welcome as the thunder of Blucher's squadrons to British squares at Waterloo.

Down the aisle came a procession consciously important—the prosecuting attorney; the bank's lawyer, who was to assist, "for the people"; and Lake himself. As they passed the gate Jeff smiled his sweetest.

"Hello, Wally!" Lake's name was Stephen Walter.

Wally made no verbal response, but his undershot jaw did the steel-trap act and there was a triumphant glitter in his eye. He turned his broad back pointedly—and Jeff smiled again.

The justice took his seat on the raised dais intervening between Jeff and the sheriff's desk. Court was opened. The usual tedious preliminaries followed. Jeff waived a jury trial, refused a lawyer and announced that he would call no witnesses at present.

In an impressive stillness the prosecutor rose for his opening statement. Condensed, it recounted the history of the crime, so far as known; fixed the time by the watchman's statement—to be confirmed, he said, by another witness, the telephone girl on duty at that hour, who had heard the explosion and the ensuing gunshot; touched upon that watchman's faithful service and his present desperate condition. He told of the late finding of the injured man, the meeting in the bank, the sum taken by the robber, and the finding in the bank of the rubber nosepiece, which he submitted as Exhibit A. He cited the witnesses by whom he would prove each statement, and laid special stress upon the fact that the witness Clarke would testify that the nosepiece had been found upon the shattered fragments of the safe door—conclusive proof that it had been dropped after the crime. And he then held forth at some length upon the hand of Providence, as manifested in the unconscious self-betrayal which had frustrated and brought to naught the prisoner's fiendish designs. On the whole, he spoke well of Providence.

Now Jeff had not once thought of the discarded noseguard since he first found it in his way; he began to see how tightly the net was drawn round him. "There was a serpent in the garden," he reflected.

"And now, Your Honor, we come to the unbreakable chain of evidence which fatally links the prisoner at the bar to this crime. We will prove that the prisoner was not invited to the masquerade ball given last night by Mr. Lake. We will prove ——"

There was a stir in the courtroom; the prosecutor paused, disconcerted. Eyes were turned to the double door at the back of the courtroom. In the entryway at

"Wait! Wait!" He Whispered. "See What He Has to Say"

the head of the stairs huddled a group of shrinking girls. Before them, one foot upon the threshold, stood Ellinor Hoffman. She shook off a detaining hand and stepped into the room, head erect, proud, pale. Across the sea of curious faces her eyes met the prisoner's. Of all the courtroom, Billy and Deputy Phillips alone turned then to watch Jeff's face. They saw an almost imperceptible shake of his head, a finger on lip, a reassuring gesture. Saw, too, the quick pulsebeat at his throat.

The color flooded back to Ellinor's face. Men nearest the door were swift to bring chairs. The prosecutor resumed his interrupted speech. His voice was deep, hard, vibrant.

"Your Honor, the counts against this man are fairly damning! We will prove that he was shaved in a barber shop in Arcadia at ten o'clock last night; that he then rode a roan horse; that the horse was then sweating profusely; that this horse was afterward found at the house of—but we will take that up later. We will prove by many witnesses that among the masqueraders was a man wearing a football suit, wearing a nosepiece similar—entirely similar—to the one found in the bank, which now lies before you. We will prove that this football player was not seen in the ballroom after the hour of eleven P. M. We will prove that when he was next seen, without the ballroom, it was not until sufficient time had elapsed for him to have committed this awful crime."

Ellinor half rose from her seat; again Jeff flashed a warning to her.

"We will prove this, Your Honor, by a most unwilling witness: Rosalio Marquez"—Monte smiled across at Jeff—"a friend of the prisoner, who in his behalf has not scrupled to defy the majesty of the law! We can prove by this witness, this reluctant witness, that when he returned to his home shortly after midnight he found there the prisoner's horse, which had not been there when Mr. Marquez left the house some four hours previously; and that, at some time subsequent to twelve o'clock, the witness Marquez was wakened by the entrance of the prisoner at the bar clad in a football suit but wearing no nosepiece with it! And we have the evidence of the sheriff's posse that they found in the home of the witness, Rosalio Marquez, the football suit—which we offer as Exhibit B. Nay, more! The prisoner did not deny, and indeed admitted, that this uniform was his; but—mark this!—the searching party found no nosepiece there!

"It is true, Your Honor, that the stolen money was not found upon the prisoner; it is true that he made no use of the opportunity to escape offered him by his lawless and disreputable friend, Rosalio Marquez—a common gambler! Doubtless, Your Honor, his cunning had devised some diabolical plan upon which he relied to absolve himself from suspicion; and now, trembling, he has for the first time learned of the fatal flaw in his concocted defense, which he had so fondly deemed invincible!"

All eyes, including the orator's, here turned upon the prisoner—to find him, so far from trembling, quite otherwise engaged. The prisoner's elbow was upon the rail, his chin in his hand; he regarded Mr. Lake attentively, with cheerful amusement and a quizzical smile which in some subtle way carried an expression of mockery and malicious triumph. To this fixed and disconcerting regard Mr. Lake opposed an iron front, but the effort required was apparent to all.

There was an uneasy rustling through the court. The prisoner's bearing was convincing, natural; this was no mere brazen assuming. The banker's forced composure was not natural! He should have been an angry banker. Of the two men, Lake was the less at ease. The prisoner's face turned at last toward the door. Blank unrecognition was in his eyes as they swept past Ellinor, but he shook his head once more, very slightly.

There was a sense of mystery in the air—a buzz and burr of whispers; a rustle of moving feet. The audience noticeably relaxed its implacable attitude toward the accused; eyed him with a different interest; seemed to feel for the first time that, after all, he was accused merely, and that his defense had not yet been heard. The prosecutor felt this subtle change; it lamed his periods.

"It is true, Your Honor, that no eye save God's saw this guilty man do this deed; but the web of circumstantial evidence is so closely drawn, so far-reaching, so unanswerable, so damning, that no defense can avail him except the improbable, the impossible, establishment of an alibi so complete, so convincing, as to satisfy even his bitterest enemy! We will ask you, Your Honor, when you have seen how fully the evidence bears out our every contention, to commit the prisoner, without bail, to answer the charge of robbery and attempted murder!"

Then, by the door, Jeff saw the girl start up. She swept down the aisle, radiant, brave, unfearing, resolute, all half-gods gone; she shone at him—proud, glowing, triumphant!

Behind Him Were Uproar, Tumult and Hullabaloo

A hush fell upon the thrilled room. Jeff was on his feet, his hand held out to stay her; his eyes spoke to hers. She stopped as at a command. Scarcely slower, Billy was at her side. "Wait! Wait!" he whispered. "See what he has to say. There will be always time for that." Jeff's eyes held hers; she sank into an offered chair.

Cheated, disappointed, the court took breath again. Their dramatic moment had been nothing but their own nerves; their own excited imaginings had attached a pulse-fluttering significance to the flushed cheeks of a prying girl, seeking a better place to see and hear.

Jeff turned to the bench, his fingers idly creasing and recreasing his hat.

"Your Honor, I have a perfectly good line of defense, and I trust no friend of mine will undertake to change it. I won't keep you but a minute," he said colloquially. "I will not waste your time combating the ingenious theory which the prosecution has built up, or in cross-examination of their witnesses, who, I feel sure"—here he bowed to the cloud of witnesses—"will testify only to the truth. I quite agree with my learned friend"—another graceful bow—"that the case he has so ably presented is so strong that it can successfully be rebutted only by an alibi so clear and so incontestable, as my learned friend has so aptly phrased it, as to convince if not to satisfy . . . my bitterest enemy!" The bow, the subtle, icy intonation, edged the words. The courtroom thrilled again at the unspoken thought: "An enemy hath done this thing!" If, in the stillness, the prisoner had quoted the words aloud in fierce denunciation the effect could not have been different or more startling. "And that, Your Honor, is precisely what I propose to do!"

His Honor was puzzled.

"But," he objected, "you have refused to call any witnesses. Your unsupported word will count for nothing. You cannot prove an alibi alone."

"Can't I?" said Jeff. "Watch me!"

With a single motion he was through the open window. Bending branches of the nearest cottonwood broke his fall—the other trees hid his flight.

Behind him were uproar, tumult and hullabaloo, a mass of struggling men at cross-purposes. Gun in hand the sheriff, stumbling over some one's foot—Monte's—ran to the window; but the faithful deputy was before him, blocking the way, firing with loving care—at one particular treetrunk. He was a good shot, Jimmy. He afterward showed with pride where each ball had struck in a scant six-inch space. Vainly the sheriff tried to force his way through. There was but the one stairway, and it was jammed. Before the foremost pursuer had reached the open Jeff had borrowed one of the saddled horses hitched at the rack and was away!

As Billy struggled through the press, searching for Ellinor, he found himself at Jimmy's elbow.

"Any turn in the road!" agreed Billy.

The deputy understood this orphan phrase, for he nodded curtly; but his answer was inconsequent: "Rather in the brunette line—that bit of tangible evidence!"

VI

DOUBLE MOUNTAIN lies lost in the desert, dwarfed by the greatness all about; an islet in gray narrowing seas, the far ranges for glimmering coasts. Its form is that of a crater split from north to south into irregular halves. Through that narrow cleft ran a straight road, once the well-traveled thoroughfare from Rainbow to El Paso. For there was precious water within those upheaved walls; it was but three miles from portal to portal. Time was when campfires were nightly merry to light the narrow cliffs of Double Mountain; when songs were gay to echo there; when this had been the only watering place to break the long span across the desert. The railroad had changed all this, and the silent leagues of that old road lay untrodden.

Not untrodden on this the day after Jeff had established his alibi. A traveler followed that lonely road to Double Mountain; and behind, halfway to Rainbow Range, was a streak of dust which gained on him. The traveler's sorrel horse was weary, for it was the very horse Jeff Bransford had borrowed from the hitching-rail of the courthouse square; the traveler was that able negotiator himself; and the pursuing dust, to the best of Jeff's knowledge and belief, meant him no good tidings.

"Now I got safe away from the foothills before day," soliloquized Jeff. "Some gentleman has overtaken me with a spyglass, I reckon. Civilization's getting this country plumb ruined! And their horses are fresh. Peg along, Alibi! Maybe I can pick up a stray horse at Double Mountain. If I can't there's no sort of use trying to get away on you! I'll play hide-and-go-seek-'em. That'll let you out, anyway, so cheer up! You done fine, old man! If I ever get out of this I'll buy you and make it all right with you. Pension you off if you think you'll like it."

Twenty miles to Jeff's right the railroad paralleled the wagonroad in an unbroken tangent of ninety miles' stretch. A southbound passenger train crawled along the west like a resolute centipede plodding to a date behind the fugitive, abreast, now far ahead, creeping along the shining straightaway. Forty miles the hour was her schedule; yet against this vast horizon she could hardly be said to change place until, sighting beyond her length, a new angle of the far western wall completed the trinomial line.

Escondido was hidden in a dip of plain—whence the name, Hidden, when done into Saxon speech. The train was lost to sight when she stopped there, but Jeff saw the tiny steam plume of her whistling rise in the clear and taintless air; long after, the faint sound of it hummed drowsily by, like passing, far-blown horns of faerie in a dream. And, at no great interval thereafter, a low-lying dust appeared suddenly on the hither rim of Escondido's sunken valley.

Jeff knew the land as you know your hallway. That line of dust marked the trail from Escondido Valley to the farther gate of Double Mountain. Even if he should be lucky enough to get a change of mounts at the spring in Double Mountain Basin he would be intercepted. Escape by flight was impossible. To fight his way out was impossible. He had no gun; and, even if he had a gun, he could not see his way to fight under the circumstances. The men who hunted him down were only doing the right thing as they saw it. Being innocent Jeff could make no fight for it. He was cornered.

"Said the little eohippus:
'I'm going to be a horse!'"

So chanted Jeff, perceiving the hopelessness of his plight.

The best gift to man—or, if not the best, then at least the rarest—is the power to meet the emergency; to do your

best and a little better than your best when nothing less will serve; to be a pinch hitter. It is to be thought that certain stages of affection, and more particularly the presence of its object, affect unfavorably the workings of pure intellect. Certain it is that capable Bransford, who had cut so sorry a figure in Eden garden, now, in these distressing but Eveless circumstances, rose to the occasion. Collected, resourceful, he grasped every possible angle of the situation and, with the rope virtually about his neck, cheerfully planned the impossible—the essence of his elastic plan being to climb that very rope, hand over hand, to safety.

This may be mere empiricism—meaning by that the above-advanced theory of mental forces and their disturbances. The fact remains that the fairest of Eves must necessarily hamper rope-climbing, however much she may facilitate. But let us return to Jeff.

"Going round the mountain is no good on a give-out horse. They'll follow my tracks," said Jeff to Jeff. Men who are much alone so shape their thoughts by voicing them, just as you practice conversation rather to make your own thought clear to yourself than to enlighten your victim—beg pardon—your neighbor. Just a slip of the tongue. *Vecino* is the Spanish for neighbor, you know. Not so much to enlighten your neighbor as to find out for yourself precisely what it is you think. "Hiding in the Basin is no good. Can't get out. Would I were a bird! Only one way. Got to go straight up—disappear—vanish in the air. 'Up a chimney, up ——' Naw, that's backward! 'Up a chimney, down, or down a chimney, down; but not up a chimney, up, or down a chimney, up!' So that's settled! Now let me see, says the little man. Mighty few Arcadians know me well enough not to be fooled—mebbe so. Lake—Lake won't come. He'll be busy. There's Jimmy; but Jimmy's got a shocking bad memory for faces sometimes; just now, my face. I think, maybe, I could manage Jimmy. The sheriff? That would be real awkward, I reckon. I'll just play the sheriff isn't in the bunch and build my little bluff according to that pleasing fancy; for if he comes along it is all off with little Jeff!

"Now lemme see! If Gwin's working that little old mine of his—why, he'll lie himself black in the face just for the principle of it. Mighty interestin' talker, Gwin is. And if no one's there I'll be there. Not Jeff Bransford; he got away. I'll be Long—Tobe Long—working for Gwin. Tobe Long. I apprenticed my son to a miner, and the first thing he took was a new name!"

Far away on the side of Double Mountain he could even now see the white triangle of the tent at Gwin's mine—the Ophir—and the gray dump spilling down the hillside. There was no smoke to be seen. Jeff made up his mind there was no one at the mine—which was what he devoutly hoped—and further developed his gleeful hypothesis.

"Let's see now, Tobe. Got to study this all out. They most always leave all their kegs full of water when they go away, so they won't have to pack 'em up the first thing when they come back. If they did I'm all right. If they didn't I'm in a hell of a fix! They'll leave 'em full, though. Of course they will—else the kegs would all dry up and fall down." He glanced over his shoulder. "Them fellows are ten or twelve miles back, I reckon. They'll slow up so soon as they see I'm headed off. I'll have time to fix things up—if only there's water in the kegs at the mine!" He patted Alibi's head: "Now, old man, do your damnedest! It's pretty tough on you, but your part will soon be over."

Alibi had made a poor night of it, what with doubling and twisting in the foothills, the bitter water of a gyp spring, and the scanty grass of a cedar thicket; but he did his plucky best. On the legal other hand, as Jeff had prophesied, the dustmakers behind had slackened their gait when they perceived that their allies must cut off the quarry. So Alibi held his own with the pursuit.

He came to the rising ground leading to the sheer base of Double Mountain; then to the narrow Gap where the mountain had fallen asunder in some age-old cataclysm. To the left, the dump of Ophir Mine hung on the hillside above the pass, and on the broad trail zigzagging up to it were burro-tracks, but no fresh tracks of men. The flaps of the white tent on the dump were tightly closed. There was no one at the mine. Jeff passed within the walls through frowning gates of porphyry and gneiss and urged Alibi up the cañon. It was half a mile to the spring. On the way he found three shaggy burros grazing beside the road. He drove them into the small pen by the spring and tossed his rope on the largest one. Then he unsaddled Alibi, tied him to the fence by the bridle rein and searched his pockets for an old letter. This found, he penciled a note and tied it to the saddle. It was brief:

EN ROUTE, FOUR P. M.

Please water my horse when he cools off.

Your little friend,

P. S. Excuse haste. JEFF BRANSFORD.

He made a plain trail of high-heeled boot-tracks to the spring, where he drank deep; thence beyond, through the sandy soil, to the nearest rocky ridge. Then, careful that every step fell on a bare rock, he came circuitously back to the corral, climbed the fence, made his way to the tied burro, improvised a bridle of cunning half-hitches, slipped from the fence to the burro's back—a burro, by-the-way, is a donkey—named the burro anew as Balaam, and went back down the cañon at the best pace of which the belabored and astonished Balaam was capable. As Jeff had hoped, the two other burros—or the other two burros, to be precise—followed sociably, braying remonstrance.

Without the mouth of the cañon Jeff rode up the steep trail to the mine, also to the great disgust of his mount; but he must not walk—it would leave boot-tracks. For the same reason, after freeing Balaam his first action was to pull off the telltale boots and replace them with the smallest pair of hobnailed miner's shoes in the tent. With these he carefully obliterated the few boot-tracks at the tent door.

The water-kegs were full; Jeff swore his joyful gratitude and turned his eye to the plain. The pursuing dust was still far away—seven miles, he estimated, or possibly eight. The three burros nibbled on the bushes below the dump, plainly intending to stay round camp with an eye for possible tips. Jeff gave his whole-hearted attention to the [illegible].

Never did stage manager toil so hard, so faithfully, so effectively, as this one—or with so great a need. He took stock of the available stage properties, beginning with a careful inventory of the grub-chest. To betray ignorance of its possibilities or deficiencies would be fatal. Following a narrow trail round a little shoulder of hill he found the powder magazine. Taking three sticks of dynamite, with fuse and caps, he searched the tent for the candle-box, lit a candle and went into the tunnel with a brisk trot. "If this was a case of fight, now, I'd have some pretty fair weapons here for close quarters," said Jeff; "but the way I'm fixed I can't. No fighting goes—unless Lake comes."

In the tunnel his luck held good. He found a number of good-sized chunks of rock stacked along the wall near the breast—evidently reserved for the ore pile at a more convenient season. Beneath three of the largest of these rocks he carefully adjusted the three sticks of giant powder, properly capped and fused, lit the fuses and retreated to the safety of the dump. Three muffled detonations followed at short intervals. Having thus announced the presence of mining operations, he built a fire on the kitchen side of the dump to further advertise a mind conscious of its own rectitude. The pleasant shadow of the hills was cool about him; the flame rose clear and bright in the windless air, to be seen from far away.

He looked at the location papers in the monument by the ore stack—simultaneously, by way of economizing time, emptying a can of salmon. This was partly for the added verisimilitude of the empty tin, partly because he was ravenously hungry. Did I tell you how he emptied the tin?

The mine had changed owners since Jeff's knowledge of it. It was no longer Gwin's sole property. The notice bore the signatures of J. Gwin, C. W. Saunders and Walter Fleck. Jeff grinned and his eye brightened. He knew Fleck only slightly, but Fleck's reputation among the cowmen was good—that is to say, as you would see it, very bad.

Pappy Saunders, postmaster and storekeeper of Escondido, was an old and sorely tried friend of Jeff's. If Pappy had grubstaked the outfit —— A far-away plan began to shape vaguely in his fertile brain. He took the little turquoise horse from his pocket and laid it in the till of the violated trunk. Have I told you about the violated trunk? Never mind—he had done any amount of other things of which I cannot possibly tell you here, even at the most liberal space rates; for it was his task, in the brief time allotted to him, to master all the innumerable details needful for an intelligent reading of his part. He must make no blunders.

(Continued on Page 32)

Long Jeff Back an Answering Shout in the Startled High Note of a Lonely Man Taken Unaware

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 14, 1912

Our Own Medicine

WE HOPE the correspondence between our State Department and Germany, concerning the proposed state monopoly in oil there, will be made public, for we cannot imagine what possible objection to the plan a protectionist American Administration could raise.

According to the best sources of information we can find, the situation is very simple. Powerful financial interests in Germany have invested many millions of marks in Rumanian, Galician and Russian oil-fields; but when this oil reaches the German market in a refined state our wicked Trust undersells it. Now, for several reasons, it is not practicable to shut out our oil by a protective tariff; so the state proposes to set up a monopoly in refined oil, thereby driving the Standard from the field and duly protecting a number of opulent Berlin bankers from ruinous competition with the pauper labor of the United States. The bankers can then sell their oil in the home market and draw their dividends in peace. The net result is to give the German market to Germans—comparatively few Germans, to be sure, but still Germans. What possible objection to that can a protectionist Administration raise?

To any objection, Germany might reply that the plan includes state supervision of prices, so that the extent to which consumers can be exploited is strictly limited; and that a certain portion of the protected profits goes into the public treasury—which is a great deal more than we can say for our system at any point.

Poison at the Grocer's

SO MUCH has been heard of late years about national and state pure-food laws that a great many people have become inspired with a degree of confidence in their victuals not warranted by the facts.

Every now and then the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, at Washington, issues a long list of judgments from which you may learn that an astonishing number of enterprising purveyors are still trying to poison you. The latest list contains forty-nine items, including a cordial that contained wood alcohol; confectionery containing talc; a relish containing "filthy vegetable matter"; ketchup, "forfeited because it was putrid"; tomato pulp, "destroyed because it was decomposed"; shucked oysters, "destroyed because they were decomposed"; decayed canned peaches; decomposed strawberry jelly; and so on. Other items refer to the comparatively venial fault of misbranding food products.

Selling tainted meat, rotten tomatoes, putrid oysters and decomposed relishes for food is a fault of considerable seriousness. Destroying the articles and imposing a small fine seems hardly adequate. Pure-food laws have done much to protect the public from poisonous victuals; but, on the whole, their teeth need sharpening.

Paroled Prisoners

SINCE 1893 over sixteen hundred convicts have been paroled from California penitentiaries. Eighty-five per cent have "made good"—only two hundred and forty-nine out of the whole number violating the conditions of their parole by leaving the state, failing to report, entering saloons or otherwise. Of the two hundred and forty-nine, one hundred and fifty-three were returned to prison; but only twenty-two of them had committed new crimes—being a fraction over one per cent of the total number paroled.

The report from which these figures are taken shows that paroled prisoners have earned over one million dollars, and out of their earnings have saved more than two hundred thousand dollars. In a recent typical month, out of four hundred and sixty-five men on parole, not one was idle; and their aggregate earnings for the month were just short of seventeen thousand dollars.

The last annual report of the New York Prison Commission shows that since 1900 nearly four thousand prisoners have been paroled, of whom roughly three-quarters have complied with the terms of parole—which require, at lowest, that the man shall keep sober, keep at work and make periodical reports. "These figures," the report adds rather naïvely, "show that, except for parole, our prisons would be congested beyond reason."

They show also the incredible folly of keeping under lock and key a great many men who would behave themselves, earn a living and help support those dependent upon them if they were given a chance.

Suppressing Cigarettes

FOR at least ten years there has been a very busy anti-cigarette propaganda in this country, which has produced considerable legislation. Some states have prohibited the trade in "coffin nails" altogether; others have forbidden their sale to minors. If you examined the statute-books you would probably conclude that important headway had been made in reducing the use of tobacco in this form; but, in fact, one reason for the present boom in tobacco shares is found in the enormously increased consumption of cigarettes. In the fiscal year 1910 less than eight billion paper pipes were burned. During the next year the number rose to nine and a quarter billions. Last year the outturn was nearly twelve billions, and for the current fiscal year tobacco men figure on an output of fifteen billions.

Cigarettes are peculiarly objectionable for immature persons—not because tobacco in that form is more noxious than in any other, but because cigarettes are so handy that a smoking habit thrives on them more rapidly than on a pipe or a cigar, and almost always the smoke is inhaled. A boy and a cigarette call for a paddle! We wish every immature cigarette smoker could be spanked into total abstinence; but restrictive legislation by several states has certainly made a most imperceptible impression upon the national habit.

Where Publicity is Needed

THERE is hardly a state, city or town in this country that makes an intelligible statement of its fiscal operations and condition.

Every state, city and town publishes once a year a thing it calls a treasurer's report or an auditor's report—usually a very bulky thing, containing an interminable maze of figures. We venture to say offhand that, as to about two-thirds of these reports, the best expert accountant in the United States could not construct from them such a concise and intelligible showing of income, outgo, indebtedness and cash on hand as the New York Stock Exchange requires from every corporation whose securities it lists. As to three-quarters of them, we venture to say that, if any such confused, occult statement were laid before the directors of a railroad, those directors would stand up in righteous indignation and discharge the whole accounting department on the instant.

You know what happens in every local campaign. Each party claims that its administration of the state or city was vastly more economical than the administration of the other party—both parties publish wads of official figures to prove their claims; and—except by hiring a corps of expert accountants to overhaul the books and construct a brand-new statement—nobody can tell which party is right.

Very properly we demand publicity for corporation affairs. Why not demand intelligible publicity for public affairs? Look up the last annual report of your state, city or town and see what you can make of it.

Concerning Adam Smith

NO DOUBT the Wealth of Nations is the greatest single book on economics ever written. It was published six years before Watt invented the double-acting steam engine, nine years before Cartwright invented the power loom, fifty-three years before the first steam railroad, sixty-one years before the first telegraph. The modern factory system of manufacturing was barely beginning; that phase of it which gives us so much trouble—large-scale production—was then undreamed of.

And in 1776 trade was still cramped on every hand in medieval bandages. For fifteen years British navigation laws had been steadily driving the American colonies toward revolution. Importation of woolen goods into England and exportation of wool and live sheep were absolutely prohibited. A considerable part of the Wealth of Nations is devoted to like arbitrary restrictions upon trade.

Adam Smith's great merit is that he was bound by nobody's dogma. He looked into actually existing conditions with a clear eye and judged them with luminous common-sense. He found that much of the economic theorizing of his day—partly a survival from outworn conditions—was nonsense, and wrote an immortal book to prove it. He judged that the free play of competition was what trade needed—and practically all it needed. No doubt, on the facts before him, the judgment was sound; but Adam Smith would have been the last man in the world to judge the body of economic facts existing in 1912 by rules derived from conditions of 1776.

The Future of Cotton

EVER since our Civil War all the cotton-using countries of Europe have been exerting themselves to develop independent sources of supply. The periodic corners on our exchanges have naturally sharpened this desire for non-American cotton.

We are still preëminent; but in the half-century seventy-two countries have begun growing and exporting the staple. A government-aided Russian syndicate is now undertaking to irrigate five million acres for cotton-growing in Turkestan. In Mesopotamia, English and German interests are carrying out an irrigation project that is expected to bring over three million acres under cotton culture. In Korea the Japanese government has turned to cotton-growing with characteristic energy. In India the English are extending railroads to cotton lands and erecting gins. These are only a few of the efforts now under way to increase cotton production. With our soil, labor and transportation we need not be afraid of any or all of them. What we have to fear is our own unscientific, soil-exhausting methods of farming and wasteful marketing.

What We Buy With

THERE is much bother about money on the part of economists, legislators, and even plain people; but, relatively speaking, it isn't worth bothering about.

For example, bank clearings in October broke the record, exceeding seventeen billion dollars. That means, in one hundred and fifty clearing-house cities, seventeen billion dollars' worth of goods bought, debts paid and investments made—but hardly any real money was used. Broadly speaking, these checks all cancel one another. Based on New York clearing-house experience, less than five per cent of actual money, to settle balances with, is all that is necessary. Cash transactions that are made by check at clearing-house cities alone amount in a year to more than fifty times the total stock of money in the country.

We can get along quite comfortably with any sort of honest and tolerably reasonable currency system—elastic, inelastic, gold, greenback, banknote or what-not—for the business of the country is done by checks, not with actual money. Given an honest and tolerably reasonable currency, the banking system is far more important than any possible changes in the currency system—and our banking system admittedly is the worst known among important nations!

Life Insurance at Cost

YOU know very well that you ought to carry life insurance; but usually you don't do it until a persuasive agent coaxes you up to the point of signing an application; and the greater part of your first year's premium goes to pay the agent for wheedling you into doing what you know well enough you ought to do. If it is so-called industrial insurance you pay another agent to come round and collect the weekly or monthly premium.

Several years ago Massachusetts undertook to furnish industrial life insurance at cost through savings banks, with no agency expenses. The venture has been very moderately successful; a vast majority of the insured still prefer the expensive agent.

Wisconsin's more ambitious plan of furnishing life insurance at cost is now coming into effect. Any resident of that state between ages twenty and fifty can apply for insurance through any village, city or county clerk, state factory inspector, or bank that is a state depository; or, by dropping a postcard to the Insurance Commissioner, at Madison, he can get a simple application blank, fill it out and mail it himself. If he passes the medical examination the Insurance Department will issue him a policy—whole life, term or endowment, as he chooses. It is exactly like the insurance written by the "oldline" mutual companies, except that it is sold at cost.

No doubt a great many will still wait for the agent—and pay the difference; but a man in Wisconsin who wants life insurance at cost can now get it. In other communities he is obliged to pay the agent's commission whether he wants to or not.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Bonnie Bonar Law

BONAR LAW is the Jim Mann of the House of Commons—the leader of the opposition. He sits across from the ministerial bench; and his greatest ambition in life is to make Premier Asquith uncomfortable, just as Jim Mann sits across from Oscar Underwood and endeavors to prod that placid Alabamian into some legislative indiscretion.

Jim is the handsomer. Indeed, Jim is so much better looking than Bonar Law that it is hardly fair to bring that phase of this affair into consideration. I suppose it isn't hands-across-the-seasy to say the leader of the opposition in that venerable forum, the House of Commons, looks like a golf professional; but that is what he does look like—a golf professional. Whereas Jim Mann looks like the leading banker in Rock Island or Streator or Ottawa or Aurora, Illinois, which, of course, he is not; but neither is Bonar Law a golf professional. And, having entered this field of comparison, let me make it good by saying the kind of pro. Bonar Law looks like is a Scotch golf professional.

They chose Bonar Law to lead the opposition a little more than a year ago. Balfour quit. He was tired and he chucked the job. Young Austen Chamberlain, son of the famous Joseph, tried for the place; and so did Walter Long, an English squire with a record for thinking once every half-hour regularly, but not oftener. There was a deadlock and somebody proposed Bonar Law, who had been in the House for some years and who was reputed to be a shark on the tariff. So they put Law in Balfour's place, and he is filling it up to, say, thirty-three per cent.

Being English, the English—and especially the political English—will tell you they know more about the tariff than any other people who have to do with that complicated subject. So far as that goes, being English, the English will tell you they know more about everything than any others; but that is a harmless little obsession of theirs and need not annoy. Still, there come times when, among themselves, they do let on—solely to one another—there may be certain phases of a subject they are in the dark about. The truth of it is they are, in both parties, all at sea over the tariff, just as the big parties in the United States are fussed about that matter. The Unionists, who elected Bonar Law to be their leader, have an idea they want tariff reform, which in this case means a sort of protection; but they are all split and muddled about it. However, as tariff reform is one of their policies, Bonar Law was held to be just the man to be their leader at the moment.

The Fog-Maker of the House

BONAR LAW is a sort of Reed Smoot on the English tariff. He knows about it. If he were an American legislator Bonar Law is the very chap who would get up in the Senate or the House and explain Schedule K so that that intricate mass of words and figures would be quite clear—to himself. And he would explain it as dully and as uninterestingly as Reed Smoot ever did explain the Dutch standard of sugar—which is tagging the Bonar Law brand of explanation with about the acme of dullness—but with that excellent particularity that awes the hearer and makes everybody say: "Gee! He understands the tariff, all right!" Only the English wouldn't say "Gee!" They would say: "Hear! Hear!"—that being the approved English for loud commendatory cheers from the supporting benches.

If we English and we Americans ever should foregather and get to that stage where we tell our real names, we all would admit that the most unintelligible matter with which our legislators have to deal is the tariff. Consequently when a man comes along who appears to make this unintelligible subject intelligible—appears to!—he is sure of consideration.

Bonar Law can talk on the tariff without a moment's hesitancy and at great length. He can reel off statistics and comparisons, and show why tariff reform is the salvation of the nation, until all his hearers are in a dense fog—until brains reel simultaneously with statistics. Wherefore they have so high an opinion of his knowledge.

Now, mark you, Bonar Law was born in New Brunswick and lived for many years in Glasgow. If there ever was a combination of nativity and environment calculated to make a man set—mayhap narrow—in his views, I should say being born in New Brunswick and living thereafter in Glasgow is that combination. It makes for a rather concentrated outlook, which is precisely the sort of

The Glasgow Edition of Smoot

an outlook Bonar Law has. Instead of being a citizen of the empire leading an opposition party, he is a niggling Scotchman who never fails to discover a speck but often fails to observe a mountain. Moreover, he is said by his enemies to be ill-tempered.

In a parliamentary sense the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons ranks almost on an equality with the premier, who is the leader of the majority. He is the man on whom those in the non-successful party must depend to formulate policies and to carry out the practice on the floor that may lead them to control of the government. He is the general who must execute the real strategy of the campaign; who must take charge of the forces; be quick to get the advantage of any weaknesses, uncovered or suggested. And he should, at least, be both a fighter and a compromiser, versatile enough to be pliable now and unyielding then, a diplomat and a warrior and a tactician.

I watched Bonar Law two afternoons in the House of Commons when the Home Rule debate was on. He is not a general, nor is he a diplomat. He is merely a sublimated Scotchman who has no other idea of leadership than to haggle and harass and harry, and whose methods are rasping, unpleasant and for the most part futile. He is unimaginative, devoid of humor, and entirely uncompromising. He is bitter. He is rude at times. He says a biting thing in a most acid manner. He is formal, precise, wooden and methodical. They say he can hold an audience when he is on the stump. If he can his audiences must like a speech that has order but no ardor.

When he is on a topic he understands, such as the tariff, he is fluent; and his mind naturally classifies, adjusts and presents in a processional manner the information he seeks to impart. He is disconcertingly exact, and he is sincere; but he is cold as a wedge and unresponsive as the veriest marble. His voice is raspy and rather lacks strength. He talks with a Scotchness that isn't exactly a burr, but is best described as a twang. Leadership, with him, is a most serious business, even as he is a most serious man; and if he should have occasion to accuse Asquith of failing to have his shoes blacked one morning, it would sound like an impeachment for treason to the king.

Rough Work in the House

HE IS a thin, bloodless sort of man, with a thin, bloodless face. The skin is drawn tightly over the high cheekbones, and there isn't much color there, save when he is most in earnest—he always is largely in earnest—and then a small red spot comes coquetting with the tip of each cheekbone. He has a mustache, an inch or so of whisker running down alongside each ear, and barely discernible lips. When he rises he stands stiffly at the table, uses one arm in gesture and that arm in rigid up-and-down motions, shooting out his sentences rapidly, with a rising inflection at the end of each. His intonation is a good deal that of a preacher who is expounding the Scriptures according to the correct Scotch idea; and his whole appearance is that of a man who never made a joke in his life and never laughed at a joke another made.

All this would seem to predicate an excess of Scotch prudence and caution; but since he became leader he has on occasions been anything but prudent, for he has made some amazing charges against the majority, and has said some things in the Commons that have been far-fetched and not based on conditions. He is not a good debater, for he loses his temper; and this has led him into extravagances of statement that have been quickly and crushingly refuted. Also, he has a rudeness of retort himself that even we crude and crass Americans would not resort to, and seems to mistake Parliament for a political audience in the country, where the harder you hit a man and the rougher the blow is the better your supporters like it.

There are a great many experienced debaters, adroit parliamentarians and quick-minded politicians in the House of Commons. I do not know any place, except our own Congress, where a man needs to be more sure of himself when it comes to handing out criticism. So when Bonar Law succeeded the polished Balfour and undertook to hit heads indiscriminately, some of the heads he struck at were not there when his blows fell; and on many occasions the owners of the heads he sought to wallop came back most disconcertingly and took whacks at Bonar Law's own head—whacks that landed oftener than not on the very spot they were intended to reach.

Still, he has his strong supporters. He was hailed as the Scotch political surgeon who would stand at the operating table in the House of Commons and remorselessly cut into the follies, the iniquities, the wrong policies, the political crimes, the mistaken theories and the non-patriotic motives of the majority, excising with steady hand and with preternatural skill. He may be all that, but I have my doubts.

After watching him operate for a time, it is my opinion, if he is such a surgeon, he is occupying his time and using his skill in cutting off fingers, when he might be amputating legs and arms and performing other major operations.

Difficult to Define

AN AMERICAN woman was singing a coon song in a London music hall. Three young Londoners who had been out taking dinner together came in. One of them had recently returned from a short visit to the States.

The coon song, which was in ragtime, progressed. The youngster who had been in the States wanted to show he understood.

"Ow! I say," he shouted—"it's a rabbit! It's a rabbit! No—that isn't it. It's a bird! It's a bird! My word!—that's wrong. Ow! I say, chaps, it's a bear! It's a bear! it's a bear!"

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DOING SOMETHING FOR THE IRISH

(Continued from Page 4

committees known as grand committees, distinct from the smaller select committees; these grand committees are five or six in number, and are composed of from sixty to a hundred members each. These grand committees relieve the House of Commons of a great deal of work by considering various portions of various bills and reporting thereon, as in our House of Representatives, leaving the Commons to take action after suitable debate. The select committees consider the unimportant and most of the private bills, and report. The English financial year ends on March thirty-first and ours on June thirtieth.

Thus it will be seen the two Houses work along lines that are not so far apart. The chief difference comes in the sitting of the Ministry in the Commons on the ministerial bench, which is the front bench on the majority side. They all come in—the Premier and all the rest of them—and take their places on this bench. Then for three-quarters of an hour after Parliament opens they are compelled to answer questions that have been asked of them by members. These questions are submitted in writing, and the answers may be oral—as many of them are—or in writing. When a member wants an oral answer he places an asterisk over his questions. The Opposition uses this forty-five minutes for heckling the Government on all sorts of matters concerning its policy. They are there and they must answer—or refuse to answer, which creates a bad impression. The members use this prerogative freely. One day when I was there one hundred and twenty-seven questions were on the list, and a number of them were twisters.

A Popular Political Sport

In November, on the days I visited the House of Commons, they were engaged in the gentle pastime of "doing something for the Irish," a sport engaged in from time to time by the majority in the Commons, and neither helping the Irish to any great extent nor hurting the majority—the innocuous divertisement of a radical government, a progressive government, as we would say.

Just at present it is quite essential that these Irish members shall be conciliated, and the present government, the majority in the Commons, has decided to conciliate them by proposing and debating and passing a Home Rule Bill for Ireland, on the theory that when it is all over they can say to the Irish: "Now it is your turn to be good and tractable and complaisant! We've done what we could for you—which is nothing, of course; but our intentions were good and it was as far as we could go—and we must turn to the consideration of other pressing matters."

You see, the joker in this "doing something for the Irish" comes in the absolute knowledge by all hands that there isn't a chance of any Home Rule Bill for Ireland getting through the House of Lords for a long time. When that musty assemblage of peers of the realm gets at this Home Rule Bill it will throw it straightway out the first convenient mullioned window.

The question business is about the same as the leave-to-print business in our House. It goes well with the constituents. They read in the local papers that their member propounded this embarrassing question to a member of the Ministry—perhaps to the Prime Minister himself—and they say, one to another: "Our member is watching our interests and the interests of the empire up there in London."

Well, it's lovely! The constituent can see his member rising in his seat and asking the Prime Minister or the First Lord of the Admiralty or the Foreign Secretary some question: "Is it true, sir, that on this certain date this government committed the unpardonable offense of ——" and so on. He can see his member striding over in front of the quaking culprit of the Ministry, shaking a long finger at him and demanding an answer in the name of the United Kingdom, India, and all the colonial possessions. But does the member do that? Indeed he does not, any more than the American member delivers the franked speech that he sends out to his district. Contrariwise, the asking member turns in his question the night before, or whenever the time is, and it is printed on the notes that are in the

"That's the kind.

"I always insist upon

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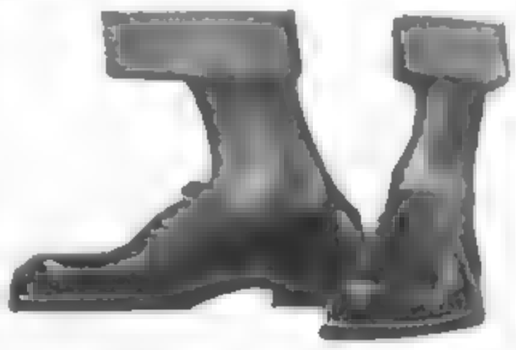

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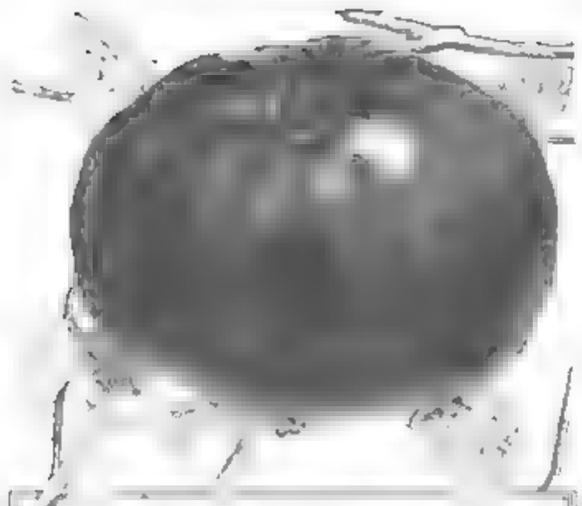

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BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

A Tempting Relish

Keeps when opened

Produced from selected, ripe tomatoes, cooked lightly to retain the natural flavor, delicately seasoned with pure spices, and put up in sterilized bottles in kitchens noted for their cleanliness.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the United States Government.

When you order Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, *insist* on our label. It insures a product as delicious and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Our booklet "Original Menus"—an aid to every housewife—gives many valuable suggestions for preparing dinners, and dainty luncheons. Your address and the name of your grocer on a postal (mentioning this weekly) will bring it.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

hands of each member each day when the House assembles. Then when his time comes the Speaker calls his name and he rises in his place and says very meekly: "Number forty-nine!"—or whatever the number chances to be; and the particular sitter on the ministerial bench to whom the query is addressed gets up and in a bored way rapidly reads his typewritten answer. Occasionally some questioner tries to elaborate, but he is squelched by the majority growl of "Order! Order-r-r-er-er-r-r-r!"—a growl, nothing else, but effectual.

The first day I was there they had Premier Asquith; Sir Edward Grey, who is head of the Foreign Office; Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and most of the rest of them bobbing up and down and reading their little replies to the inquiries. It was a good job, too, for a number of questions were asked that demanded and received direct replies—questions affecting governmental policies that needed explanation. With us, there would be a resolution of inquiry passed by the House or Senate, or both, which a Cabinet Member would take his blessed time in answering, and which, in reality, he wouldn't answer specifically unless he felt like it.

The Irish Senate of the Future

They were an interesting lot—that collection of ministers and subministers. Asquith sat in the middle—a man with a mass of gray hair and a pale, handsome face, who talks and acts like a scholar instead of a fighting Prime Minister, but who is a good deal of a politician none the less. Sir Edward Grey is a thin, smooth shaved man, with a typically English face, his features clear-cut and his forehead high. He talks in a slow monotone and gives the impression of a good deal of force in reserve. Churchill sat dumped down in his collar and appeared bored to death with the whole thing. Lloyd-George was nervous and eager in his answers, and Birrell took them rather as a joke, he being a scholar, also, and a satirist. The president of the board of trade, Mr. Sydney Buxton, looked and acted and talked like a prosperous tailor of Regent Street, and the president of the board of agriculture, Mr. W. Runciman, heavily bearded and extremely Scotch—though he may not be Scotch at all—had a delightfully terse and contemptuous set of replies. He didn't relish being quizzed. John Burns, the workingman, who is president of the local governing board, sat silent. A short, squat, bearded man, he seemed a tame sort of John Burns. They say it does tame the wild ones to put them in a Ministry.

After the questions came the debate on the size of the Irish Senate. The proposition had been rather hurriedly sprung—if I can use such a term in describing the action of a dignified Prime Minister—I gathered, and the Unionists or the Opposition saw tremendous danger to everything in it, from the Rock of Gibraltar to the new front for Buckingham Palace. Here was a dastardly and treasonous set of Liberals proposing that the beloved Irish shall have only forty members in their Senate—when they get it—and it was plain to be seen that this was a plot subversive of all governmental policies and insidiously attacking the very foundations of the empire. To my untutored mind this protest seemed reasonably passionate, especially when considered in the light of the fact that many of the Unionists are Tories; and it is well known that for two centuries the Tories have been most considerate of the needs and demands of Ireland—not!

Still, it was a government proposition and, ergo, it must be wrong, not to say treasonous, and in contravention of the Domesday Book, the Magna Charta and the sporting extras of the newspapers giving the latest winners at the races, which are the constitution and by-laws of the general English public. A young man named Hoare, sitting for Chelsea—Samuel J. G. Hoare, who was once secretary for Mr. Little—no—Lyttelton—English spelling—at the Colonial, having introduced the amendment making the number of prospective Irish senators eighty instead of forty, rose hurriedly after the Speaker had shown great joy in being able to leave the chair and had gayly skipped out of the chamber, his gown flapping behind him as he went, and after the serjeant-at-arms—English spelling again—had put the big mace under the table—not really under the table, you know, but had taken it off its

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LAST year hundreds of people made up their Christmas lists with Parker Gift Pens for everyone.

Why don't you save the hurry and worry of Christmas shopping this year by taking your Christmas list and a Parker catalog now, and [illegible] appropriate pens for each [illegible] on the list?

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Now Parker Pens do more than make handsome gifts. They make fine writers, and they *never leak.*

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Ordinary fountain pens leak and smear your fingers because their *feed tubes are straight.*

A simple fact, simple to explain. Listen:

A straight feed tube always holds some ink drops—even after you've put the pen in your pocket, point up.

There's heat in your pocket—98 degrees of body heat. This warms the pen. And there's always some air in the pen barrel, just above the main ink. This air expands from this heat, pushes up into the feed tube to escape, and pushes those ink drops up and out around the writing end of the pen. And your fingers are sure to find these ink drops when you take the pen-cap off to write. But—

The Parker Feed Tube is Curved

—the famous Parker Lucky Curve—and touches the inside of pen-barrel. See X-Ray picture. This touch causes Capillary Attraction. (That's the force that makes a sponge take up drops of water, etc.) So, when you turn a Parker upright to go in your pocket, old Capillary Attraction pulls back the ink drops that want to loiter in the feed tube.

Thus the Parker Lucky Curve feed tube is free of ink when the heated air expands and climbs up. And thus the Parker never leaks.

The Parker 14k gold nibs, tipped with hardest Iridium, always write smooth—never scratch. The *Spear Head Ink Controller* regulates ink-flow and prevents blotting or hitching. And the new *Disappearing Clip* hangs on to your pocket like a beggar, but "beats it" clear out of the way when you want to write.

Standard styles $2, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, and upwards, as per size and decoration

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is built so as to be *leakless in any position*—even on its head. Fine for lady's purse or bag. $2.50, $3, $4, $5, and up.

Get Christmas Parkers from your dealer on *trial.* He'll refund any time within ten days of purchase, if there's the least dissatisfaction. If your [illegible] doesn't sell Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you complete catalog, and you can order direct from us. Parker Pens for Christmas all come in *handsome gift boxes.*

Settle that Christmas shopping excitement now. Then you can enjoy Christmas calmly. Give your Parker Gift Pens *today.*

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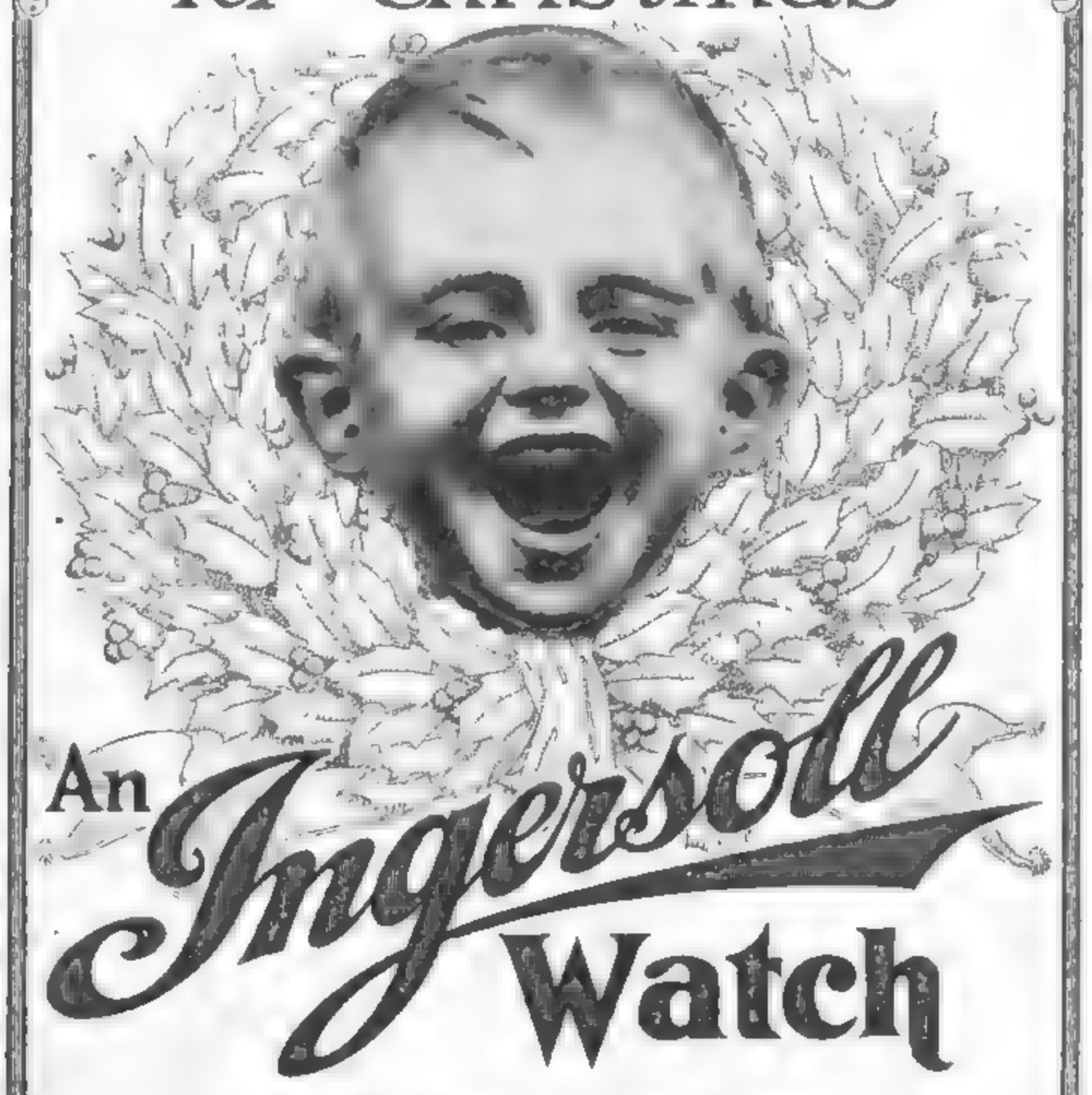
PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN

X Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Ink Feed

"I know what I want for Christmas"



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For the boy or his grandfather a watch is the gift of gifts.

And the Ingersoll is the watch of watches because it always fits. It's a universal time-piece, the choice of Thomas Edison because of downright usefulness, the choice of the school-boy because no other watch can stand his rough usage, the choice of thirty million men and women because no watch can do more than keep time and that the Ingersoll is guaranteed to do.

There are four models of the Ingersoll Watch including all popular sizes and styles for presents to men and women, boys and girls.

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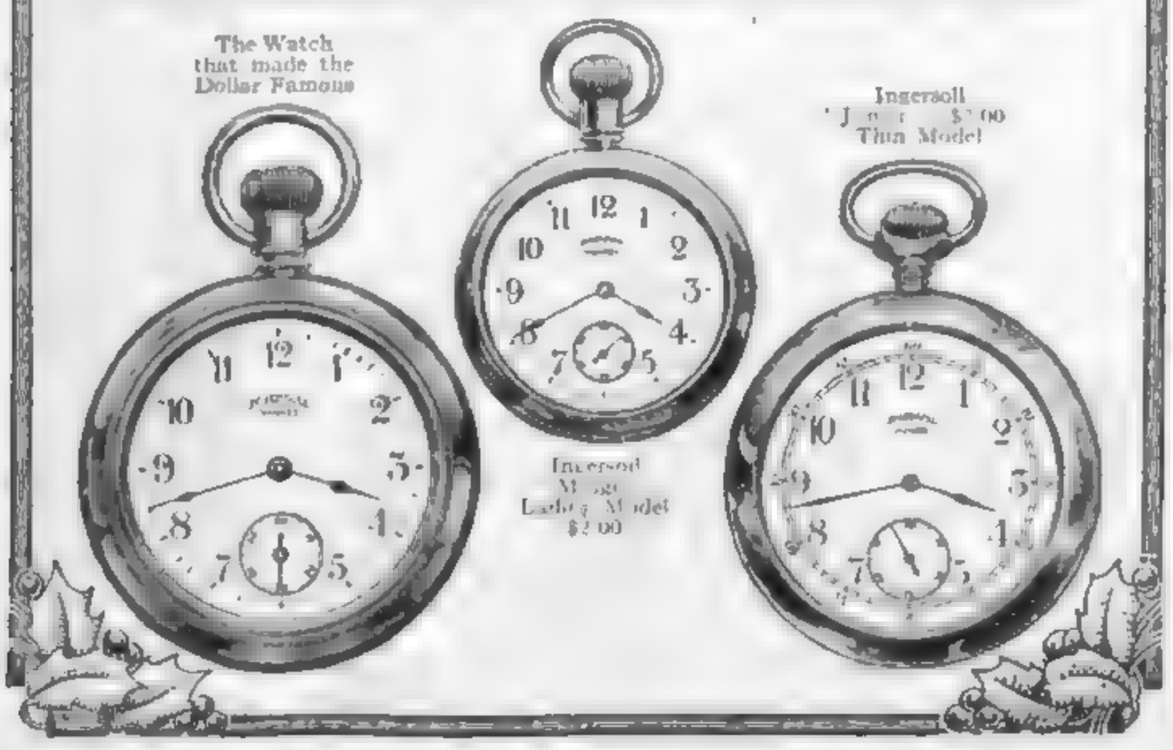

props on top of the table and had put it on some props lower down—and after the chairman of the committee had taken his seat with the clerks—a young man named Hoare, with a high nasal voice and the general conclusiveness of a rabbit, rose hurriedly and talked for twenty minutes or half an hour, arguing earnestly that it was a shame, a burning shame, to confine the Irish to forty senators when there is enough senatorial material in Ireland for double that number, if not more.

All this time Bonar Law, the Unionist leader, and therefore leader of the minority, sat abstractedly looking at the toes of his boots, said boots being quite a bit above the level of his head and resting on the edge of the table in front of him. A tall, thin, pale, intellectual young man sat next to him Austen Chamberlain, son of the famous Joseph; and he too gazed pensively at the toes of his boots, ranged carefully alongside those of Bonar Law. When Mr. Hoare had nasally declaimed his last protest Premier Asquith rose and admonished Mr. Hoare gently—that is, gently for a debate in the Commons, first complimenting him on the eloquence of his speech. Beyond saying that Mr. Hoare was entirely wrong in every premise and conclusion he did not go, and his remarks were frequently interspersed with the "Hear! Hear!" that is the evidence of ultimate English legislative appreciation.

Mr. Chamberlain then got up. Mr. Chamberlain has a highly cultivated voice that is thin in spots. He stammers a bit and gets so earnest he splutters. His only object in rising, so far as I could discover, was to remark about a dozen times in various language that the Prime Minister was absolutely wrong in everything he had said in correcting Mr. Hoare, and that he trembled for the fate, nay, for the very life, of the nation itself if the Irish were not allowed to have eighty senators instead of a beggarly forty. Mr. Chamberlain is very tall and very thin and he gave an excellent portrayal of how he trembled, shaking like a leaf, over the indignity that was to be imposed on dear old Ireland!

Much Ado About Nothing

Captain Craig had a few tears to shed for eighty, and Bonar Law pronounced his opinion in a rigid and machine-like manner. Others came in. Members drifted out by ones and twos. A few slept peacefully. Some of those who had silk hats were wearing them. Nobody wore a soft hat save one defiant Irishman; but most of the members did not avail themselves of the privilege of wearing their hats. The ministerial bench thinned out. Augustine Birrell drew pictures on a pad. Premier Asquith tried to be interested, but in reality was extremely ennuied. And so it went.

Well, if it hadn't been for the two clerks with the wigs sitting at the table I would have thought myself back home, up in the press gallery in the House, listening to a debate on some important bill. There they were, talking about a bill for thirty-five days—a bill they all knew would not be a law for a long time, if ever; debating solemnly on the size of the Irish Senate when there isn't any immediate prospect of any Irish Senate at all; bickering and jockeying and fussing, and pronouncing grave individual verdicts for public consumption—just as they do in Washington.

The Liberals were proposing the bill because they wanted to do something for the Irish, and the Unionists were opposing it because the Liberals proposed it. The speeches, for and against, sounded exactly like speeches for and against any similar proposition made in Washington. The methods of the men were the same; nothing—not a solitary thing—in it but politics. The Liberals are no more concerned truly whether Ireland has home rule than they are whether Senegambia has the pip! Likely as not most of them are at heart against it; but it is politics to present a bill demanding home rule for Ireland; politics to talk about it for thirty-five days; politics to pass it and hand it on to the lords—and they are all playing the game. Likewise the Unionists are trying to block them, not because they give a hoot, either about the rights or wrongs of Ireland, but because they are the Opposition!

Wherefore, reverting to my original proposition, I am not prepared to say whether the English legislators or the American legislators first put the bunk in bunkum; but I am prepared to say they both put it in, and it is right there yet!

The Sweet that Nature Gave to Children

Instead of candy give the children something equally good, something really healthful and nourishing; give them all they want of Nature's sweetmeat—

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From the Garden of Eden

The special dust-proof carton in which they are neatly layered and wrapped, keeps them clean, soft and fresh, with all their original richness retained. Try them; then you will know what you have missed in buying the usual dry bulk dates from an open wooden box.

If not at grocer's or fruit store we will mail **Sample Size Package for 10c.**

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Eat Dromedary Dates as they come from the package; or make them into delicious buns, muffins, waffles, bread, or soufflés and puddings. Send your dealer's name and receive

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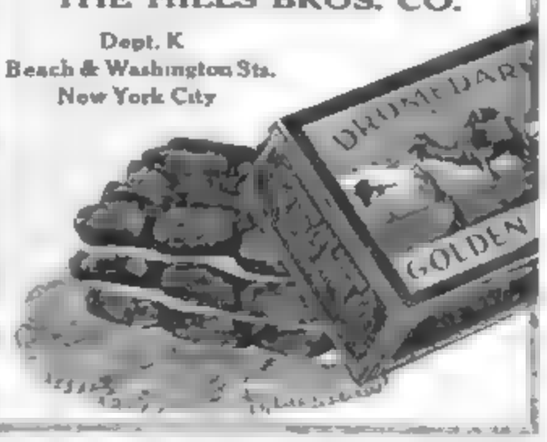

EXPENSIVE FREE EDUCATION

(Concluded from Page 15)

tool—as the Ontario primer at four cents he would cheerfully pay the larger price; but he knows this is not the case. He knows that he is helping to pay an unjust profit to schoolbook houses, amounting to at least a million dollars a year. We do not object to having those publishers make a reasonable profit upon the money invested in their plants—that is right and legitimate. Neither do we wish to take from teachers, educators and pedagogic specialists a generous incentive to originate and compile the best possible textbooks; but we do object to having the educational necessities of our children exploited to fatten the dividends of bookhouses that send a small army of costly agents and profligate 'entertainers' through the country to influence sales and adoptions!

"When we can look across the border into conservative Ontario and see the copyrights of all schoolbooks owned and controlled by the people and for the people, is it strange that we want a change? When we can see there a uniform course of study, with uniform textbooks, and see those books produced on a basis of one profit only between the maker and the pupil, with all the extravagant and vicious selling system in vogue in the United States entirely eliminated, is it any wonder that the wage-worker is hot under the collar and gives due notice that there's got to be a change? Has he not a real kick—and a hard one too? He needs all that wasted money to give his children just so much better education; and when he thinks of the ground that he and his children have lost in setbacks, because of a school system under which each district is a law unto itself and no uniformity of study courses is provided for, then he knows he is entitled to two kicks.

"Shall we make it three? Really it ought to be—and that within all good reason and sound common-sense! As it appears to the laboring man, there is something almost miraculously inefficient in our common-school system—as we find it in most states—so far as fitting his boy to become anything short of a professional man is concerned. We wage-earners know that not more than one out of a thousand of our boys will ever enter professional life or shine in any of the so-called kid-glove callings. Some of us would rather see our sons become good mechanics, good miners, good printers, and even good teamsters, than make a shining success in taking other people's money away from them by the market-ticker route. That's a matter of personal preference. Anyhow most wage-workers know they cannot keep their boys in school long, and that if the boys get enough education in their brief schooling to enable them to become foremen and bosses they'll be doing mighty well!"

The Wrong Kind of Studies

"In other words, the average wage-worker wants his boy to be fitted for his own or some other trade, and so fitted that he will be able to go higher than he himself has been able to go. That is the ambition of the average workingman for his son. He would like to see his lad equipped, by reason of a better education, to 'have his head save his heels and his muscles,' and to climb into a place where he will get pay for his ability to think and plan and direct as well as to work with his hands.

"Now how does our common-school system hook up with this kind of program, which I insist is the prevailing one in the average workingman's family where there is a son? To my notion, it doesn't hook up at all. It gaps. There's so little connection between what a workingman's boy is taught in school and what he must do when he leaves school that the situation is pathetic. I've discussed this with scores—perhaps hundreds—of workingmen, and they all seem to look at it with the same eyes. They just cannot understand how it happened to be that way!

"Where does the trouble come in? To me it seems clear that the fundamental mistake in our common-school system is the mistaken assumption that all the children who enter the primary grade are going to continue straight on until they have finished high school, and that the high school is planned and operated mainly as a feeder to the college and the university—which is all very fine for the child of well-to-do parents, who can go to college!

"The fact is that comparatively few of the children of the workingmen ever enter high school; and even when they do they usually become restive and dissatisfied because many of the studies are hopelessly unrelated to practical every-day life as they know it or as they expect to find it. The high-school course—or much of it—shoots high over their heads and they lose interest in it. In that case it becomes a failure. But, I repeat, most wage-workers' children drop out of school before they finish the grammar grades. There are in this country today about twenty-five million children of school age, of whom only about seventeen million are actually in school. These figures tell the story!

"The primary and grammar grades of our schools ought not to be operated merely or mainly as feeders for the high school—which, in turn, is intended as a preparation for college. These grade schools should be run on a plan that makes a distinct and practical recognition of the fact that most of their pupils will finish their schooling in them, and will then step out to make their way in the world.

"I do not intend to imply that straight vocational education should begin before the boy is at least fourteen years of age; but I do mean that he is now obliged to waste much time and energy on studies that are merely preparatory to something farther on that he will never reach. His school period is so short and his hours so precious that not a moment should be wasted on studies that do not hook up directly and practically with his life struggle as a worker. Incidentally it should be said that the compulsory school period should not end at fourteen years, but should be extended to sixteen; those two additional years would make a wonderful difference in the boy's equipment. Often the girls of a worker's family remain in school longer than the boys—in many instances to fit themselves for teaching."

The Solution of the Problem

"Do you think I overestimate the inability of the average laboring man's boy to continue into the high school? Out of each one million children attending the public schools of this country sixty-five thousand only are enrolled in the high schools. Of this 6.5 per cent in the high schools, certainly more than half—in all probability nearly two-thirds—are girls. Why not give the army of boys who have to quit school at fourteen or thereabout an education that hooks up with the kind of life they must take up when they step out of school? Is there anything unreasonable in that demand—considering the fact that these boys are in the majority? It's just plain common-sense to do this—a bit of national economy in its most valuable of all resources, citizenship!

"In a small way some of the trades have tried to meet this problem that ought to be met by the whole country in a universal way. For instance, in the typographical union we have a course open both to apprentices and to journeymen.

"Vocational training should not be left to the trade organizations. We should have continuation schools for trade-workers as they have in Germany. No sort of education is so valuable as that which is sandwiched in with actual practice. Germany's great army of skilled workmen and the inroads she has made into the world's trade in manufactured articles prove this conclusively. When a boy gets to earning wages he generally finds himself and settles down to business for all that's in him. These continuation schools find him at that stage of his development and enable him—in fact, they compel him—to keep on learning the theory of his trade while he is actually working at it in a practical way. And he gets this schooling without loss of wages. Again, it bears directly upon his work in the shop or the store or the mine where he is employed.

"Such a system would practically revolutionize working conditions in the United States. Our need for it is beyond any words that I could use to describe it. That's what the wage-earners are looking forward to—sometime in the future. Meantime let us have, at least, state uniformity of textbooks and study courses; and let us have a grammar school in which the studies—or most of them—are not comparatively useless to the great multitude of lads who cannot follow them into high school and college."

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

He Can't Wait a Minute Before Trying Them On

Of course, he wanted skates—every "worth while" boy does! And it wouldn't be a bad hazard if you guessed he wanted Winslow's Skates!

Why! Because Winslow's Skates combine all the fine points a fellow wants—speed, beauty, strength, classy design and flint-hard runners. *And they stay sharp longest!* The finished product of more than 50 years' experience and the world's largest skate factory.

Don't make your boy go out with inferior skates and be laughed at. Write for our new catalogue No. 2, containing pictures and descriptions of all styles, also rules of leading Hockey Associations.

American skates—made by an original process for hardening and tempering runner steel. Styles for every skater.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.
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Makers of the Famous Winslow's Roller Skates.

WHY DIDN'T
WE THINK OF
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
!

Look for the spear

The flavor lasts

Shopping bother is mostly caused by *little* gifts. SPEARMINT is the easiest little gift to buy—the pleasantest little gift to receive. Just *'phone* or *write* your dealer—*give* him your list of friends. Have him enclose your card with every box. Can you make a better gift than the goody that helps digest other goodies? It's steady improvement for teeth. It sharpens appetite. It purifies breath. It makes Merry Christmas merrier yet.

"Send me a dozen"

"WE all enjoy it so much; and I use it in so many ways, that a dozen goes in no time!" That is the sensible way—the practical way—to order

Campbells' TOMATO SOUP

You want it for a dinner course at least once or twice a week. You want it now and then for luncheon. It is just the thing for cocktails, for brown sauce, for tomato tartare, for croquettes; and a dozen other tempting dishes. And there is nothing else that quite takes the place of this perfect soup. Hadn't you better order a dozen right *now*?

"It's great to be an angel
And with the angels
stand
With *Campbell's Soup*
before me
And a big spoon in my
hand."

21 kinds
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Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
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Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

Continued from Page 23

He toiled like two men, each swifter and more savagely efficient than himself; he upset the prim, old he-maidenish order of that carefully packed, spick-and-span camp; rumpled the beds; strewed old clothes, books, candles, specimens, pipes and cigarette papers with lavish hand, made untidy, sprawling heaps of tin plates, knives, forks and spoons; spilled candle-grease and tobacco on the scoured table; and generally gave things a cozy and habitable appearance.

He gave a hundred deft touches here and there. He spread an open book face downward on the table. It was Alice in Wonderland, and he opened it at the Mock-Turtle. Meanwhile an unoccupied eye snatched titles from a shelf of books against possible question; he penned a short note to himself Mr. Tobe Long—in Gwin's handwriting, folded the note to creases, twisted it to a spill, lit it, burned a corner of it, pinched it out and threw it under the table; and while doing these and other things he somehow managed to shed every article of Jeff Bransford's clothing and to put on the work-stained garments of a miner.

The perspiration on his face was no stage make-up, but good, honest sweat. He rubbed stone-dust and sand on his sweaty arms and into his sweaty hair; he rubbed most of it from his hair and into the two-days' stubble on his face, simultaneously fishing razor and mug from the trunk, leaving them in evidence on the table. He worked stone-dust into his ears, behind his ears; he grimed it on forehead and neck; he even dropped a little into his shoes, which all this while had been performing independent miracles to make the camp look comfortable. He threw on a dingy cap, thrust in the cap a miner's candlestick with a lighted candle that it might properly drip upon him while he arranged further details—and so faced the world as Tobe Long, a stooped and overworked man!

Mr. Tobe Long, working with feverish haste, dug a small cave halfway down the steep side of the dump farthest from the road and buried therein a tightly rolled bundle containing every article appertaining to the defunct Bransford, with the single exception of the little eohippus; a pocketknife, which a miner must have to cut powder and fuse, having been found in the trunk—what time also the little turquoise horse was transferred to Mr. Long's pocket to bring him luck in his new career—a poor thing compared with the cowman's keen blade, but better for Mr. Long's purposes, as smelling strongly of dynamite. Then Mr. Long—Tobe—hid the grave by shoveling broken rock upon it.

Next he threw into a wheelbarrow drills, spoon, tamping stick, gads, drill-hammer, rock-hammer, canteen, shovel and pick—taking care, even in his haste, to select a properly matched set of drills—and trundled the barrow up the drift at a pace which would give a Miners' Union the rabies. At the breast he unshipped his cargo in right miner's fashion, the drills in a graduated stepladder row along the wall; loaded the barrow with broken ore, a bit of charred fuse showing at the top, and wheeled it out at the same unprofessional gait, leaving it on the dump just above the spot where his late sepulchral rites had freshened the appearance of the sunbeaten dump.

He next performed his ablutions in an amateurish and perfunctory fashion, scrupulously observing a well-defined waterline.

"There!" said Mr. Long. "I near made a break that time!" He went back to the barrow and trundled it assiduously to the tunnel's mouth and back several times, carefully never in quite the same place—finally leaving it not above the sepulchered spoil, but near the ore stack, as befitted its valuable contents. "I got to think of everything. One wrong break'll fix me good!" said Mr. Long. He felt his neck delicately, as if he detected some foreign presence there. "In the tunnel—there's only the one place where the wheel can go; so it don't matter so much in there."

The fire having now burned down to proper coals, Mr. Long set about supper, with the corner of his eye on the lookout for the pursuers of the late Bransford. He set the coffee-pot by the fire—they were now in the edge of the tarbrush; there were only two of them. He put on a pot of potatoes in their jackets—he could see them plainly, diminutive black horsemen twinkling through the brush; he sliced bacon into a frying-pan and put it aside to await his cue; he disposed other cooking ware in lifelike attitudes near the fire—they were in the long shadow of Double Mountain; their horses were jaded; they rode slowly. He dropped the sour-dough jar and placed the broken pieces where they would be inconspicuously visible. Having thus a perfectly obvious excuse for not having sour-dough bread, which requires thirty-six hours of running start for preliminary rising, Jeff Mr. Tobe Long—mixed up a just-as-good baking-powder substitute—they rode like young men; they rode like young men not to the saddle born, and Tobe permitted himself a chuckle: "By hooky, I've got an even chance for my little bluff!"

He shook his head reprovingly at himself for this last admission. With every minute he looked more like Tobe Long than ever—if only there had been any Tobe Long to look like. His mind ran upon nuggets, pockets, placers, faults, true fissure veins, the cyanide process, concentrates, chlorides, sulphides, assays, leases and bonds; his face took on the strained wistfulness which makes the confirmed prospector—he was Tobe Long!

The bell rang.

. . . . . .

"Ho-o-e-ee! Hello-o!"

As the curtain rose to the flying echoes Long stepped to the edge of the dump, frying-pan in hand, and sent back an answering shout in the startled high note of a lonely man taken unawares.

"Hello-o!" He brandished his hospitable pan. Then he put it down, cupped hands to mouth and trumpeted a hearty welcome: "Chuck! Come up! Supper's ready!"

"Can't! See any one go by about two hours ago?"

"Hey? Louder!"

"See a man on a sorrel horse?"

"No-o! I been in the tunnel. Come up!"

"Can't. We're after an outlaw!"

"What?"

"After a murderer!"

"Wait a minute! I'll be down. Too hard to yell so far."

Mr. Long started precipitately down the zigzag; but the riders had got all the information of interest that Mr. Long could furnish and they were eager to be in at the death.

"Can't wait! He's inside somewheres. Some of the boys are waiting for him at the other end." They rode on.

Mr. Long, posed for a statue of Disappointment, hung on the steep trail rather as if he might conclude to coil himself into a ball and roll down the hill to overtake them.

"Stop as you come back!" he bellowed. "Want to hear about it"

Did Jeff—Mr. Long did Mr. Long now attempt to escape? I rede you, nay. Gifted with prevision beyond most, Mr. Long's mind misgave him that these young men would be baffled in their pleasing expectations. They would be back before sundown, very cross; and a miner's brogan leaves a track not to be missed.

That Mr. Long was unfeignedly fatigued from the varied efforts of the day need not be mentioned, for that alone would not have stayed his flight; but the closest water, save Escondido, was thirty-five miles; and at Escondido he would be watched for—not to say that when he was missed some of the searching party would straightway go to Escondido to frustrate him. Present escape was not to be thought of.

Instead, Mr. Long made a hearty meal from the simple viands that had been in course of preparation when he was surprised, eked out by canned corn fried in bacon grease to a crisp, golden brown. Then, after a cigarette, he betook himself to sharpening tools with laudable industry. The tools were already sharp, but that did not stop Mr. Long. He built a fire in the forge, set up a stepladder of matched drills in the blackened water of the tempering tub; he thrust a gad and one short drill into the fire. When the gad was at a good cherry heat he thrust it hissing into the tub to bring the water to a convincing temperature, and when the gad was reheated he did it again. From time to time he held the one drill to the anvil and shaped it, drawing it alternately to a chisel bit or a bull bit. Mr. Long could sharpen a drill with any, having been, in very truth, a miner of sorts. He could toy thus with the one drill without

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giving it any very careful attention, and his thoughts were now busy on how best to be Mr. Long.

Accordingly from time to time he added an artistic touch to Mr. Long—grime under his fingernails, a smudge of smut on an eyebrow. His hands displeased him. After some experimenting to get the proper heat of it he grasped the partially cooled gad with the drill-pincers and held it very lightly to a favored few of those portions of the hand known to chiromaniacs as the mounts of Jupiter, Saturn and other extinct immortals.

Satisfactory blisters-while-you-wait were thus obtained. These were pricked with a pin, some were torn to tatters, with dust and coal rubbed in to give them a venerable appearance. The pain was no light matter; but Mr. Long had a real affection for Mr. Bransford's neck, and it is trifles like these that make perfection.

The next expedient was even more heroic. Mr. Long assiduously put stone-dust in one eye, leaving it tearful, bloodshot and violently inflamed; and the other one was sympathetically red. "Bit o' steel in my eye," explained Mr. Long. Unselfish devotion such as this is all too rare.

All this while, at proper intervals, Mr. Long sharpened and resharpened that one long-suffering drill. He tripped into the tunnel and smote a mighty blow upon the country rock with a pick—therefore qualifying that pick for repointing—and laid it on the forge as next on the list.

What further outrage he meditated is not known, for he now heard a horse coming up the trail. He was beating out a merry tattoo when a white-hatted head rose through a trapdoor—rose above the level of the dump, I should say.

Hammer in hand, Long straightened up joyfully as best he could, but could not straighten up the telltale droop of his shoulders. It was not altogether assumed, either, this hump. Jeff—Mr. Long—had not done so much work of this sort for years, and there was a very real pain between his shoulderblades. Still, but for the exigencies of art, he might have borne his neck less turtlewise than he did.

"Hello! Get him? Where's your pardner?"

"Watching the gap." The young man, rather breathless from the climb, answered the last question first as he led his horse on the dump. "No, we didn't get him; but he can't get away. Hiding somewhere in the Basin afoot. Found his horse. Pretty well done up." The insolence of the outlaw's letter smote him afresh; he reddened. "No tracks going out of the Basin. Two of our friends guarding the other end. They say he can't get out over the cliffs anywhere. That so?" The speech came jerkily; he was still short of breath from his scramble.

"Not without a flying machine," said Long. "No way out except where the wagonroad goes. What's he done?"

"Robbery! Murder! We'll see that he don't get out by the wagonroad," asserted the youth confidently. "Watch the gaps and starve him out!"

"Oh, speaking of starving," said Tobe, "go into the tent and I'll bring you some supper while you tell me about it. Baked up another batch of bread on the chance you'd come back."

"Why, thank you very much, Mr.——"

"Long—Tobe Long."

"Mr. Long. My name is Gurdon Steele. Glad to meet you. Why, if you will be so kind—that is what I came up to see you about. If you can let us have what we need of course we will pay you for it."

"Of course you won't!" It had not needed the offer to place Mr. Gurdon Steele quite accurately. He was a handsome lad, fresh-complexioned, dressed in the Western manner as practiced on the Boardwalk. "You're welcome to what I got, sure; but I ain't got much variety. Gwin, the old liar, said he was coming out the twentieth—and he didn't; so the grub's running low. Table in the tent—come on!"

"Oh, no; I couldn't, you know! Rex—that's my partner—is quite as hungry as I am, you see; but if you could give me something to take down there? I really couldn't, you know!" The admirable doctrine of *noblesse oblige* in its delicate application by this politeness was easier for its practitioner than to put it into words suited to the comprehension of his hearer; he concluded lamely: "I'll take it down there and we will eat it together."

"See here," said Tobe, "I'm as hungry to hear about your outlaw as you are to eat.

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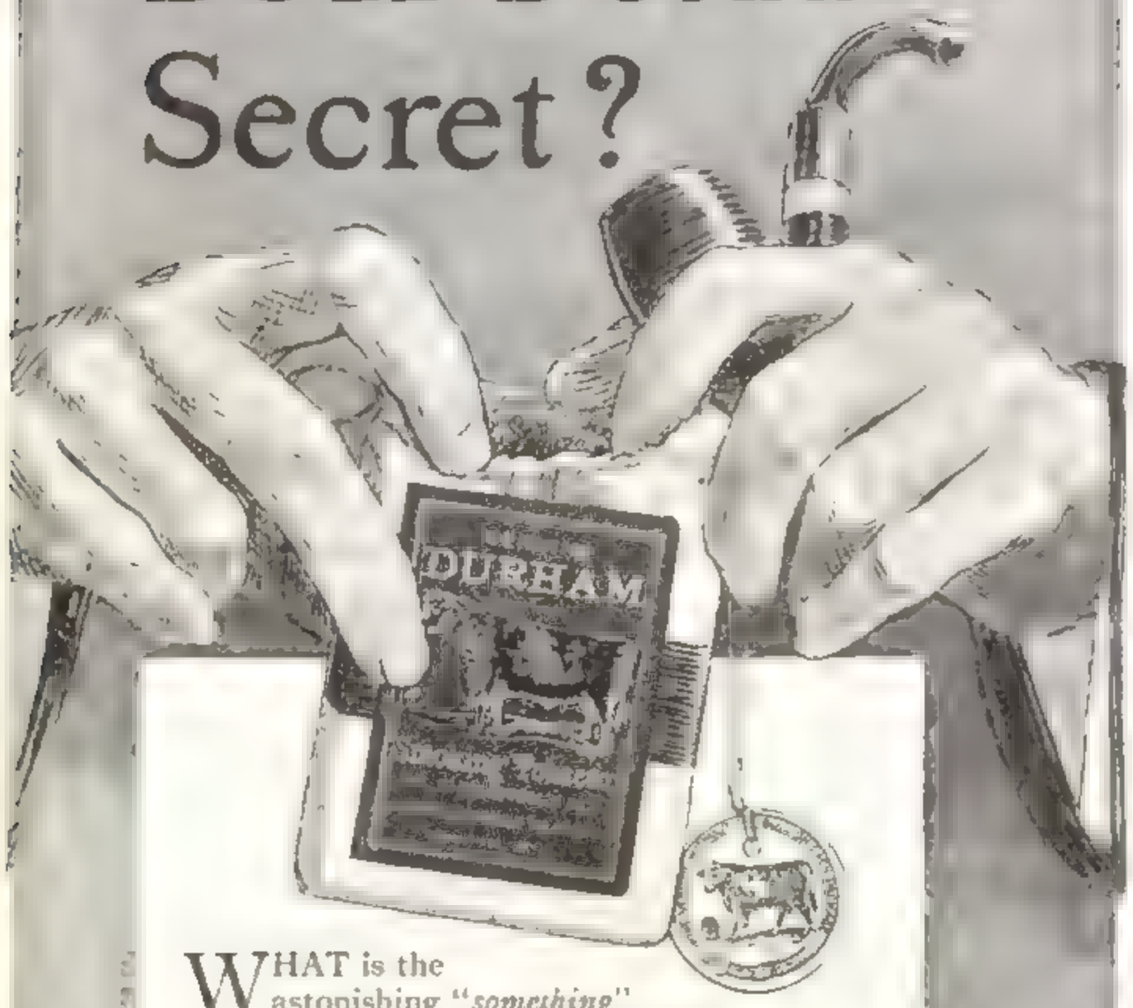

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This was done. It was growing dark when they reached the bottom of the hill. The third guardsman had built a fire.

"Rex, this is Mr. Long, who has been kind enough to grubstake us and share our watch with us."

Mr. Steele, you have observed, had accepted Mr. Long without question; but his first impression of Mr. Long had been gained under circumstances highly favorable to the designs of the latter gentleman. Mr. Steele had come upon him unexpectedly, finding him as it were *in medias res*, with all his skillfully arranged scenery to aid the illusion. The case was now otherwise—the thousand-tongued vouching of his background lacked to him; Mr. Long had naught save his own unthinkable audacity to belie his face withal. From the first instant Mr. Rex Griffith was the prey of suspicions—acute, bigoted, churlish, deep, dark, distrustful, damnable, and so on down to zealous. He had a sharp eye; he wore no puttees; and Mr. Long had a vaguely uncomfortable memory, holding over from some previous incarnation, of having seen that long, shrewd face in a courtroom.

The host, on hospitable rites intent, likewise all ears and eager questionings, was all unconscious of hostile surveillance. Nothing could be more carefree, more at ease than his bearing; his pleasant anticipatory excitement was the natural outlook for a lonely and newsless man. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so he thirsted for the story; but his impatient, hasty questions, following false scents, delayed the telling of the Arcadian tale. So innocent was he, so open and aboveboard, that Griffith, watching, alert, felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. Yet he watched, doubting still, though his reason rebelled at the monstrous imaginings of his heart. That the outlaw, unarmed and unasked, should venture—— Pshaw! Such effrontery was inconceivable. He allowed Steele to tell the story, himself contributing only an occasional crafty question designed to enable his host to betray himself.

"Bransford?" interrupted Mr. Long. "Not Jeff Bransford—up South Rainbow way?"

"That's the man," said Steele.

"I don't believe it," said Long flatly. He was sipping coffee with his guests; he put his cup down. "He don't——"

"Oh, there's no doubt of it!" interrupted Steele in his turn. He detailed the circumstances with skillful care. "Besides, why did he run away? Gee! You ought to have seen that escape! It was splendid!"

"Well, now, who d 'a' thought that?" demanded Long, still only half convinced. "He didn't strike me like that kind of a man. Well, you never can tell! How come you fellows to be chasin' him?"

"You see," said Steele, "every one was sure he had gone up to Rainbow. The sheriff and posse are up there now, looking for him; but we four—Stone and Harlow, the chaps at the other end, were with us, you know—we were up in the foothills on a deerhunt. We were out early—sun-up is the best time for deer, they tell me—and we had a spyglass. Well, we just happened to see a man ride out from between two hills, quite a way off. Stone noticed right away that he was riding a sorrel horse. It was a sorrel horse that Bransford stole, you know. We didn't suspect, though, who it was till a bit later. Then Rex tried to pick him up again and saw that he was going out of his way to avoid the ridges—keeping cover, you know. Then we caught on and took after him pell-mell. He had a big start; but he was riding slowly so as not to make a dust—that is, till he saw our dust. Then he lit out."

"You're not deputies then?" said Long.

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Steele, secretly flattered. "So Harlow and Stone galloped off to town. The program was that they'd wire down to Escondido to have horses ready for them, come down on Number Six and head him off. They were not to tell any one in Arcadia. There's five thousand dollars' reward out for him—but it isn't that exactly. It was a cowardly, beastly murder, don't you know; and we thought it would be rather a big thing if we could take him alone."

"You got him penned all right," said Tobe. "He can't get out, so far as I know,

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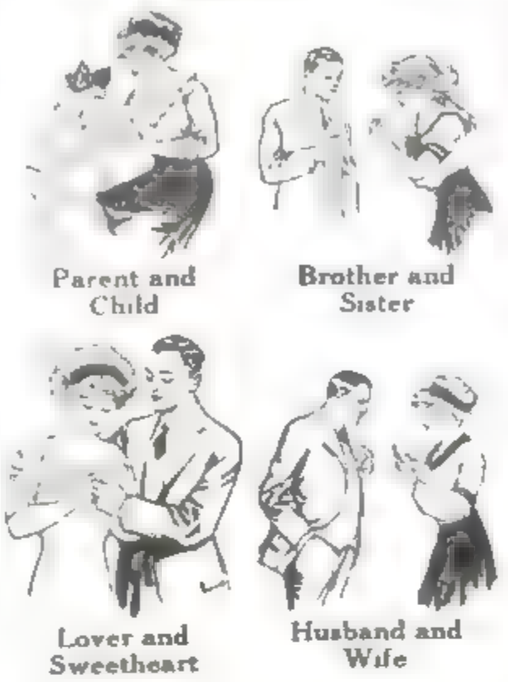

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unless he runs over us or the men at the other end. By George, we must get away from this fire too!" He set the example, dragging the bedding with him to the shelter of a big rock. "He could pick us off too slick there in the light. How're you going to get him? There's a heap of country in that Basin, all rough and broken, full o' boulders—mighty good cover."

"Starve him out!" said Griffith. This was base deceit. Deep in his heart he believed that the quarry sat beside him, well fed and contented. Yet the unthinkable insolence of it—if this were indeed Bransford—dulled his belief.

Long laughed as he spread down the bed. "He'll shoot a deer. Maybe, if he had it all planned out, he may have grub cached in there somewhere. There's watertanks in the rocks. Say, what are your pardners at the other side going to do for grub?"

"Oh, they brought out cheese and crackers and stuff," said Gurd.

"I'll tell you what, boys, you've bit off more than you can chaw," said Jeff—Tobe, I mean. "He can't get out without a fight—but, then, you can't go in there to hunt for him without weakening your guard; and he'd be under shelter and have all the best of it. He'd shoot you so dead you'd never know what happened. I don't want none of it! I'd as lief put on boxing gloves and crawl into a hole after a bear! Look here—this is your show; but I'm a heap older'n you boys. Want to know what I think?"

"Certainly," said Rex.

"Goin' to talk turkey to me?" An avaricious light came into Long's eyes.

"Of course; you're in on the reward," said Rex diffidently and rather stiffly. "We are not in this for the money."

"I can use the money—whatever share you want to give me," said Long dryly; "but if you take my advice my share won't be but a little. I think you ought to keep under shelter at the mouth of this cañon—one of you—and let the other one go to Escondido and send for help quick—and a lot of it."

"What's the matter with you going?" asked Griffith disingenuously. He wanted Long to show his hand. It would never do to abandon the siege of Double Mountain to arrest this *soi-disant* Long on mere suspicion.

On the other hand, Mr. Rex Griffith had no idea of letting Long escape his clutches until his identity was established, one way or the other, beyond all question.

That was why Long declined the offer. His honest gaze shifted. "I ain't much of a rider," he said evasively. Young Griffith read correctly the thought which the excuse concealed. Evidently Long considered himself an elder soldier, if not a better, than either of his two young guests, but wished to spare their feelings by not letting them find it out. Griffith found this plain solution inconsistent with his homicidal theory. A murderer, fleeing for his life, would have jumped at the chance.

There are two sides to every question. Let us, this once, prove both sides. Wholly oblivious to Griffith's lynx-eyed watchfulness and his leading questions, Mr. Long yet recognized the futility of an attempt to ride away on Mr. Griffith's horse with Mr. Griffith's benison. There we have the other point of view.

"We'll have to send for grub anyway," pursued the sagacious Mr. Long. "I've only got a little left; and that old liar, Gwin, won't be out for four days—if he comes then. And—er—look here now—if I was you boys I'd let the sheriff and his posse smoke your badger out. They get paid to tend to that—and it looks to me like some one was going to get hurt. You've done enough."

All this advice was so palpably sound that the doubter was, for the second, staggered—for a second only. This was the man he had seen in the prisoner's dock. He was morally sure of it. For all the difference of appearance, this was the man. Yet those blasts—the far-seen fire—the hearty welcome—this delivery of himself into their hands? . . . Griffith scarcely knew what he did think. He blamed himself for his unworthy suspicions; he blamed Gurdy more for having no suspicions at all.

"Anything else?" he said. "That sounds good."

Tobe studied for some time.

"Well," he said at last, "there may be some way he can get out. I don't think he can—but he might find a way. He knows he's trapped; but likely he has no idea yet how many of us there are. So we know

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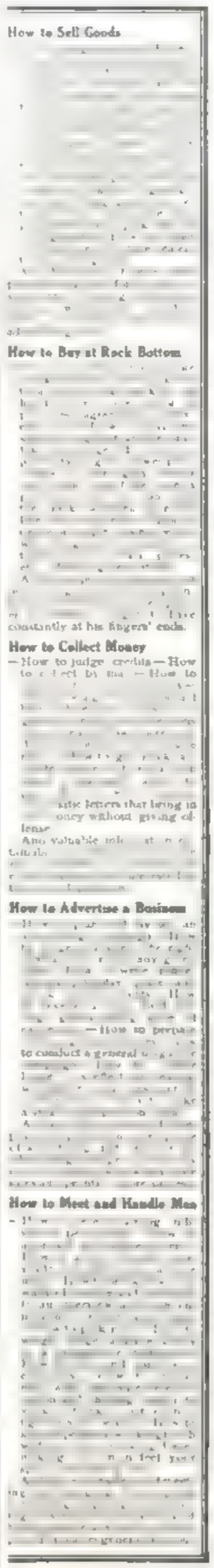

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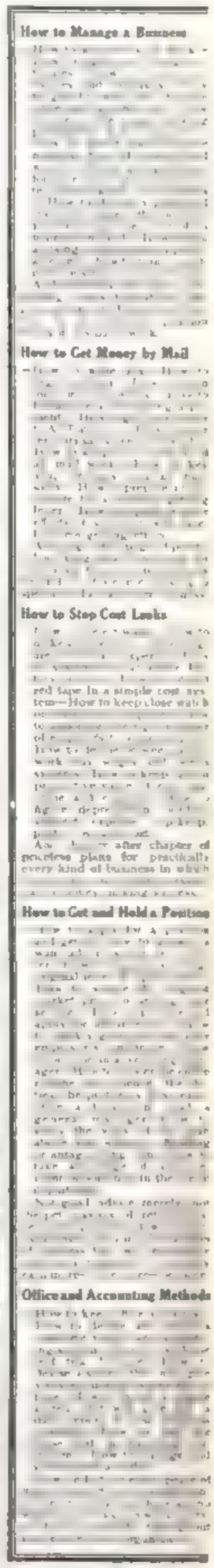
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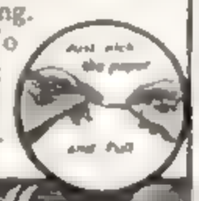

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This OSBORN Xmas Tree Holder Can't Tip Over

Drive sharp end of steel braces into trunk, and large spike through hole in base into bottom of trunk. Large or small tree stands firm without wobbling. After using take out braces and spike, fold up legs and put away in original box for many years use. Sold by department grocery, and hardware stores and Xmas tree dealers, 35 cents. Shipped direct express prepaid from any address below on receipt of 50 cents.

The Osborn Mfg. Co.

54 E. Hamilton Ave. Cleveland

61 Park St. [illegible]

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Wins Every Race!

Flexible Flyer

"The sled that steers"

The ideal Christmas gift for boys and girls

Gives an added zest to coasting because it can be steered *at full speed* around all obstacles. Light enough to easily pull up hill—yet so strong it

outlasts 3 ordinary sleds

The grooved runners [illegible]

[illegible] *Be sure to look for* [illegible] and this trade mark

The only sled with grooved runners!

FREE Cardboard working model of the Flexible Flyer and handsome booklet

Just say "Send model and booklet" and we'll gladly send them FREE. *Write today.*

S. L. ALLEN & CO. Box 1100 S Philadelphia

he'll try, and he won't be just climbing for fun. He'll take a chance."

Steele broke in:

"He didn't leave any rope on his saddle."

Tobe nodded.

"So he means to try it. Now here's five of us here. It seems to me that some one ought to ride round the mountain the first thing in the morning, and every day afterward—only here's hoping there won't be many of 'em—to look for tracks. There isn't one chance in a hundred he can climb out; but if he goes out of here afoot we've got him sure. The man on guard wants to keep in shelter. It's light tonight—there's no chance for him to slip out without being seen. You say the old watchman ain't dead yet, Mr. Griffith?"

"No. The latest bulletin was that he was almost holding his own."

"Hope he gets well," said Long. "Good old geezer! Now, cap, I've worked hard and you've ridden hard. Better set your guards and let the other two take a little snooze."

Griffith was not proof against the insidious flattery of this unhesitant preference. He flushed with embarrassment and pleasure.

"Well, if I'm to be captain, Gurd will take the first guard—till eleven. Then you come on till two, Mr. Long. I'll stand from then on till daylight."

In five minutes Mr. Long was enjoying the calm and restful sleep of fatigued innocence; but his poor captain was doomed to have a bad night of it, with two Bransfords on his hands—one in the Basin and one in the bed beside him. His head was dizzy with the vicious circle. Like the gentlewoman of the nursery rhyme, he was tempted to cry: "Lawk 'a' mercy on me, this is none of I!"

If he haled his bedmate to justice and the real Bransford got away—that would be a nice predicament for an ambitious young man! He was sensitive to ridicule, and he saw here such an opportunity to earn it as knocks but once at any man's door.

If, on the other hand, while he held Bransford cooped tightly in the Basin, this thrice-accursed Long should escape him and there should be no Bransford in the Basin —— What nonsense! What utter twaddle! Bransford was in the Basin. He had found his horse and saddle, his tracks; no tracks had come out of the Basin. Immediately on the discovery of the outlaw's horse, Gurd had ridden back posthaste and held the pass while he, the captain, had gone to the mouth of the southern cañon and posted his friends. He had watched for tracks of a footman every step of the way, going and coming; there had been no tracks. Bransford was in the Basin. He watched the face of the sleeping man. But, by Heaven, this was Bransford!

Was ever a poor captain in such a predicament? A moment before he had fully and definitely decided once for all that this man was not Bransford, could not be Bransford; that it was not possible! His reason unwaveringly told him one thing, his eyesight the other! . . . Yet Bransford, or an unfortunate twin of his, lay now beside him—and, for further mockery, slept peacefully, serene, untroubled. . . . He looked upon the elusive Mr. Long with a species of horror! The face was drawn and lined. Yes; but forty-eight hours of tension would have left Bransford's face not otherwise. He had noticed Bransford's hands in the courtroom—noticed their well-kept whiteness, due, as he had decided, to the perennial cowboy glove. This man's hands, as he had seen by the campfire, were blistered and calloused! Calluses were not made in a day. He took another look at Long. Oh, thunder!

He crept from bed. He whispered a word to sentry Steele—not to outline the distressing state of his own mind, but merely to request Steele not to shoot him, as he was going up to the mine.

He climbed up the trail, chewing the unpalatable thought that Gurdon had seen nothing amiss—yet Gurd had been at the trial! The captain began to wish he had never gone on that deerhunt.

He went into the tent, struck a match, lit a candle and examined everything closely. There was no gun in the camp and no cartridges. He found the spill of twisted paper under the table, smothered his qualms and read it. He noted the open book for future examination in English. And now Tobe's labors had their late reward, for Rex missed nothing. Every effort brought fresh disappointment and

THERMOS

THE GIFT

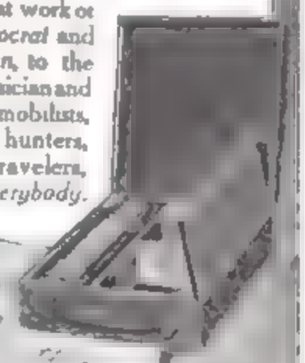
THE GIFT That Conveys *More* Than Mere Sentiment

If you would be held in grateful remembrance *by everyone* you desire to please, let your Christmas Gifts take the form of beautiful and useful ***Thermos*** articles.

Father, Mother, Son, Daughter, Baby, Grandparents, relatives and friends—*all* find an everyday delight in ***Thermos*** which *adds to their comfort, conserves their health* and *doubles their pleasures.*

Thermos

which keeps any liquid or solid hot without fire or cold without ice, is necessary to *every member of the family* from infancy to old age; *is necessary in the home* for nursery, kitchen, and sick room; *is necessary away from home* at work or play, for the *plutocrat* and the *working man*, to the house-wife, physician and nurse, to automobilists, yachtsmen, hunters, fishermen, travelers, campers, to *everybody.*



Thermos products include bottles, carafes, tea and coffee pots, decanters, jars, humidors (for preserving the moisture, flavor and aroma of cigars and tobacco), motor restaurants, cellarettes, luncheon sets, English made traveling cases, wicker baskets, drinking cups, etc. Prices one dollar and up.

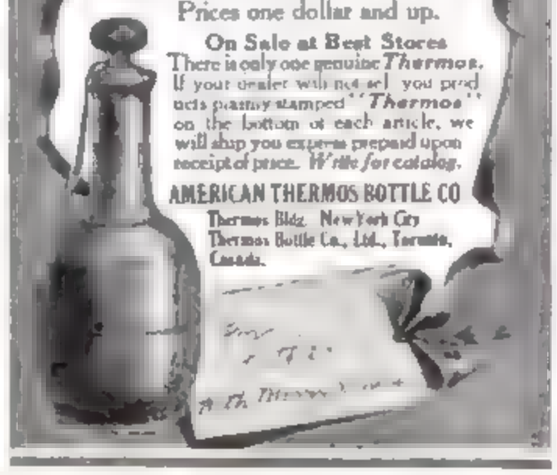
On Sale at Best Stores

There is only one genuine ***Thermos.*** If your dealer will not sell you prod ucts plainly stamped "***Thermos***" on the bottom of each article, we will ship you express prepaid upon receipt of price. *Write for catalog.*

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO

Thermos Bldg. New York City

Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



A Bill-Fold You Can't Lose

This bill-fold insures your money against loss, or pickpockets. It is made of fine leather, with useful pockets, and [illegible] mica window for identification card, together with a patent attachment, that absolutely prevents loss.

As a Christmas or birthday gift, it is bound to be appreciated.

Sent prepaid upon receipt of price—$2. Money refunded if not as represented

The Security Bill-Fold Co.

ATWATER, OHIO

Why we are content with Smaller Profit

Which is why you should buy your Christmas Jewelry at

Lamberts

OVER thirty-five years ago we began selling jewelry in New York.

We did no better—no worse than other jewelers.

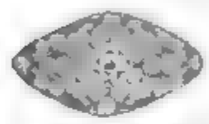
A very Handsome, Massive ring. Price $40. Without the diamond $15.

Then as an experiment, and against the advice of our friends—

We cut down the profit—lowered the price of every piece we owned.

At first there was only lost profit to show.

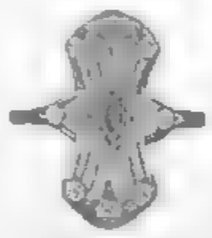
Then people began to *tell* others and the store got busier and busier.



A pearl engage- ment ring pierced mount- ing $160.

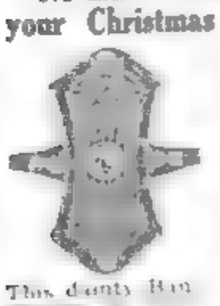
Moreover—our stocks were turning so freely that our goods were *fresher* than those of most jewelers.

So in thirty-five years we have made a big reputation for *value-giving* simply by selling at *lower* prices than other houses. Our store is full now of solid gold, diamond and platinum jewelry, gold and diamond rings, watches and silverware and gems made into the most charming shapes to wear and to look at that you can imagine.



Ten beautiful diamonds and one fine ... ruby set in plat... make this a rea... banquet ring. ... 18 karat ... but $40.

No matter where you live you can buy your Christmas jewelry at *Lamberts*— and have the benefit of prices so low and goods so attractive that they have won success in the face of New York's fiercest retail competition.



This dainty Bar ... factory. Which is why we sell it for but $150.

And you are *sure* of satisfaction.

That we guarantee.

Ask *any* banker how we stand.

Superbly cut fine white dia... $50

Engagement ... $100.

Because of ... $170

A fine white ... $350 $252.50

It is only by ... $75

Handsome ... $150

Lovely pure ... re than its very ... $270

Our 64 page Book Free for the asking

LAMBERT BROS.

Established 1877

3rd Ave., Corner 58th Street

NEW YORK CITY

every disappointment spurred him to fresh effort. He went into the tunnel; he scrutinized everything, even to the drills in the tub. The food supply tallied with Long's account. No detail escaped him and every detail confirmed the growing belief that he, Captain Griffith, was a doddering imbecile.

He returned to the outpost, convinced at last. Nevertheless, merely to quiet the ravings of his insubordinate instincts, now in open revolt, he restaked the horses nearer to camp and cautiously carried both saddles to the head of the bed. Concession merely encouraged the rebels to further and successful outrages—the government was overthrown.

He drew sentry Steele aside and imparted his doubts. That faithful follower heaped scorn, mockery, laughter and abuse upon his shrinking superior—recounted all the points, from the first blasts of dynamite to the present moment, which favored the charitable belief above mentioned as newly entertained by Captain Griffith concerning himself. This belief of Captain Griffith was amply indorsed by his subordinate in terms of point and versatility.

"Of course they look alike. I noticed that the minute I saw him—same amount of legs and arms, features all in the fore part of his head, hair on top, one body—wonderful! Why, you pitiful ass, that Bransford person was a mighty keen-looking man in any company. This fellow's a yokel—an old, rusty, cap-and-ball, single-shot muzzle-loader. The Bransford was an automatic, steel-frame, high velocity ——"

"The better head he has the more apt he is to do the unexpected ——"

"Aw, shut up! You've got incipient paresis! Stuff your ears in your mouth and go to sleep!"

The captain sought his couch convinced, but holding his first opinion—savagely minded to arrest Mr. Long rather than let him have a gun to stand guard with. He was spared the decision. Mr. Long declined Gurdon's proffered gun, saying that he would be right there and he was a poor shot anyway.

Gurdon slept; Long took his place—and Captain Rex, from the bed, watched the watcher. Never was there a more faithful sentinel than Mr. Long. Without relaxing his vigilance even to smoke, he strained every faculty lest the wily Bransford should creep out through the shadows. The captain saw him, a stooped figure, sitting motionless by his rock, always alert, peering this way and that, turning his head to listen. Once Tobe saw something. He crept noiselessly to the bed and shook his chief. Griffith came, with his gun. Something was stirring in the bushes. After a little it moved out of the shadows. It was a prowling coyote.

The captain went back to bed once more convinced of Long's fidelity, but resolved to keep a relentless eye on him just the same. And all unawares, as he revolved the day's events in his mind, the captain dropped off to troubled sleep.

Mr. Long woke him at three. There had been a temptation to ride away, but the saddles were at the head of the bed, the ground was stony; he would be heard. He might have made an attempt to get both guns from under the pillow, but detection meant ruin for him, since to shoot these boys or to hurt them was out of the question. Escape by violence would have been easy and assured. Jeff preferred to trust his wits. He was enjoying himself very much.

When the captain got his relentless eyes open and realized what had chanced he saw that further doubt was unworthy. Half an hour later the unworthy captain stole noiselessly to Long's bedside and saw, to his utter rage and distraction, that Mr. Bransford was there again. It was almost too much to bear. He felt that he should always hate Long, even after Bransford was safely hanged. Bransford's head had slipped from Long's pillow. Hating himself, Griffith subtly withdrew the miner's folded overalls and went through the pockets.

He found there a knife smelling of dynamite, matches, a turquoise carved to what was plainly meant to be the form of a bad-tempered horse, and two small specimens of ore!

Altogether, the captain passed a wild and whirling night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

This is the tobacco that answers all you can ask of a pipe.

At all dealers

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10¢ TINS

Handy 5¢ Bags - or one-pound glass humidor jars.

Make this Xmas Columbia

ALL THE MUSIC OF ALL THE WORLD

The one ideal gift, for all the family, for all the year around.

Here is a gift that *is* a gift. No one thing can possibly give so much pleasure to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost.

See your nearest Columbia dealer. Make a small payment now—secure delivery Christmas or the day before—and complete the purchase at convenience during next year.

No present you ever made can compare with a Columbia for Christmas-morning delight and continuous all-the-year-long appreciation.

Think what it is you are giving to wife, children or husband—or to "the old folks at home" (and incidentally to yourself); not a mere case of mahogany or oak; not a mere household convenience; not a mere article of furniture; not something to be stowed away in a drawer somewhere out of sight, but the one incomparable instrument of music; the one instrument of music that holds at your command all the music of all the world; all the recorded voices of all the world's great artists, without one exception; all the recorded music of all the world's great bands and orchestras, pianists, violinists, 'cellists; all the songs that liven the stages of the theatres, sung by the singers who made the "hits."

Ask the Columbia dealer to help you complete the appropriateness of your gift by including among the records a few for Christmas day—for instance:

A-1078	"Adeste Fideles"—Chimes, with Organ accompaniment. "On A Christmas Morning"—Prince's Orchestra.
A-1226	"A Dream of Christmas"—Violin, 'cello and harp trio. "Christmas Fantasy"—Prince's Orchestra.
A-1227	"Christmas Symphony"—Prince's Orchestra. "Circassian Dance from Ballet Suite "La Source"—Prince's Orchestra.
A-1216	"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand"—Chimes of Trinity Church. "Thou Whose Almighty Word"—Chimes of Trinity Church.
A-5424	"Nazareth"—Frank Croxton, bass. With Orchestra. "And the Glory of the Lord" ("The Messiah")—Columbia Oratorio Chorus.
A-237	"Oh! Holy Night!"—George Alexander, baritone. With Orchestra. "Star of Bethlehem"—Henry Burr, tenor. With Orchestra.
A-5275	"Stabat Mater"—Inflammatus—Anne Grant Fugitt, soprano. With Chorus and Orchestra "Stabat Mater"—Cujus Animam—Charles W Harrison, tenor. With Orchestra.

Special Christmas record lists are in the hands of all Columbia dealers—or will be sent by us by mail on request.

Please let us impress upon you that you must be sure that you hear a Columbia in order to hear the Columbia tone.

If you are so located that you do not know the address of the nearest Columbia dealer, we shall take it as a favor if you will write us and permit us to give you the name of one of our dealers who will take care of you.

Columbias are on exhibition throughout the country—ranging in price from $17.50 up to $250. The new 1913 catalogs are just now off the press—and we shall be glad to send you one by mail.

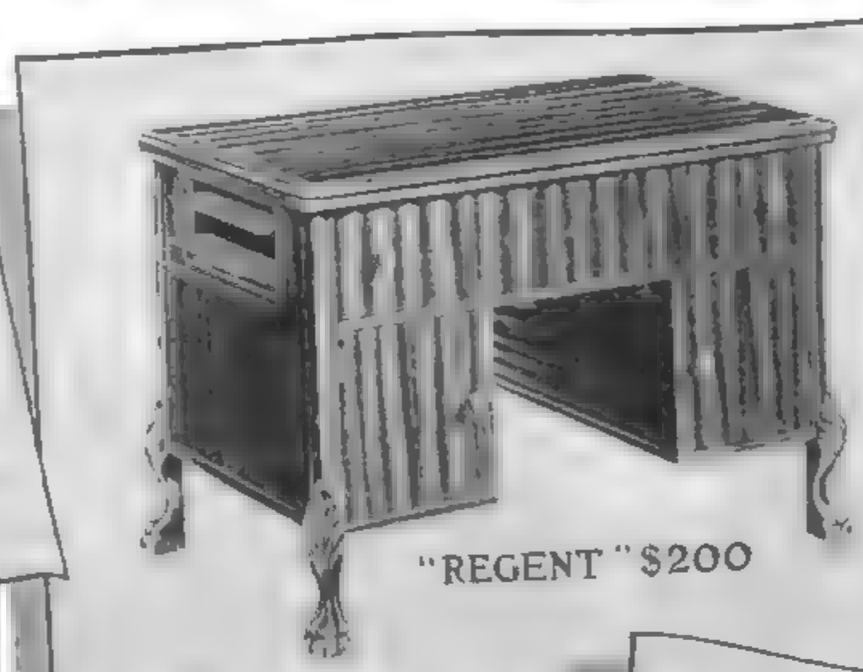
Columbia Records are double-disc records—a different selection on each side, and interchangeable on any make of machine. Prices range all the way from 65 cents to $7.50. Complete catalogs ready to send you.

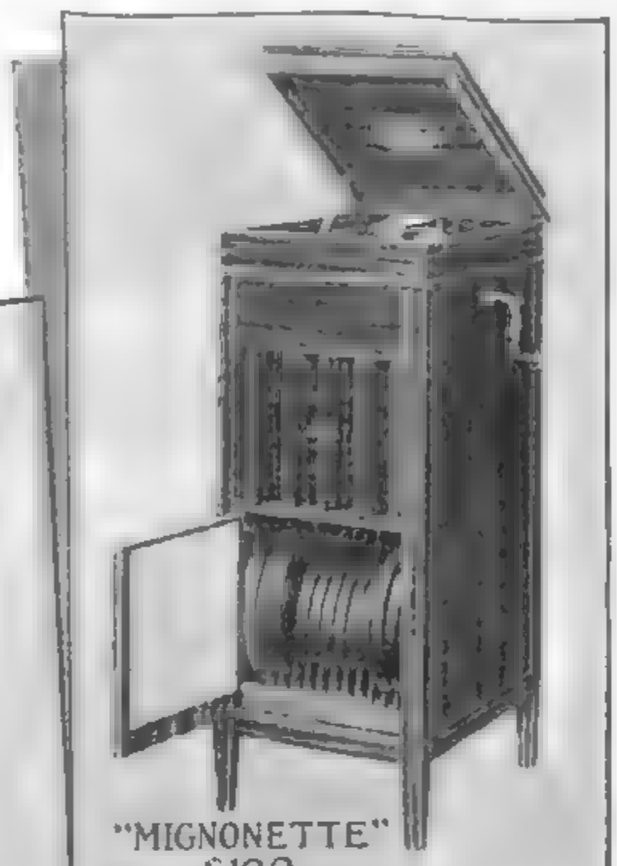
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l
Box 349 Tribune Building New York City

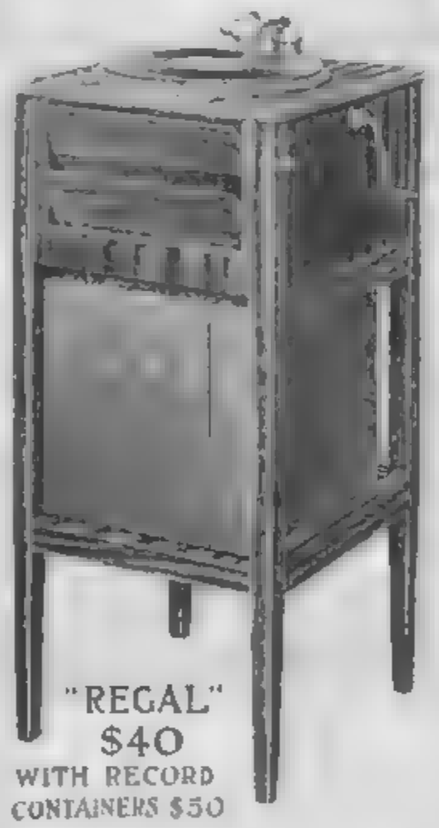
Creators of the talking machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the talking machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of talking machines in the world. Dealers and Prospective Dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book, "Music Money."

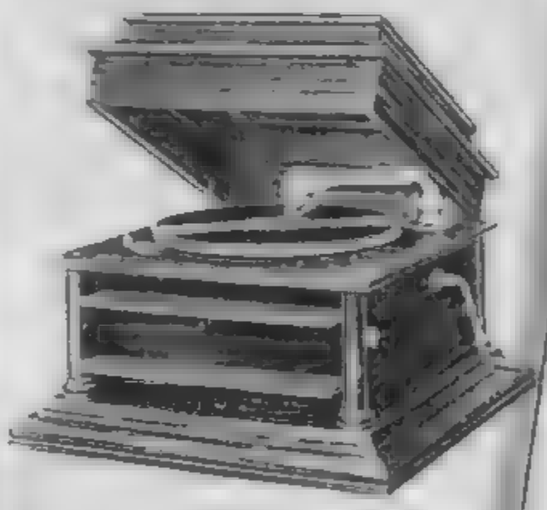
last all winter

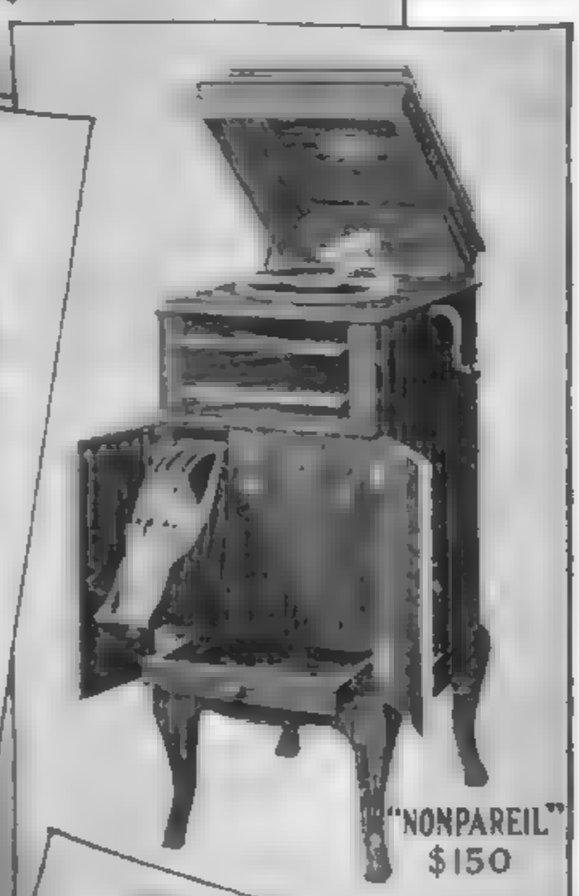
Grafonola

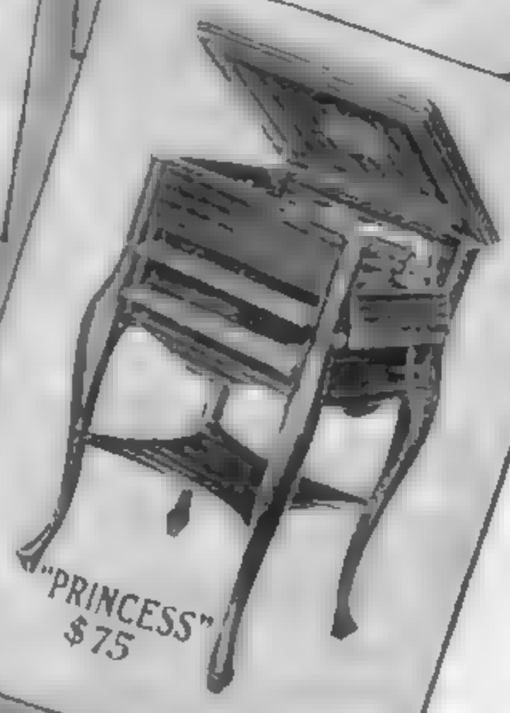












"Harvest"—by Ernest Ashcroft

Prosperity

There has been a bumper crop.

This is because the tillers of the soil have been industrious, and the rain and the sun have favored their plantings.

There has been industrial activity.

The makers of things in factories have been busy. They have had work to do and pay for doing it.

There has been commercial success.

The people who buy and sell and fetch and carry have been doing a lot of business and they have been paid for doing it.

The country is prosperous because all the people have been busy.

Good crops and good times can be enjoyed only when the Government maintains peace and harmony.

This task of the Government is made comparatively easy because the American people have been enabled to become so well acquainted with each other. They know and understand one another. They are like one family.

The producer and consumer, no matter where they live, are close together.

This is largely due to our wonderful facilities for intercommunication. We excel in our railways, our mails and our telegraphs, and, most of all, in our telephones.

The Bell System has fourteen million miles of wire spread over all parts of the country. Each day there are twenty-five million telephone talks all the way from twenty feet to two thousand miles long.

The raiser of crops, the maker of things, and the man of commerce, all are helped to co-operate and work together for peace and prosperity by means of the Universal telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

THE SPENDING JAG IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 9)

The chances are that the middle-class immigrant, even though he lived in a city as large as Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco or Minneapolis, stayed at home most of the summer. There might be a vacation of a fortnight or a month, during which he and his family visited the mountains or the shore. The taste for country life is growing in all America; yet I am sure this is still a fair statement for the greater part of the country. In New York, however, no one thinks nowadays of keeping house in the city from June to September. The family must be moved out to Long Island, to New Jersey, to New England. The provider must keep up his business in New York: so he commutes or, if the resort is too far away, he visits it on week-end trips. Now New York in summer is undoubtedly hot and unpleasant by spasms, though I doubt whether it is measurably more so than Chicago or Cincinnati, for example. And I know of my own knowledge that, though the climate of New York has not changed in the past eight years, more and more families of my acquaintance have felt the necessity for moving away during the whole hot season. Nowadays the woman who finds herself stranded in the metropolis during a July evening is as lonely as though visiting a foreign city. People go away not so much from necessity as because every one else does.

The summer-outing habit once established, there comes another desire, which grows to a need. Every one who is any one owns a country place. The people one knows are getting their little home acres out in New Jersey, Connecticut, Long Island; they are gathering in intimate colonies where one may get, of summers, a little of that real friendship which the hurry and superficiality of New York stifle. Before long the emigrant from the larger America begins to plan his country home; yet a little time and he has added another establishment to that city apartment which, leased by the year, eats its head off with rents from May to October.

Made-to-Order Specialties

The whole standard goes up year by year. To observe the process one need look no farther than the show windows. The fashionable hotels, the gilded lobster palaces, the theaters, the cabarets, increase far more rapidly than the increase in population justifies. Faster, even, multiply the specialty shops where clever craftsmen and cleverer saleswomen sell these articles of lingerie, of millinery, of jewelry, of household furnishings which—they would have us believe—cannot be purchased in the larger shops. Specialties they are—and at special prices. Has any New Yorker thought to note the increase in the made-to-order trade during the past decade? When I first came to New York one or two little establishments which advertised on their windows that they made shoes to order were the subject of special comment. We of the middle class took it for granted that only the very rich wore individual footgear. This week I counted four such shops in a block of the shopping district that fringes Fifth Avenue. All the best shoeshops have their made-to-order departments now; and that branch of their business, I am informed, increases constantly in importance.

The sign Gloves Made to Order is beginning to dot the retail shopping district. The same rule holds of the trade in men's shirts. It is true that the middle-class man who wore made-to-order shirts was quite common ten years ago; but he is at least three times as common now. The very department stores maintain and advertise their made-to-measure shirtshops. In this basic necessity of dress we may establish a comparison of values. The cheapest made-to-order shirts cost from two-fifty to three dollars and fifty cents. The same shirts bought ready made from the shelves cost from a dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars; and this is probably about the narrowest margin of difference between individual manufacture and gross manufacture. In women's lingerie, I am informed, the ratio is as great as three or four to one.

The rich out-of-town customers, male and female, are not, I am convinced, the

"YANKEE" TOOLS Make Better Mechanics

THERE'S many a job which a man can get to more easily and get through more quickly with this new

"YANKEE" Push Brace

than with any other kind of boring tool.

Holds all of the cutting-tools used in a bit brace.

Revolved by pushing on the handle—giving fast drill speed—by means of the "YANKEE" Spiral Screw-drivers.

Chuck with steel jaws drops forged and hardened. Capacity, ¼ inch square shank.

Drills ¼ inch in metal, drives ⅜ in auger bit in hard woods and larger bits in soft woods.

Fine for driving heavy screws; is used for tapping, and, with socket bit, to drive in small lag screws, run nuts on bolts, etc., etc.

Particularly appreciated by the "outside" man because of its compact form and wide range of uses.

"YANKEE" Push Brace No. 75

Price $2.80

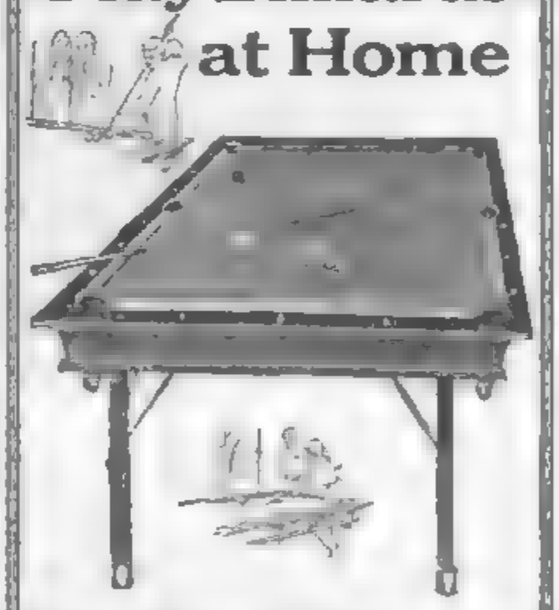
Your dealer can supply you

"'YANKEE' Tool Book" (free, illustrating and describing all of the "YANKEE" Tools.

"'YANKEE' Tools in the Garage" for motorists. Tells how to grind valves with No. 75.

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

Play Billiards at Home



BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

Do you know how very little it would cost to have your own Billiard and Pool Table? Under our easy payment plan, the expense is hardly noticeable.

$1.00 DOWN

The prices are from $15 up, on terms of $1 or more down (depending on size and style), and a small amount each month. You play on the Table while paying for it.

This is your opportunity to play these fascinating, exciting, wholesome games under ideal conditions. Billiards and Pool are the most popular games in the world.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 810 Center Street, Portland, Me.

$100 Bonds

The simplest form of investment.

They are the same bonds as the $1000 issues, split up into convenient $100 denominations.

They come in variety—Government, City, Railroad, Public Utility, Industrial.

Listed on the New York Stock Exchange, they have a quick market. They are readily bought, readily sold.

They may be bought for cash. They may be bought on Partial Payments—$10 down and $5 a month.

Send for list No. 9.

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
of Stock

Members New York Stock Exchange

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NEW YORK

For Xmas

There is nothing so good as a warm, handsome

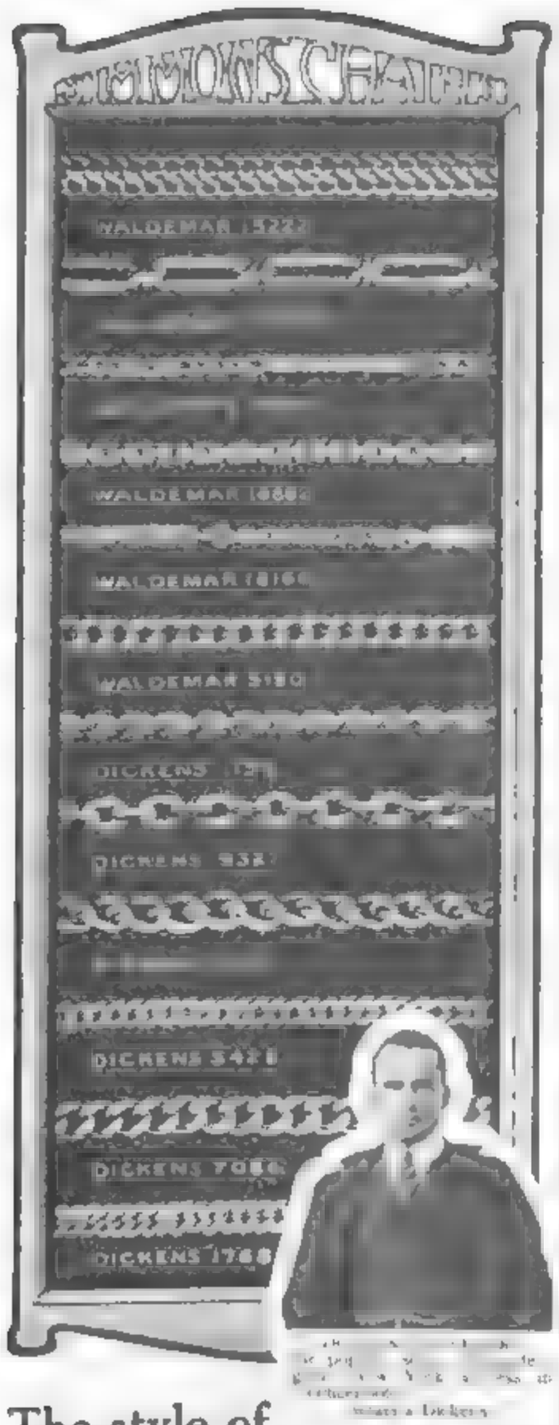
Pennsylvania Knit Coat

(with the unbreakable "Notair" Buttonholes).

Packed in attractive Holiday Boxes ready for delivery. Splendid variety of models for men, women and youngsters. Every coat knitted from finest quality yarns, with sleeves smoothly knitted on. No "lumps" or "bumps." A fine-fitting, durable, welcome gift at reasonable prices. Ask your dealer for *"Pennsylvania Knit Coats."*

Write for attractive Style Book "S" sent free. It tells all about "Sweaters."

The Pennsylvania Knitting Mills
1010-12-14 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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You don't often buy a watch chain—do you? When you do buy one you want a style that will always be in good taste, as well as a pattern that pleases you.

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have been sold all over the country for forty years, by first class jewelers, b[illegible] now know, when they lay [illegible] of *Simmons Chains*, that they will get correct [illegible] together with a big variety of exquisite designs to please their customers.

The surface of *Simmons Chains* is not a wash or plate; it is a heavy rolled tube of 12 or 14 karat *solid gold*, which will withstand the wear of years

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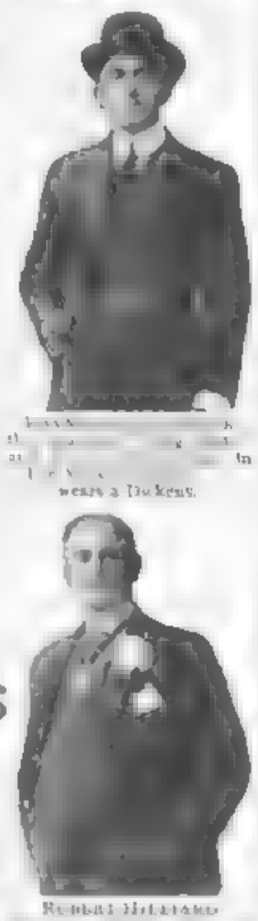
Established 1873.

Look for SIMMONS stamped on each piece—your protection and guarantee for wear.



wears a Dickens.

RUBY HILLIARD
[illegible] ing in New York in "The A[illegible]"

WILLIAM COURTENAY now playing in the big metropolitan success, "Ready [illegible]"

backbone of this trade. The real New Yorker, and especially that building New Yorker who feels that he or she must look prosperity in order to be more prosperous, keeps these specialty shops going.

There is the taxicab. When it first arrived people said a taxicab cost really no more than a hansom. In a sense this was so. Before hansom prices went down you paid about as much to travel from the Grand Central Station to Washington Square, say, in one vehicle as in the other. But you could do it by taxi in a quarter of the time; the temptation was to cover greater and still greater distance. Soon the whole city was playing with this expensive new toy. People who formerly went home from a dinner by Subway or Elevated, thereby beating the time of the fastest horse, made excuses to have a taxi drop them at their doors. Others in their circle, not to be shamed by this display of easy money, imitated. Women, on the plea that it took so much less time, began to charter taxicabs for their shopping expeditions. For all who did not keep their own cars the taxicab became the vehicle of any and every city-bound pleasure excursion. There is something in the smell of gasoline that suggests to the human bosom the emotions of a drunken sailor. Tips, for example! We used to bargain with the drivers of hansoms or deep-sea going cabs. We tipped sparingly or not at all, but now it seems almost the rule in certain classes to give the chauffeur the remainder of the bill. To say "Keep the change!" or to make an indifferent gesture equivalent to the same thing, gives an impression of easy money beyond the mere imitative art of George M. Cohan. Taxicab chauffeurs of a certain class are in the business just for such tips, and are dissatisfied with anything less.

No Place for the Piker

Once, after a short taxicab trip, I found the meter reading sixty cents. I gave the chauffeur a dollar. He started to pocket it; I demanded change, and when I got it tipped him fifteen cents, or twenty-five per cent of the bill.

He started his machine, whirled about in his seat, and threw my tip in my face, yelling back: "Piker! Why don't you take a trolley car?" After I got a grip on my emotions I scarcely blamed him. He wants theater tickets for his girl, a new dress suit for the James Q. Flaherty ball, the price of a dinner to the boys in a high-class café. He must have these things in order to keep the pace in his circle.

Indeed, the true spender of New York, it would seem, likes to regard his public taxicab as a private automobile, thereby saving himself from that awful imputation of being a piker. On dinner-and-theater expeditions with such people I have been amused to notice their manner of using the taxicab. They ride to the restaurant. Do they dismiss the chauffeur there? Never! Though, upon finishing dinner, they have but to raise a finger to have another cab at the door of the café, they give the order: "Wait!" It waits, eating up two or three dollars, while they dine; it waits while they attend the theater; it waits, as likely as not, while they sup at a lobster palace. And in the end the passengers quarrel to see who shall have the honor of paying from ten to twenty dollars—with an excessive tip—for three dollars' worth of service. All this, consciously or unconsciously, is by way of proving that they are not pikers; that money is too easy to be considered at all. Again, imitative vanity!

So, as I have said in the beginning, though the middle-class family need spend little more on living than it did in the city of its origin, inevitably it does.

How does the provider stand the pace? By making good! New York is the city of success. Every year it draws its thousands of middle-class argonauts—men and women who want to break lances on newer and greater fields. They flash into the metropolis, get acquainted, are seen for a time about the restaurants, the clubs, the shops. Whether they are seen long depends entirely upon whether they make good and multiply their incomes. The failures—and keeping on the same old level means failure in New York—drop quietly out into the back streets, lost to the world that knew them once, or drift home to Peoria, Pueblo or Platteville with some story about the effect of the climate on Willie's throat. The chosen half go on up, multiplying the salary and income to meet multiplying desires

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AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York; Toronto; London

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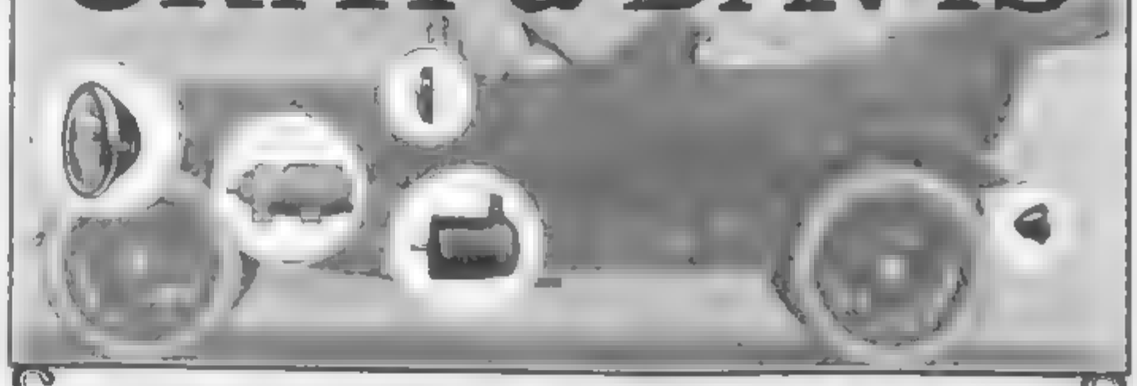
GRAY & DAVIS



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Write For Information.

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LET the family combine the usual small gifts into one big one for father's Christmas.

He has had a year of peculiar stress and anxiety—start him off with encouragement and cheer for the brighter times that are right ahead.

Women folks do not always understand the pleasure a man takes in owning a HOWARD. The fact that counts is, that its seventy years of service and association have made the HOWARD one of the caste-marks of the successful man.

For the young man home from school, or just entering business, no more inspiring gift could be selected—when one considers the distinguished Americans who have carried HOWARD Watches—and the select company of successful men, the HOWARD owners of today.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. It is worth reading. Drop us a postcard, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

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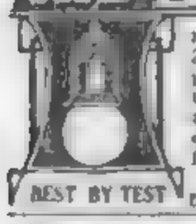

makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week to operate. No dirt, grease or odor. Quite white light, more brilliant than electricity or gasoline. Very economical and effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

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During the Boer War a British soldier broke his pipe. Picking from the field a gourd, he fashioned out a bowl and—presto!—his idea gave to the world the best pipe ever produced.

It is a lasting, precious Christmas gift, and whether at home or abroad—in fortune or adversity—its giver is long and always gratefully remembered.

Most skillfully made for enduring satisfaction. It is attractively fitted with first-quality vulcanite, push mouth-piece and has a German Silver band.

Also fitted with a removable bowl made of Vienna Meerschaum. The gourd colors like a meerschaum, and smokes cool, clean and sweet.

Its greater advantages for economy, satisfaction and endurance will long outlast all the cheaper kinds. For the convenience of those not within easy reach of any of our 700 stores, our mail order service is prepared to send this pipe carefully packed, charges prepaid, to any part of the U. S. or possessions upon receipt of the price, $1.90

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UNITED CIGAR STORES
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New York

The Autobiography of a Chief of Police

(Continued from Page 13

unusually small police rake-off Donnovan promised to stand on the outside of the shop to see they weren't interrupted while at work. The deal might have been put over successfully to Buck Randall's everlasting glory if Donnovan hadn't got cold feet as the date set for this framed-up robbery drew near.

Of a sudden the weakling saw as by a flash of inspiration that he was the only man alive who shared in the captain's dangerous secret, and that the dangers of this secret would be divided by two if Buck put him where he could tell no tales. What could be more easy than for Buck to shoot him down in the mêlée, and then blame the bandits' bullets for the accident?

The dilemma was such that Donnovan had to devise a counterplot that would save him his life without costing him his hide. What he did finally was to advise Squinty Walsh and Baldy Jackson, two "children" of the mob, to make the split three ways instead of five by double-crossing their comrades, which would be easy if they only blew the safe one night ahead of the appointed time. Squinty and Baldy fell for this suggestion at once, their opinion of Donnovan's ability as a copper rising tremendously. It rose to the limit when, just after the job was pulled, Donnovan threatened to make a pinch unless they handed over to him his share of the swag plus that of the two absent petermen. They submitted, but swore they never would form another partnership with a cop.

No sooner did the division take place than Donnovan flew over to Randall's house with the swag, and pulled him out of bed to tell how he had accidentally discovered Squinty and Baldy in the wicked act of blowing the safe prematurely. Even the jewelry, to Donnovan's unspeakable disappointment, failed to assuage Buck's grief and disappointment over the miscarriage of his great expectations. Nor can one blame Buck altogether, either, for instead of getting a high record in efficiency and glowing eulogies in the newspapers he would be lucky if he wasn't reduced in rank and the press didn't criticise the conditions in his precinct unmercifully.

Still when he cooled off he came to see that rage and temper were unprofitable. The best thing to do under the circumstances would be to expect the worst and prepare for it. The worst came, too, and the newspapers that had it in for the administration let Chief Drake alone for a while to turn their undivided attention to Buck. But Buck was made of stern stuff. He set about to bolster up his record by capturing Squinty and Baldy. It took considerable genius to do this without implicating himself and Donnovan, but finally by a clever and conscienceless frameup he landed the two petermen in the penitentiary.

After that life ran smoothly for Buck until Donnovan, who had been indulging in bad and expensive habits, threatened constantly to "squawk" to Chief Drake unless he was paid for holding his tongue. Before long Buck tired of squandering his hard-earned money in that fashion and determined to put Donnovan out of the way.

Shortly after this Charlie Donnovan was transferred to High Plains. The next time Charlie demanded another partial payment Buck "made a meet" to deliver it near a crossway that was located a good two miles from the roadhouse. For some reason Buck's manner when he arranged the rendezvous had aroused Donnovan's suspicion. So on the night for which it had been fixed, as I was passing the roadhouse, Charlie emerged from it suddenly and volunteered to accompany me to the crossway, the extreme western point of my beat.

On reaching there we paused and chatted for a minute, then he bade me good-night. He could not have been more than twenty-five paces away from me when the two petermen jumped out from behind a clump of scrub oaks and opened fire on him. He fell crumpled and dead, never leaving so much as a word or a message to the living before his departure. Then I whipped out my revolver, and soon there began a fierce, three-cornered battle that never lagged for a single one of its thousand and more seconds in advances, retreats, skirmishes and hairbreadth escapes.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers giving the experiences of a chief of police. The third will appear in an early issue.

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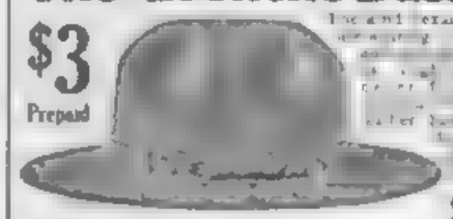

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112 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.
Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

AN OLD ACCOUNT-BOOK

Continued from Page 7)

"Yes; but they knew he had plenty to eat. He'd taken home a load of supplies the day before it began."

"That was fortunate. Were there any other—strange adventures?"

"Well, I don't know. There was a fellow died during the storm; he was a sort of drunkard. His brother or partner was sick a while afterward. They were Syrians. Mortimer Parsons took care of the sick one and bought the claim when he went away. Mortimer Parsons was the young man who stayed alone."

I nodded; I could not speak.

"It was awfully lucky for Mort he bought that claim," Lucy went on, "for the railroad cut right across both claims the very next spring, and they started the new town just where they join, all on Mort's land. He's the big man up there now."

Still I could not speak. Lucy followed my wish unconsciously.

"He owns the bank there and lots of other things; but he's awfully generous too—always willing to help any one out that's in a tight place. He's good to everybody."

"People are kind in a new country."

"Well, Mort's kinder than most; and he's so sociable and pleasant. Everybody swears by him up there."

It was too soon; but Lucy is not subtle.

"Is he—married?"

Lucy screwed up her lips and shook her head violently.

"He's awfully nice and friendly with all the girls, but that's as far as it goes. Some of 'em have tried pretty hard to catch him, but he never seems to see. Mrs. Johnson thinks he was engaged to a girl and she died. This is something Mrs. Johnson never told any one else round there, because she thought Mort wouldn't like it; and I never told any one there, but it's all right to tell you."

"I think you may—safely."

"Well, Mrs. Johnson was helping clean house once at Mort's, and she was moving a bureau drawer, and a little box fell out on the floor and came open, and out of it spilled the loveliest girl's necklace you ever saw—all gold and precious jewels, with a pearl pendant as big as a little bird's egg. Mrs. Johnson had just picked it up when Mort came in. He turned just as white as a sheet and his eyes burned. He took the necklace away from her without a word, and went out with it. He never said a word about it; and she never spoke of it to any one. But what she can't understand is where he got acquainted with the girl, because he's lived right there so long; and she can't think of any one he'd have bought such a necklace for."

I have written Lucy's very words as exactly as I can remember them to sift out every grain of the truth in them. I see how it was. When you found the Johnson house empty you did not wish to leave me long enough to follow, and returned—but I had gone. Then you traced me past the Syrians' shack and he told you what he had seen; and you cared for him and sent him away so that he need not tell others, for you could not bear to speak of me.

So you kept my necklace, Mort! Do you think of me as one who died?

When Lucy left me I came upstairs and flung myself across the bed, and lay a long time, trembling, and thinking I don't know what wild thoughts. Then I got up and looked at myself in the glass, and saw the wrinkles about my eyes and the gray threads above my temples, and how my complexion has faded. "One man loved the pilgrim soul in you," I wrote once; but did he? Do men ever?

The wheel of time that has carried you up has brought me down. If you were poor, if you were blind or crippled or maimed! But you are rich. Women angle for your favor. No; you shall keep your dream—if, perchance, you keep it yet—unspoiled. And I—I will keep my dream of a truth and tenderness time and sorrow could not assail unspoiled. I dare not put it to the touch. It is too late.

. . . . . .

[Newspaper clipping pasted on the following page of the old account-book.]

"Among the young Progressive politicians at the capital this winter no one is attracting more favorable attention than State Senator Mortimer L. Parsons, of the Fourteenth District. Besides being a man of ample means Mr. Parsons is a speaker of marked ability, a splendid mixer, and a broad student of public questions. He is already being mentioned as a congressional possibility.

"Mr. Parsons was one of the early settlers in his neighborhood, and still preserves the tiny shack in which he spent the first three years. Recently, on being rallied by a friend upon this exhibition of sentiment with reference to his extraordinary good fortune the spring the railroad went through after an unusually severe winter, Senator Parsons replied with the genial smile that endears him to his constituency: 'Yes, I guess my luck changed that winter.' But the smile was instantly replaced by the earnest, thoughtful, grave, almost searchingly sad expression characteristic of the new generation of public men who realize their public responsibilities.

"Senator Parsons has lately completed the erection of a handsome residence on the main residence street of his town. His mother and an unmarried sister from Iowa will dispense the hospitality of the new home, the senator being a bachelor."

I stole the paper from Lucy Doane last week. Lucy has gone now beyond any chance of ever unconsciously betraying me to you. But why should I have longed for that? Even if she had you would not know that which I could not tell you, which I can never tell you!

But why should I not tell it here? Why should I not post in your old account-book my account with life?

My parents were well-to-do Americans. They separated when I was a small child. My mother chose to live in Europe, passing from one capital to another, forming ever-changing circles of vivacious friends, spending in graceful luxury the money my father sent her amply enough. She took me with her everywhere, except at such times as I spent in various schools. I was never left anywhere long enough to strike root. My affections made a home for themselves in my unknown native land. I was a passionate, secret patriot, worshiping everything American, trying to live by American ideals as I conceived them. For my all but unknown father I felt a passionate loyalty, as to my ideal of American manhood; but all this I kept to myself, having learned early that it angered my mother. I shared her life and lived in her various circles not unhappily.

As I grew up my mother wished me to make a brilliant foreign marriage. My will was set against this. I planned to return to my father. Our contest was cut short in my twenty-third year by my mother's death.

After I had laid her in the pretty French cemetery my course, I thought, was clear. I came to America and to my father.

Two months after I joined him my father died. The tragedy of his life I have often tried to grasp. I shall not try to write it here, except so far as I must to make my own conduct clear. He died a bankrupt and a suicide.

Of my bewilderment and stunned horror I need say little. I had offended my European friends by my insistence on returning to my father. My father had few friends or none. He lived in hotels, without even the casual social intimacies my mother always found. I was left utterly alone, utterly resourceless.

A man of my father's circle proposed marriage to me. He was much older than I; he appeared wealthy; I thought he might be of that self-made American type I had worshiped in my dreams. I told him I had no love to give. He did not ask that. We were married a month after my father's death.

My marriage was a nightmare. I knew within a week the hideous mistake I had made. My husband was nothing I had ignorantly imagined.

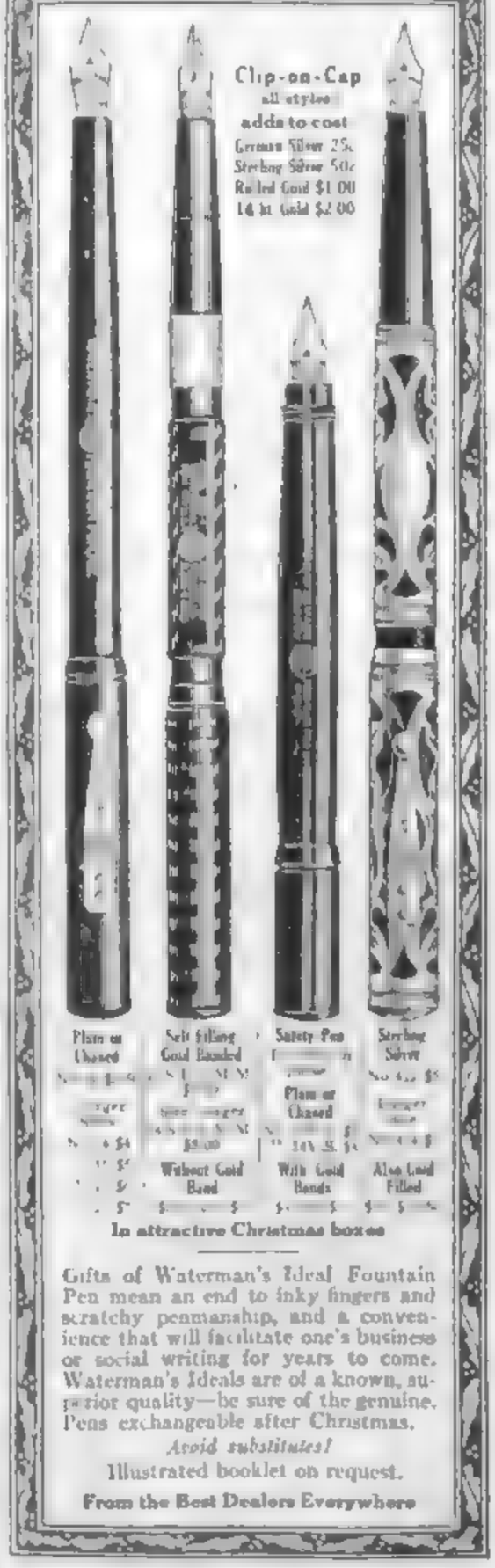
He is dead; I need say no evil of him; I need only ask you to imagine my fierce dumb despair.

Shortly after our marriage my husband made a Western trip to examine certain properties he either owned or contemplated buying. He wished me to go with him and I went. I did not care where I was. My soul lay in an aching stupor. Nevertheless the sight of so wide a country, so free, so nearly virgin, swept by such limitless winds and peopled by so frank and self-sufficing

The Present *with a* Future

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is the Quality Gift for You or Yours



In attractive Christmas boxes

Gifts of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen mean an end to inky fingers and scratchy penmanship, and a convenience that will facilitate one's business or social writing for years to come. Waterman's Ideals are of a known, superior quality—be sure of the genuine. Pens exchangeable after Christmas.

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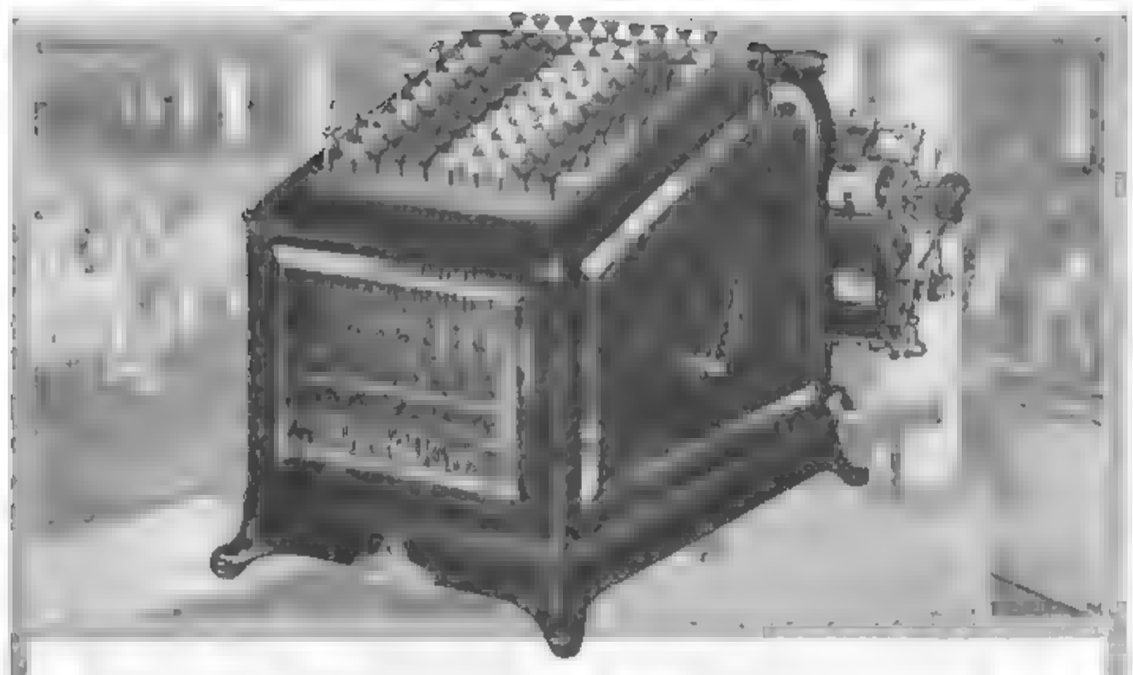

Krolik Borrowed a Burroughs Shortened Inventory 25 Days

A. Krolik & Company, a Detroit Dry Goods house, cut Inventory time from a whole month down to three business days last year by using the Burroughs adding machine which we loaned them without charge.

"This remarkable showing," says Mr. Krolik, "is due entirely to the use of the Burroughs. We consider that its value for taking Inventory alone has fully justified its *purchase*."

It has always been the custom of the Burroughs Company to loan Adding Machines to our users *asking* for them. This year we have decided to go farther, and *offer* to loan machines to those who are not users.

Every Burroughs office—one of the 122 being in your vicinity—is prepared to loan one machine to any concern desiring it for this year's Inventory *as long as our consignment stock lasts.*

We are asking no rent and exacting no conditions.

The purpose of the loan is to give business men a chance to try the Burroughs on work that will give *one* practical *test* of its *value* as a time saver and accurate figure producer.

Just fill out the Coupon and mail it to the address below. Remember one thing—Applications will receive attention in regular order, and can be filled only as long as our stock of machines in *each office* lasts.

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan European Office, 76 Cannon St., London, E. C., England

Send us a Burroughs Adding Machine for use in taking our Inventory. We assume no risk or expense.

Name of Office____ Firm Name____

Kind of Business____ Address____

Time required to take Inventory last year____

a race, began to penetrate my mood—to make me desire life and freedom for myself.

At a certain point in our journey we left hotels and railroads, and my husband took an automobile to carry us a long distance across the prairie to some lands he wished to inspect. Alone with him on the prairie—for he drove the car himself—the desperate impulse seized me to be frank with him. I entreated him to consent to a separation. I told him I loathed our marriage; that I wished to maintain myself.

He became very angry; and I do not doubt that I, too, said wild things in my sudden release from silence.

At a lonely spot on the prairie he stopped the car abruptly and told me if I wished to leave him to get out. I do not think he expected me to accept the challenge; but I got out instantly. He drove the car out of sight without looking back. I crossed the prairie to the nearest house. The rest is written.

Why did I go back to him when he came for me after the storm broke? It was not that I shrank from the hardships of the shack. Oh, no; I was proud to meet them gallantly, glad to prove that I was of the fiber to endure the life I had chosen. It was a very little, perhaps, that his alarm and remorse touched me. It was partly that I feared the neighbors' gossip when they knew how we had lived alone seven days. I think you never realized, *mon homme d'honneur*, how terrible that was. And, after all, I was his wife, he said; and it was true. For chiefly—why should I not say it here?—I was afraid of what might come.

I could not tell you these things—I could not! Ah these years that I have been alone and free they have withheld me; they, and other things—my lost youth, my fading looks, my helpless poverty ——

. . . . . .

[The feminine entries in the old account-book break off at this point. The remaining ones are in a hand identical with that of the first writer.]

. . . . . .

I'm writing here because there's nothing else I can do—there's nothing else I can do! It's past two o'clock in the morning. I haven't been to bed; there's no use thinking about sleeping any more. Tomorrow I've got to go back to the capital because of the railroad bill. Three telegrams waiting here when I got back from Dahlsburg. And nothing yet! But I must find her. I will find her! A woman couldn't disappear utterly in so short a time. God must have meant me to find her. A thing like that couldn't happen unless He willed it.

It was three days ago at Prescott. Henderson wanted me to buy out his interest in the paper mill and I'd gone down to look the place over. In the superintendent's office at the mill an old fellow came shambling in with a bunch of old letters. The superintendent nodded, and the old man put the letters down on a shelf and went out.

"That's Uncle Joe," said the superintendent. "He's quite a character; always raking round in the rubbish we get here; expects to make a fortune some day finding a missing will. Nobody pays any attention to his finds. He's got a shelf full of curiosities over there."

He nodded toward it and I went over carelessly.

I wasn't thinking of those days in the shack. I hadn't thought of them for months; but suddenly they were all round me, strong as a perfume. Right under my eyes lay this book I'm writing in now.

I didn't recognize it. It never occurred to me I'd ever seen it before; but something made me pick it up. All the time the feeling of her was over me and round me like an odor of violets.

I opened the cover and my own writing looked up at me;

"'My name is Florence Grant,' says she."

Well, I didn't look at the mill any more that day. I stuck the book in my pocket, and went up to the hotel and locked myself in.

I guess there aren't any words for what I felt going over that. Then I came to what she —— I read the other things that are written here.

When I got so I could think coherently I remembered Lucy Doane went to school in this city. I got here before daylight. It wasn't hard to locate the school, but Florence Grant had gone—to Dahlsburg, they said; and at Dahlsburg they said she had come back.

I found her landlady. She didn't know anything since Dahlsburg, but one thing

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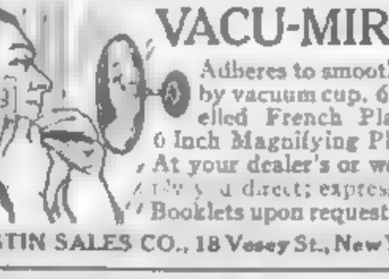

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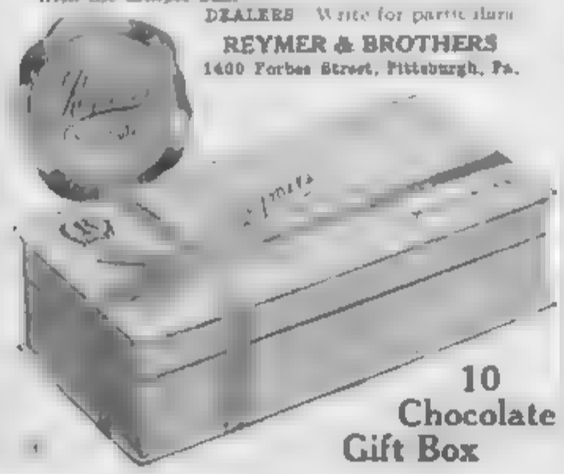

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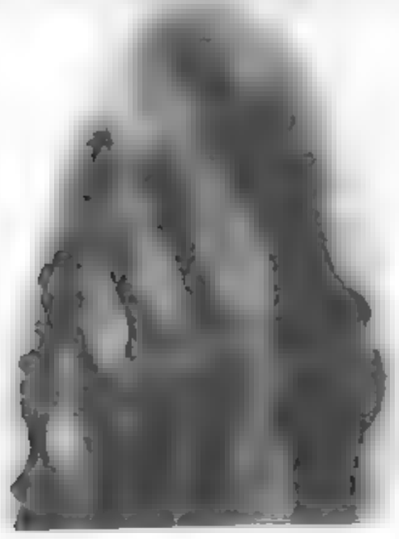
Bent Bones



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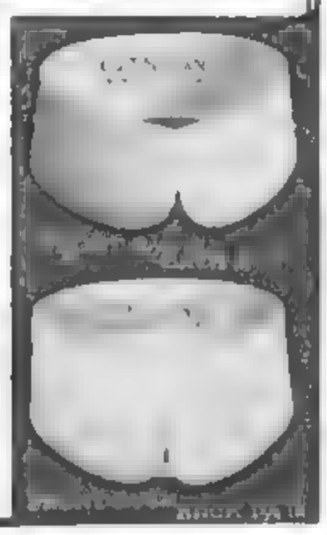

she told me has kept me from going mad. I hadn't dared to think how the account-book got sold for junk. The landlady did that—went into her room and gathered up all the papers on the table when the junkman came. She'd been called away, and left her writing there. She took it hard, the landlady said.

Florence left Dahlsburg eight weeks ago. She is not in any school here. No teachers' agency knows anything about her. None of her friends I've been able to locate know any more than that she went to Dahlsburg. I'm waiting to hear from Lucy Doane; it's just possible she may know.

Tomorrow I go back to the capital. We've got to get the bill through this session. . . . She may not be in the city at all. The fact that her friends here have not seen her looks like that. It maddens me to think she may be in some hospital, sick or dying! They all agree she wasn't looking well—not definitely sick but tired out. Tired out!

And I, whom she made, the callow boy she turned into a man and put heart and aspiration and fire into—I, whose life is a memory and a worship of her—I sit here and write words about it!

. . . . . .

I see there are some pages left in the old account-book, and I may as well fill them up now. Someway I can't settle down at anything else tonight.

That morning I got Lucy Doane's letter, with no clew in it, was the darkest in my life. There were other letters, some from the capital angry at my delay, and one from mother asking me to match a sample of cretonne.

I don't think hell can feel very different from the way I felt in that department store, following round after the fellow with mother's sample.

I've had some luck in my life; but I was a dead failure in the one thing that mattered. I couldn't lift a finger to help the person I'd give my life for.

Down in one of those cluttered basement aisles they had the cretonne. Waiting for the bundle in that crowded, clattering place of torment, I found myself looking at the back of a clerk at the next counter.

It was a slim, graceful back, and tired-looking. She had pulled out a box from a pile behind her and was bending her head over it, so one could only see the soft dark ringlets on her neck.

Before I knew I'd noticed anything my heart was pounding so it shook me.

"Steady, Mort!" said I to myself. "You haven't slept for three nights. Don't get to seeing things!"

I waited in silence for that clerk to turn round. She didn't turn. I stepped up to her counter.

"Excuse me, miss," said I, "I want to see what you have in that box."

She set it down between us.

The instant I saw her face and the flying, frightened look she gave me, I knew!

I held out my hand. Hers trembled like a little bird, and I held it tight.

I don't know how long we stood there, clasping hands over the counter. When I could speak I said:

"Come!"

"Where?" she gasped, with the flying look again.

"Away."

"But my work?"

"I'll fix that. Come!"

I led her round the end of the counter—I was still holding her hand tight.

"I must get my wraps," she murmured, trying to take her hand away.

"Will you come back to me?" said I. "Promise!"

I wasn't joking. I was dead in earnest. It seemed to me if I once let go of her she would vanish and never come back again.

"Yes," she said, and I let her go. She came back and we went up and out together.

The street was full of people, as the store had been. They didn't mean any more than shadows. We walked through them, more alone together than we ever were in the shack; and neither of us said a word.

Finally she asked in a little frightened voice:

"Where are we going?"

"First," said I, "we're going to the courthouse to get a license; then, unless you've a choice of ministers, we're going to the nearest one to be married."

"But," she gasped, "I haven't explained to you ——"

"Let's get married first," said I, "and explain afterward."

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She Gave Them SHIRLEY PRESIDENT Suspenders

She was not partial—she presented all with PRESIDENT Suspenders. No other suspenders are so delightfully comfortable—respond to every move of the body—and wear as well as PRESIDENTS.

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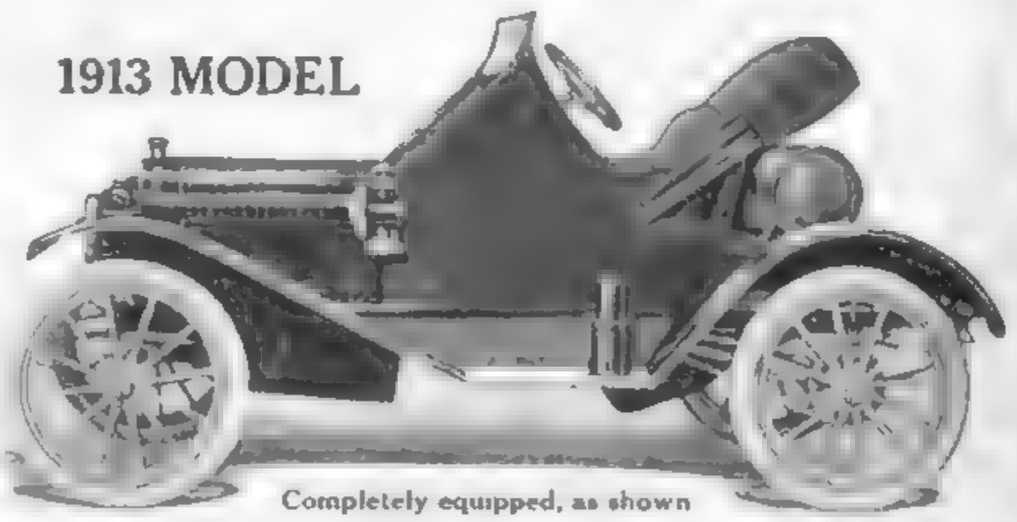

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Or the tank was not filled by us.

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But we cannot be responsible for short measure or poor gas in a tank not filled by us. Our label is your protection. Look for it!

Another thing:—when you exchange your empty tank, make sure you get a genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank in return for it. Anyone who slips on an imitation, while your back is turned, defrauds you.

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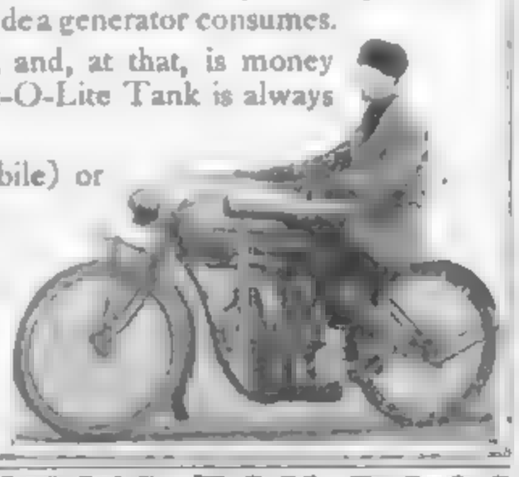
Any experienced rider will tell you that Prest-O-Lite ready-to-use gas costs no more—usually costs less—than the carbide a generator consumes.

The first cost of the tank itself is low, and, at that, is money invested, not spent. The genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank is always a READY CASH ASSET.



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Well, we did—except that I saw she had to know I understood, so I showed her the old account-book, on the courthouse steps.

When we came out of the minister's house we went to a park. It was a gray, windy day, with dead leaves blowing everywhere. There wasn't much to explain, after all. We just walked along those deserted paths and sat on the empty benches—and that was about all. I don't want to be any happier in Heaven.

When I remembered the railroad bill I told her about it and asked whether she'd mind postponing her regular honeymoon until after the session. She said—well, that doesn't make any difference—but she was willing.

We got into the capital next morning. Several of the boys were at the depot on the chance that I'd come. They were considerably surprised to meet Mrs. Parsons. All of them told me afterward—after we got the bill through—that she was worth the risk. Mrs. Parsons was a great success at the capital that winter, and people are saying she's sure of a brilliant social triumph when we go to Washington next year.

Tonight she wore the pearl and sapphire necklace with the chimney-swallow's egg pendant. She doesn't often. We were talking when I unclasped it for her an hour ago.

"I like this best of all the jewels you have given me," said she.

"Of all I've given you!" said I. "Well, I like that! You gave that to me!"

It's a joke of ours which one of us that necklace belongs to, because we know there isn't anything we have in the world that doesn't belong to both of us equally.

"Best of all the jewels you have given me," she repeated—"except one."

Well, I hardly knew what to think—until she looked up and I saw her eyes.

"Don't you remember Cornelia's jewels?" said she.

A Soldier of Napoleon

DR. W. W. KEEN, one of the most distinguished of living surgeons, sometimes tells his friends how he assisted in an operation on a soldier of Napoleon:

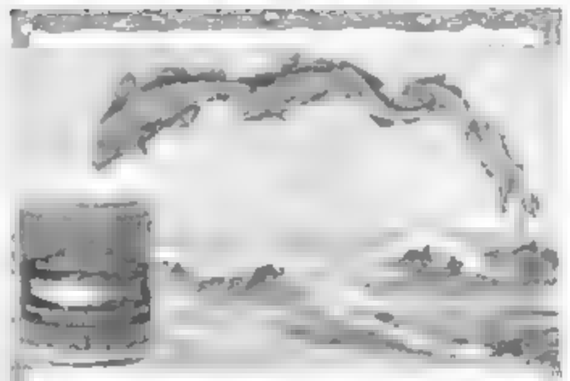
"In 1862, while a student at the Jefferson Medical College, Prof. S. D. Gross, my teacher of surgery, took me in his carriage to a house in the northeastern part of the city to give chloroform for him—he always used chloroform—for an operation. The patient, a man of seventy and over, had been wounded just fifty years before, at the battle of Borodino in 1812, at the time of the disastrous retreat from Moscow. The ball had buried itself in the calf of the leg and had not emerged. A mere flesh wound at Borodino was not of much account. There were other fish to fry. After lying there quietly imbedded in the tissues for half a century the bullet had at last worked its way to the surface, and finally caused an opening through the skin. One day, through this opening, the old fellow had pried it out with a hairpin; but the wound did not get well. There was a small but annoying discharge and moderate but continuous pain. Some hard substance could be felt deep in the tissues.

"This Professor Gross proposed to remove. Accordingly, when he had laid out all his instruments and, as was his custom, had whetted his knife on his boot—a fine septic procedure!—but remember it was in 1862, years before the antiseptic method was devised by Lister—he said to the patient:

"'Now, my good man, lie down on the sofa, and my young friend will give you a little chloroform.'

"'Do you suppose,' replied the patient as he straightened himself up with pride, 'that a soldier of the First Napoleon wishes to take any chloroform?' Here he stretched his leg out straight and concluded with an emphatic: 'Go ahead!'

"Professor Gross went ahead and never once did the old soldier wince or budge. The lump was cut out and proved to be a bony mass, cup-shaped in form, that had been caused by the irritation of the ball during its long sojourn. He made an excellent recovery—in spite, too, of the boot incident. How near to me it brought the Great Emperor!"



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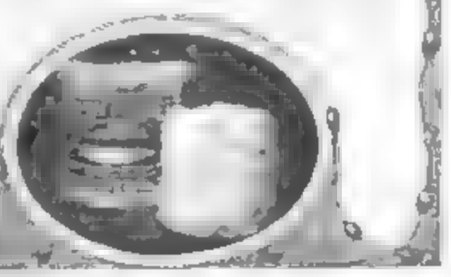

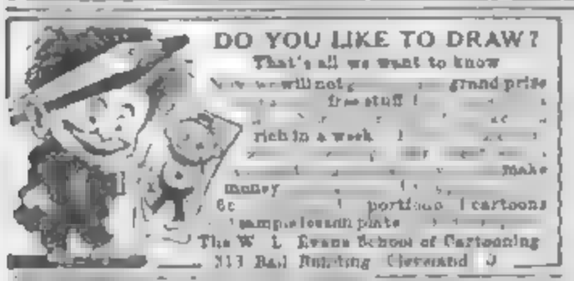

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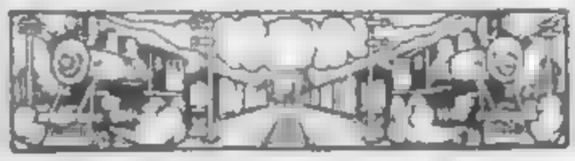

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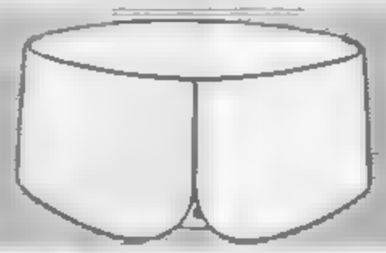

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This New Bond Paper Discovery

Means *Multi-Colored* Half-Tone Pictures Catalogs, etc., on *Bond Paper* at Affordable Prices

THE automatic high speed offset press is the greatest invention in modern printing. It abolishes the need of coated paper for half-tone printing. It will even print colored half-tones on bond paper, no matter how "cockly" the surface, so long as the body of the paper lies dead flat.

The discovery of the new Tokyo Bond makes it possible to run Tokyo Bond on the offset press because the Crocker-McElwain Company have discovered how to make the new Tokyo Bond lay dead flat.

We will explain:

If the paper has the slightest microscopic wave in it—that is, if it is not dead flat—the dead flat pressure of the true press rolls will roll the invisible waves into large wrinkles, kinks, and V-shaped creases.

Most printers and lithographers think this trouble comes from greenness of stock, humidity, etc. But it is really due to these invisible, uneven places which make the paper unflat.

The Crocker-McElwain Company found that the wrong way to make bond paper was to try to roll it flat. Even when rolled to look flat and seem flat, it isn't free from microscopic puffs, or, in other words, isn't dead flat.

The Crocker-McElwain Company discovered that they must "build" Tokyo Bond dead flat, from its watery birth to its loft dried old age. Because a bond paper born deformed and unflat will stay deformed and unflat in spite of the heaviest and truest rolling.

So the Crocker-McElwain Company have given to the printer's craft the new Tokyo Bond, a dead flat bond paper which, on the offset press, makes the consumer of printing able now to have anything and everything printed by half-tone in colors on beautiful parchmentesque Tokyo Bond.

Think of your having illustrated catalogs and booklets, art pictures and calendars, pictorial letterheads and envelopes, display cards, covers and labels, insurance policies, stocks, bonds, checks, all half-tone printed, in black or any multiplicity of colors, on the bankish, aristocratic Tokyo Bond.

And at a cost you can afford, for Tokyo is medium priced enough for carload runs, yet has the look of the luxurious priced bond papers. Besides, the high speed offset press does its wonderful printing at practical prices.

The Tokyo price per pound may look high for catalogs, booklets and such work, but Tokyo runs about half the weight of regular catalog and booklet paper. Thus your paper bill is no larger and your postage and distributing cost is cut in half.

Besides, instead of a frail, tender catalog you have a tough bond paper catalog that will stand wear and abuse.

On the regular flat-bed cylinder press Tokyo works like a charmed paper—runs through without a hitch or a stop. You can ask any printer to give you close register color work and rule work on Tokyo Bond.

SEND FOR "THE DISCOVERY OF TOKYO BOND"

a booklet explaining how Tokyo is "built" free from microscopic puffs, and dead flat, and how it earns profit for printer, lithographer and consumer. The whole book is printed in multi-colored pictorial half-tones on Tokyo Bond.

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We will send enough Tokyo Bond for 10 M impressions, or more, up to a carload, if you have your printer or lithographer order direct from us. Any regular size from 8½ x 11 to 28 x 38. The paper will be shipped direct from the mill, but billed by our nearest distributor.

Run this Tokyo Bond on a regular job. If you are not overwhelmingly pleased with it; if you do not say it is the greatest bond paper you ever put on the press, send us your honest criticism, and we will refund the money you paid for the paper.

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Firestone
Non-Skid Tires

The Non-Skid Tire is the "rudder" of the automobile during slippery or heavy going, keeping the car steadily and evenly on its way.

Confidence is the real basis of complete riding pleasure. Skidding and slipping, the thought of insecurity, cause a feeling of nervousness which destroys the joy of driving.

It was the demand for security, for absolute confidence—which acted as the tire builder's incentive in designing the non-skid tread.

Security Against Skidding Skidding, that ever-present bugbear to many motorists, is unknown to the user of Firestone "Non-Skid" tires. It is in the emergency their worth is proved, and no two emergencies are exactly the same.

A skid in one direction is prevented by an angle, but the next one requires a sharp edge, a third a vacuum-creating property.

Outside appliances may accomplish this *one* end, but largely at the expense of length of tire life. It is the tread which will prevent a skid, in any direction, under any road conditions, which most surely meets the necessity.

It is because Firestone compound has the amount of pure rubber which permits these sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows, that Firestone Non-Skid Tires are such general choice.

Security Against Tread and Fabric Separation A skid-preventing tread is a mighty costly buy if in performing one service the remainder of the tire is weakened. The weight and force of a car, thrown against the tread, exert an enormous strain not only on the tread itself, but on the whole tire.

This is the reason for the double curing of all Firestone tires. Fabric, side walls, breaker strip, cushion layer and tread are twice cured into an entity,—a tire without a bubble, a tire to stand the going.

Security Against Loss of Power The Firestone combination of angles, edges and vacuum-creating hollows works in complete unison, clings to the road, prevents slip or spinning of the wheel and loss of power,—increases traction.

Insurance of Greater Comfort and Longer Life Security and confidence, however, are not the only advantages of Firestone Non-Skids. There is, in addition, an insurance of greater resiliency, longer life, greater economy. Thus they become the wise investment for all seasons, on all roads.

The Firestone Non-Skid tread is a built-up tread of extra thickness. These extra layers of resilient rubber take up and absorb the jolts and jars of the road, far more even than the highly resilient smooth tread.

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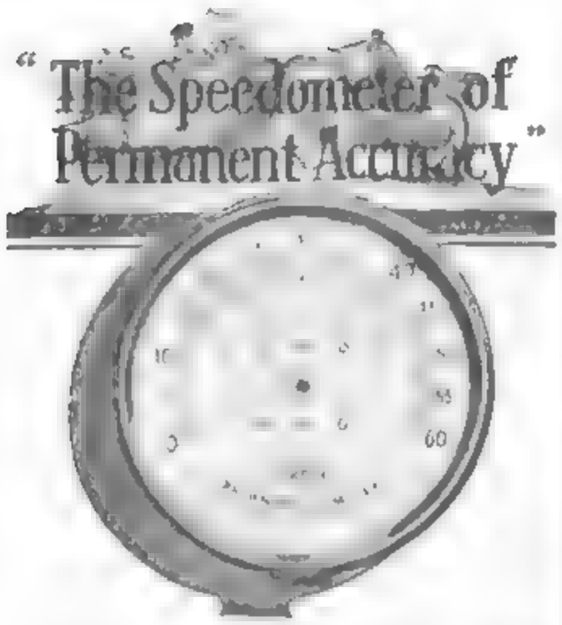
"The Speedometer of Permanent Accuracy"



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It insures absolute regularity of revolution regardless of temperature.
It is as accurate during the zero of Christmas as during the torridity of July.
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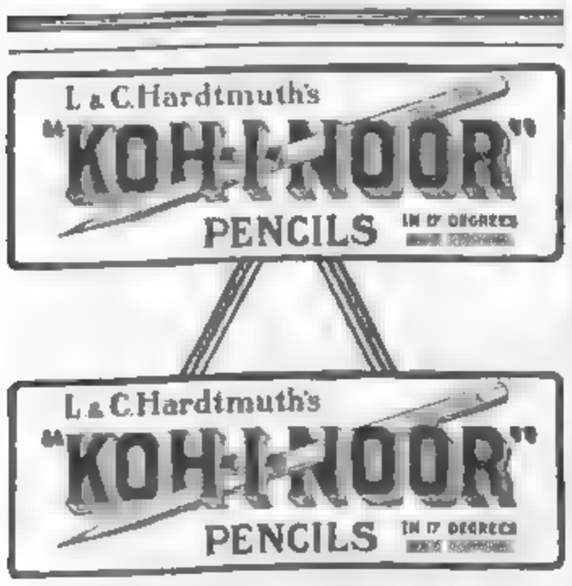

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HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

(Continued from Page 20)

the newspapers that wake up in Jersey City or some place and can't remember their own names or how it happened. And they wanted the police to just perfectly find you, and I wanted them to too—I was deathly afraid ——"

"I know my own name all right. I'm little Tempest and Sunshine; that's my name ——"

"But I wouldn't let them know I was afraid, and I laughed at them and told them they didn't know you at all, and that you'd come home—come home ——"

He found he could strangely not be an upstart another moment in the presence of that Flapper. He was over kneeling beside her, reaching his arms up about her and pressing her cheek down to his. The Flapper held him tightly and wept.

"There, there!" he soothed her, smoothing the golden brown hair that spilled about her shoulders. "No one ever going to hurt you while I'm round. You're the just perfectly dearest if you come right down to it. Now, now, 's all right! Everything all right!"

"It's those perfectly old taggers," exploded the Flapper, suddenly recovering her true form—"just furiously tagging."

"'S got to stop right now," declared Bean, rising. "Wipe that egg off your face and let's get out of here."

"London," she suggested brightly. "Granny has always ——"

"No London!" he broke in, visibly returning to the Corsican or upstart manner. "And no perfectly old taggers! You and me—us—understand what I mean? Think I'm going to have my wife sloshing round over there, voting, smashing windows, getting run in and sent to the island for thirty days? No! Not for little old George W. Me!"

"I never wanted to so very much," confessed the Flapper with surprising meekness. "You tell where to go then."

Bean debated. Baseball! Perhaps there would be a game on the home grounds that day—Paris might be playing London or St. Petersburg or Berlin or Venice ——

"First we go see a ball game," he said.

The Flapper astounded him.

"I don't think they have it over here, baseball," she observed.

No baseball? She must be crazy. He rang the bell.

The capable Swiss entered. In less than ten minutes he was able to convince the amazed American that baseball was positively not played on the continent of Europe. It was monstrous. It put a different aspect upon Europe.

"Makes no difference where we go then," announced Bean. "Just perfectly any little old last year's place. We'd 'lope."

"Ripping," applauded the Flapper with brightening eyes.

"Hurry and dress. I'll get a little old car and we'll beat it before they get back. No time for trunk—take bag."

Down in the office he found they made nothing of producing little old cars for the right people. The car was there even as he was taking the precaution to secure a final assurance from the manager that Paris did not by any chance play London that day.

The two bags were installed in the ready car, then a radiant Flapper beside an amateur upstart. The driver desired instructions.

"*Ally, ally!*" directed Bean, waving a vague but potent hand.

"We've done it," rejoiced the Flapper. "Serve the perfectly old taggers good and plenty right!"

Bean lifted a final gaze to the laurel-crowned believer. He knew that believer's secret now.

"What a stunning tie!" exclaimed the Flapper. "It just perfectly does something to you."

"'S little old last year's tie," said her husband carelessly.

. . . . . .

At six-thirty that evening they were resting on a balcony overlooking the garden of a hotel at Versailles. Back of them in the little parlor a waiter was setting a most companionable small table for two. Such little sounds as he made were thrilling. They liked the hotel much. Its management seemed to have been expecting them ever since the building's erection and to have reserved precisely that nest for them.

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For a man's Christmas! Think what it means to actually lighten that daily burden of shaving Give him a Pike Strop-Hone.

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It looks better—feels better and wears better—*is* much better than the price would indicate—value at a common price. Specialization, advantageous location in the best cotton country, modern organization, improved machinery—all these factors have enabled us to produce a genuine value-wonder, possessing all the *common-sense* goodness that can be had in underwear at any price. Challenge these statements. See 'Hanes'—wear it—and you'll find our every claim made good.

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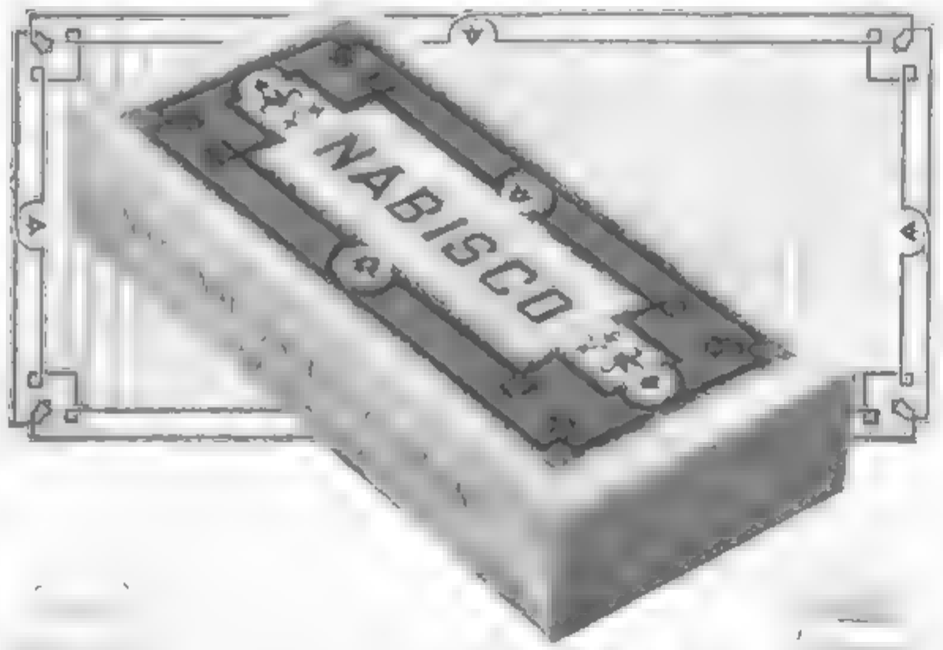

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In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

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Stylish and serviceable. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into any style desired. Silk trimmings. Colors: *Black, Steel-Gray, Brown.* All head sizes. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. *Packed in a beautifully colored mailing box during the Holiday weeks. GRATIS.* Satisfaction guaranteed. Style Book, free.

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Lenox Chocolates

are the *very particular* kind—with all sorts of surprises, some hard, some creamy, some fruity—that just make you feel you never did taste anything so good. *And you never have!* Don't put off your joy another minute!

The materials entering into Lenox Chocolates are the purest possible to find. This seal guarantees it so.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

They had been "doing" the palace. The Flapper sighed in contentment now. "We needn't ever do it again," she said. "How they ever kept house in that furious old barn ——"

Bean had occupied himself in thinking it was funny about kings. To have been born a king meant not so much after all.

"There was that last one," he said musingly. "Born as much a king as any—and look what they did to him. Better man than the other two before him—they had 'habits' enough, and he was straight and decent. But he couldn't make them believe in him. He couldn't have believed in himself very hard. You got to bluff people, and this poor old dub didn't know how, so they clipped his head off for it. Two or three times a good bluff would have saved him."

"Hardly a bath, no furnace," murmured the Flapper. "That perfectly reminds me: soon as we get back ——"

"Then," pursued Bean, "along comes Mr. Little Old George W. Napoleon Bluff and makes them eat out of his hand in about five minutes. Didn't he walk over them though! And they haven't quit thanking him for it yet. . . . Saw a lot of 'em aniveling over him at that tomb this morning . . . think he'd died only yesterday. You know, I don't blame him so much for a lot of things he did—fighting and women and all that. He knew what they'd do to him if he ever for one minute quit bluffing. You know, he was what I call an upstart."

The Flapper stole a hand into his and sighed contentedly.

"You've perfectly worked it all out, haven't you?" she said.

"And if you come right down to it I'm nothing but 'n upstart myself"

"Oh, splash!" said the Flapper in loving refutation.

"'S all," he persisted—"just 'n upstart. Of course I don't have to be one with you; I shouldn't be afraid to tell you anything in the world. But those others now—every one else in the world except you—I'll show 'em who's little old George W. Upstart; Old Man Upstart himself, that's what!"

"You're a king," declared the Flapper in a burst of frankness.

"Eh?" said Bean, a little startled by her words.

"Just a perfectly little old king," persisted the Flapper with dreamy certitude. "Never fooled little George W. Me—knew it the very first second; went over me just like that."

"Oh, I'm no king . . . never was a king . . . rabbit, I guess. Little old perfectly upstart rabbit, that's what!"

"What am I?" pointedly asked the Flapper.

"Little old flippant flapper, that's what! But you're my Chubbins just the same—my Chubbins!" and he very softly put his hand to her cheek.

"*Monsieur et Madame sont servis,*" said the waiter. He was in the doorway, but discreetly surveyed the evening sky through an already polished wineglass held well aloft.

. . . . . .

The three perfectly taggers, meeting their just due, consulted miserably as they gathered about a telephone in Paris the following morning. The Demon had answered the call.

"Says she has it all reasoned out," announced the Demon.

"'S what she said before," grunted Breede. "Tha's nothing new."

"And she says we might as well go back home now," continued the Demon. "Says she's got the—— Um-m-m—says to perfectly quit tagging."

"Nothing can matter now," said the bereaved mother.

"He's talking himself," said the Demon. "Mercy, he's got a new voice—sounds like another man. He says if we don't beat it out of here by the next boat—he can imagine nothing of less—something or other—I can't hear ——"

"Consequence," snapped Breede.

"Yes, that's it. And now he's laughing and telling her she's a perfectly flapper."

"Oh, my poor child!" murmured the mother.

"Puzzle t' me," said Breede. "I swear I can't make out just how many kinds of a ——"

"James!" said his wife sternly, and indicated the presence of several interested foreigners.

(THE END)

Editor's Note—The Flirt, a novel by Booth Tarkington, will begin in next week's issue.

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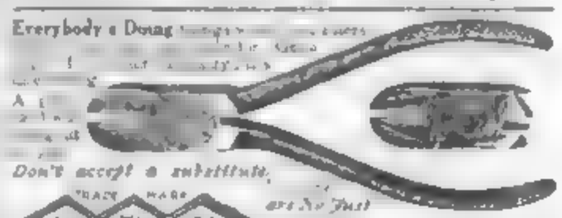
Everybody a Doug



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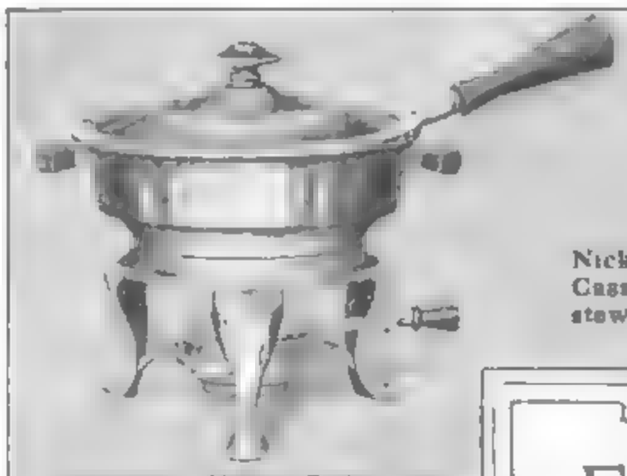
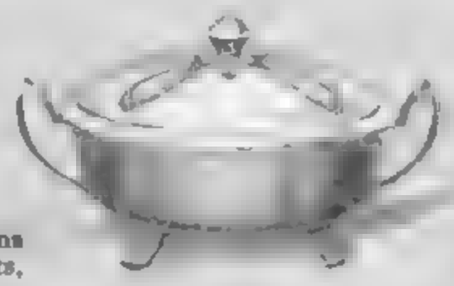


Elizabethan Chafing Dish. Patent alcohol-vapor lamp. Heats quick as a wink. Royal nickel or Colonial copper.



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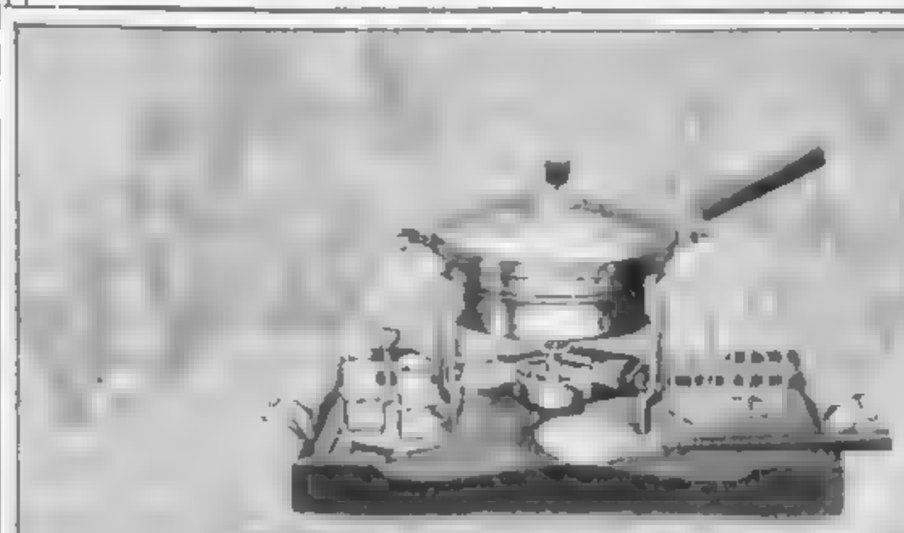
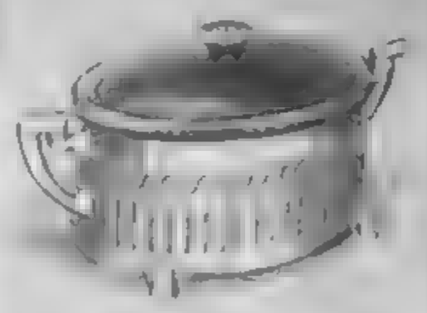
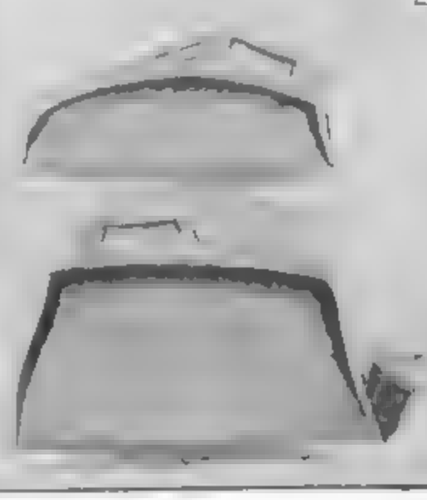


Chafing Dish Set Mission, craft-motive throughout Royal nickel finish Ebonized trimmings Harmonious and striking.

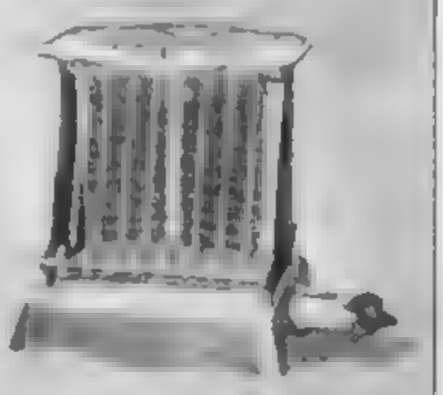


Grille Casserole. Preserves juices Gives tenderness and flavor to meats, vegetables, stews, etc. Royal nickel mounting.



Crumb Sets. Many odd designs in Royal nickel, Princess metal, brass, bronze and Colonial copper.

Serving Dish. Two dishes in one—earthenware inset for oven, Royal nickel container for table.



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But we want to say again, with renewed emphasis—we believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Your Hupmobile dealer has the new car

The six-passenger "32," $1175 f. o. b. Detroit, has equipment of two folding and revolving occasional seats in tonneau, tonneau foot rest; windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-O-Lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four-cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; 126-inch wheelbase; 33x4-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Touring Car, fully equipped, $975 f.o.b. Detroit
"32" Roadster, fully equipped, $975 f.o.b. Detroit
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, $950 f.o.b. Detroit
"20" Runabout, fully equipped, $750 f.o.b. Detroit

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1229 Milwaukee Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

JOHANN

(Continued from Page 17)

new shelfs I got to put in new counters, and I ain't got the money."

Heinrich studied the store carefully.

"Johann ought 'o fixed up long ago," he concluded. "Everybody else does it."

"Papa says they don't pay no more if it's fancy," worried Honus with his mind already fixed on the first of the next month.

"The old people like Johann and Rosie, but the young people go where it looks nice," Heinrich sagely summed up. "That's where Johann makes his mistake—the old people all dies off. In ten years he goes broke himself if he was still running the store."

"I got to make it up-to-date," insisted Honus, again troubling over the endless undertaking he had started with one new gas-light. "I ain't got no money to do it with—and if I stop now it looks rotten."

"Won't your papa give you no money?" asked Heinrich, more as a matter of form than of inquiry. He knew that Johann would not for such a purpose.

"I wouldn't ask papa," immediately stated Honus. "He don't like it anyway."

"How much you need?" And old Heinrich's eyes screwed up as they always did when he began to compute interest.

"Three hundred dollars," guessed Honus.

"It's worth it to your business," decided Heinrich. "I charge you six per cent interest."

"Thanks, Uncle Heinrich," returned Honus, brightening. "We call Alma."

He walked to the back door and called with sufficient lung force to reach her in the sitting room or the kitchen or upstairs.

"All right, Honus," screamed Alma from Heinrich's room on the third floor; and presently she came clattering down with the baby on one arm.

"Uncle Heinrich wants to loan us the money to finish the store," explained Honus. "It's three hundred dollars and eighteen dollars a year interest."

"I don't know," puzzled Alma. "Papa Koepler wouldn't like it." Her eyes, like Heinrich's and Honus', studied the freshly painted ceiling critically and compared its whiteness with the dinginess of the shelves. "We'll have to sell lots more groceries to make that much more profit."

"But, Alma, you don't have to pay me in one year!" urged Heinrich, whose passion was safe six-per-cent notes.

"We'll talk it over tonight when the store is closed and the kids are asleep, Uncle Heinrich," decided the cautious Alma.

V

UNCLE JAKE and Aunt Martha, and their Ludwig and his wife, Bertha, and their little Clara, came out to see Johann and Rosie on Sunday morning. Just before the noontime dinner Lulu and her husband and little Stanley arrived, and inspected the chickens and the garden. The womenfolks naturally gravitated to the kitchen and the men gathered under the big beech tree in the front yard.

"Rosie, you ain't looking so good," remarked Aunt Martha.

"Why, mamma, you should look fine!" protested Lulu, mixing a mayonnaise dressing as a special treat. "You have the nice, fresh country air out here and nothing to do but take it easy."

"And you got your chickens and your garden and your flower-bed to keep you from getting lonesome," added Uncle Jake's Ludwig's wife, Bertha, roughly washing the worst of the jam off little Clara's face.

Mamma Koepler finished slicing her noodles and dropped her knife.

"It's hard work taking it easy," she complained. "It takes a while, I guess, to get used to it."

"Well, Johann, you got it nice!" complimented Uncle Jake, smoking his pipe out under the beech tree; and he looked round him appreciatively.

"*Ja*, I guess so," indifferently agreed Johann, sitting in the big chair of Johannus with that gray something deepening day by day on his face. "Have they got that new sewer laid yet on Maple Street?"

"It's up as far as Lynch's corner," said Lulu's husband, Albert Jones. "They should put a night force on that sewer."

Neither Jake nor Ludwig, nor even Johann, paid much attention to this opinion. Lulu's husband was an American and had funny ideas.

"Well, Uncle Johann, now your worries are over," envied Ludwig. "It ain't everybody can stop working at fifty no more."

"Fifty's a little young," considered Johann, shifting uneasily in his chair. He had turned it so it faced the brown haze of smoke that hung eternally over the city, even on Sundays.

"Men are younger at fifty than they used to be," speculated Albert Jones.

Johann glanced thoughtfully at Lulu's husband, and pondered that remark in silence.

"That's the way Johannus used to sit in his chair and smoke," observed Jake, "when he turned over the business to you, Johann."

Johann turned to his brother Jake half savagely, like a bear that has been goaded beyond endurance.

"I can't do it like papa!" he blurted, knocking the ashes from his pipe and producing a cigar. "I can't set still. It's lonesome out here. I don't like it!"

Uncle Wilhelm and Sophie came trudging up the road from the end of the carline with a bundle of frankfurters.

There was a loud and hearty chorus of hellos! Sophie hurried back to the kitchen with the frankfurters.

Uncle Wilhelm brought a chair from the side porch and sat down.

"Well, Farmer Johann, how's your garden?" he cordially wanted to know.

"Oh, so-so!" admitted Johann, none too graciously. "How's business in your bakery?"

"I put in a big new flyscreen case for my coffee cake and pies," answered Wilhelm complacently. "You ought to see it!"

"I think maybe I come in tomorrow," announced Johann wistfully. "I ain't got nothing to do nohow."

"Pop, I don't believe you like it very well out here," surmised Albert Jones.

Johann turned on him resentfully.

"I ain't used to it yet," he declared. "There ain't enough work."

"I think you miss the people who used to come in the store," insisted Albert.

Johann's underlip shot out.

Little Clara and little Stanley came racing out to announce dinner. Clara stumbled and fell flat in the gravel. Ludwig picked her up by one arm and carried her into the house screaming; but her efforts made only a small dent in the noise that immediately ensued as the dozen relatives scraped their chairs to the table and began talking at the tops of their voices. Uncle Jake's Ludwig's wife, Bertha, was the loudest and shrillest of all until the food was passed.

Over this ceremony they would have been silent in any event, but now they were confronted by an unusual puzzle. Uncle Johann had worked hard all his life. He had saved enough to make him comfortable the rest of his days. He had retired at fifty, like all his fathers before him, and had nothing to do now but enjoy himself; yet Uncle Johann was obviously unhappy! So was Rosie.

The front yard was full of Koeplers when, at two o'clock, Johann suddenly stood up and looked down the road with his jaw gaping.

"Ain't that Honus and Alma?" he demanded in an incredulous voice.

"*Ach*, it couldn't be, papa!" denied Rosie, hunting nervously for her far-away glasses. "They got to tend to the store."

Nevertheless it was Honus and Alma, with little Johnnie and the baby; and Honus was beaming happily as if he expected to be commended.

"Honus, who watches the store?" was Johann's word of welcome.

"Nobody, papa," returned Honus easily. "I close up the store now on Sunday afternoons for a few hours. We don't take in fifteen cents from one o'clock till five."

"Don't they play pinocle no more?" asked Mamma Koepler in a shrill panic. What would become of the Koepler store?

"*Der alte* Gebhardt's got a key," rejoined Honus in a matter-of-fact tone. "I told 'em to put down how much beer they drank. They done it last Sunday too. We went over to Alma's folks."

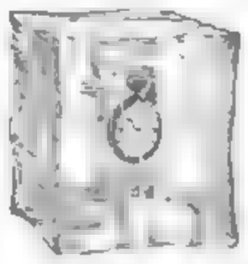
Johann, in deep trouble, looked toward the city; then suddenly his face brightened.

"Honus, mamma and me come in after this and tend store on Sundays!"

VI

ON THURSDAY Johann and Rosie stopped in front of the Koepler store in amazement. The place was glistening with white paint; the old barrels and boxes were

The Watch of Amazing Records



If you're thinking of buying a watch note this:

A South Bend Watch in one owner's pocket has varied but 30 seconds in 19,440,000—or in 7½ months running.

A South Bend in a Twentieth Century Limited *engineer's* pocket, carried daily in a jolting locomotive, varied but 4 seconds in 25,920,000—a consecutive running of 10 months! This showed in a regular railroad inspection.

Another has lost but two seconds in five months. Hundreds of letters from South Bend owners tell of these astonishing feats.

All are due to precision in making the watch

Six months are spent solely in producing the parts. The process includes 411 inspections.

Then the watch is run for a month under close observation, after a master-inspector O. K.'s it.

We will keep it a year, if need be, to make it attain our standard. If it doesn't "make good" it is scrap-heaped.

That's why it makes these records. That's why the "cake of ice" trademark has become the most famous watch-mark in the world.

Read This Book.

Our book, "How Good Watches Are Made," tells all about this master timepiece. You ought to know what it teaches about watches in general. Just send a post card for it.

You can have a South Bend in a solid gold case for $75 and in less expensive cases at very reasonable prices.

South Bend Watch Cases are guaranteed for 20 years, 25 years and permanently. Each case carries a certificate of the amount of gold used.

The "South Bend" Watch

South Milwaukee, Wis.

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Indiana.

Gentlemen:

I thought you would be interested in a grade No. 217 which you shipped me about eleven weeks ago. It is the most wonderful watch I ever had in my possession.

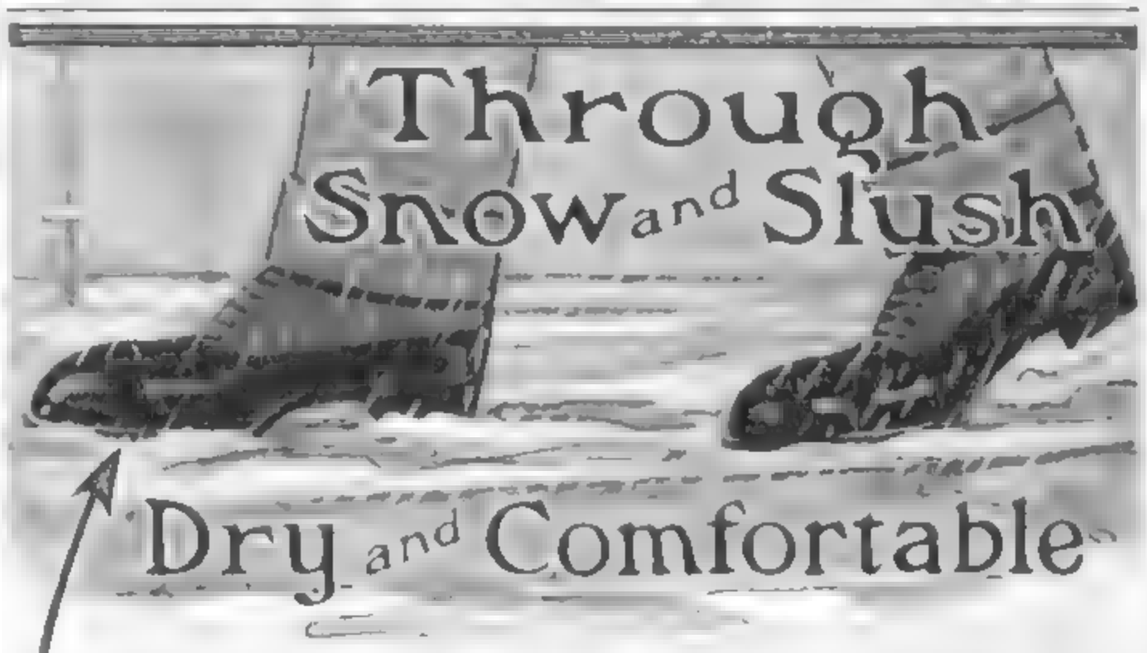
This watch has not been set for eleven weeks. For seven weeks it has been O. K. every morning when I got time. Not three seconds off or one second off but so close that I can catch no difference. I am carrying it in my pocket and give it no favors.

Yours very truly, J. M. HUGHES.

The South Bend Watch Company, 12 State St., South Bend, Ind.

(111)

Through Snow and Slush



Dry and Comfortable

YOU won't mind the cold, wet sidewalks and streets this winter, and you can discard your cumbersome, unsightly, uncomfortable rubbers if you wear the

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

TRADE MARK

Ordinary shoes have nothing but a hard, porous leather sole between your foot and the wet, icy pavements—while the **Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe** has a soft fibre cushion insole that protects your feet—keeps them dry and warm. Cold or moisture can't get through—and walking is made ten times easier and more delightful—for the cushion insole fills the hollows of your feet—supports the arches—and distributes your weight evenly over the whole foot. Colds, sore throat, pneumonia and rheumatism are often contracted through insufficient protection afforded by ordinary shoes.

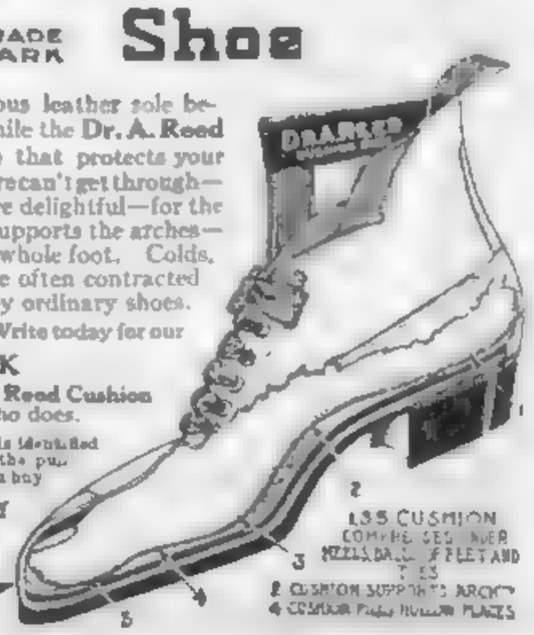
Don't endanger your health and comfort. Write today for our

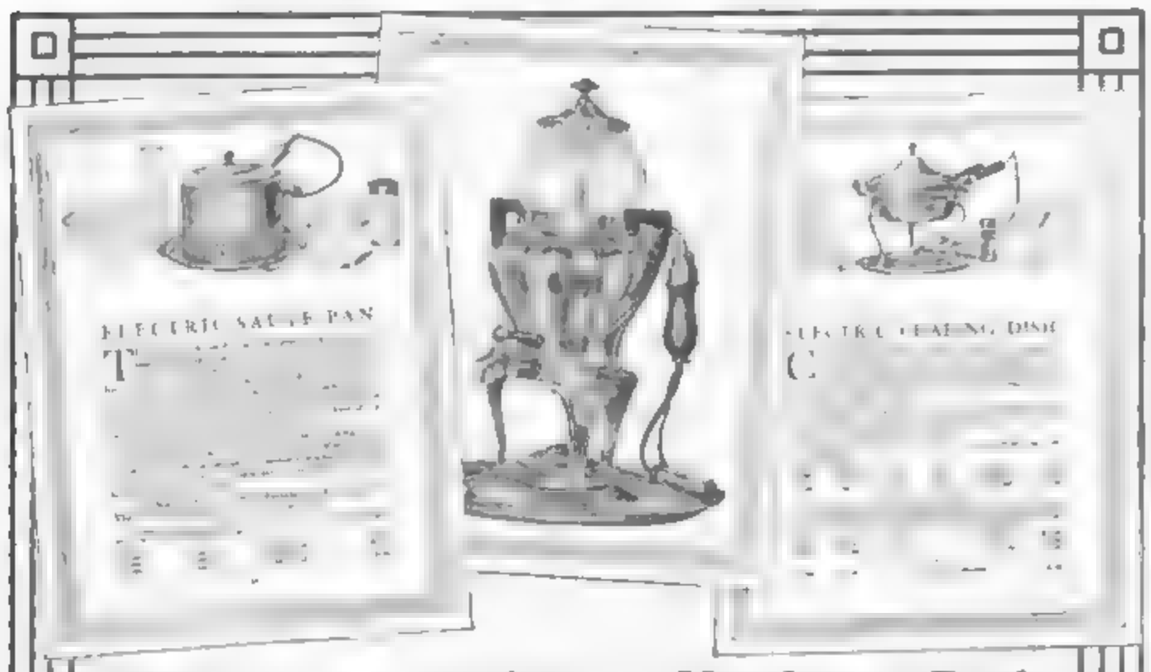
FREE STYLE BOOK

If your dealer does not handle **Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes** we will gladly tell you who does.

The genuine Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe is identified by the name of the makers woven in the puttee strap. Look for it on every pair you buy

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY
Makers CHICAGO





These pages are from a Handsome Book of Holiday Gifts. You may have it Free if you Write Now

THE book shows a dozen new and attractive pieces of *Westinghouse Electric Ware*, famous for quality, durability, and attractive design, priced at $3.50 to $22.50.

Toaster-stoves
Coffee Percolators
Tea Samovars
Chafing Dishes
Travelers' Irons that also heat the curling iron
Bedside Table Stoves or "Electric Hot Plates"
Saute Pans
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The "New Luminous" Electric Heater, for use in the cold corner and on chilly mornings.

All operated by electricity, the cleanest, handiest, safest heat known, and fully guaranteed by the makers, the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company.

Practically designed, economical to use, and heated by the patented Westinghouse heating element, a special resistance metal, hermetically sealed, which is indestructible under ordinary conditions of use.

Send your name and address at once for the book. The edition is limited and a copy will give you many suggestions for suitable holiday gifts without the discomfort of looking through crowded shops. Address your letter or postal to

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
Dept. H P East Pittsburgh, Penna.

cleared away from in front of the show windows, and in their places were sloping stands green with vegetables and dripping from a spray of clear water. The windows themselves were cleared of the premium china and dummy cereal boxes which had accumulated dust for countless time and were brave in gayly colored fruits.

They walked in, almost as strangers. The ceiling and the walls were white; the shelves were new; the counters had been scraped and varnished. There was a shiny new two-story showcase. The floor was covered with clean linoleum, and the clutter of boxes and barrels was removed from the aisle. Only one thoroughly familiar object remained—the open cracker barrel by the door!

"Hello, papa! Hello, mamma!" called Honus cheerily, scooping lard into a wooden dish with nice calculation. "Papa, cut a pound of cheese for Mrs. Grady. You slice it so nice by hand."

"All right!" agreed Johann with a shade of reluctance; and he went behind the counter, while Rosie, with another lingering look, went back into the saloon.

There were four customers in the store, one of whom Johann scarcely knew—and one whom he did not know at all. He felt strange and uncomfortable.

It was half an hour before the store was entirely cleared; and then Honus, smiling happily, wiped his hands on his apron and put a jar of colored sugar back on the shelf.

"Well, papa, how you like it?" he asked with beaming confidence.

"It don't look like the old Koepler store," Johann slowly stated. "Where did you get the money?"

"Uncle Heinrich!" returned Honus. "He gives us ten years' time to pay it back; but we clear it off soon."

"He charges you six per cent!" immediately guessed Johann. "He's a slick one!"

"It's worth it to the business, papa," insisted Honus.

"Maybe," granted Johann. "I saw Mrs. Voglein go into Schmittel's. Honus, our old customers don't like all this fancy business."

"I guess we do lose some of the old customers, papa; but I got new ones. They're younger people and they spend more money. They like it like this."

Johann shook his head sorrowfully.

"You had a nice little rush before," he admitted; "but I don't like to see our old customers go across to Schmittel's."

Honus put his foot on a bin and leaned forward confidentially.

"Papa, I couldn't hold 'em anyhow," he painstakingly figured out. "When you went away from the store they went away from the store, fanciness or no fanciness. Alma and me are young. Schmittel is older, like you; and our old customers go to him."

Johann scratched his head thoughtfully.

Heinrich came in from the saloon.

"Hello, Johann!" he hailed. "How's the farm?"

Johann struggled for a moment with himself.

"I guess I rent it back to Dauers," he blurted. "Heinrich, you're slick with your six per cent! I guess I take up that note Honus gives you."

"Why, papa —"

"*No*, Honus, how you like to be partners in business with your papa? Here's what we do! I pay off Heinrich's note right away, and we put up a new sign—Koepler & Son. I get back all our old trade from Schmittel's and you get the new trade. Some day you and little Johnnie will be doing the same thing."

Heinrich turned to Johann with a grin.

"Didn't I say so, Johann?" he charged. "You ain't so old like your father was at fifty. You couldn't set in a chair and smoke, like Johannus."

"*No*, we have to keep up to date!" admitted Johann, looking round at his rejuvenated store with personal pride.

"Oh, Alma!" called Honus, hearing the women in the next room. "Mamma and you come here."

Alma and Mamma Koepler appeared in the doorway.

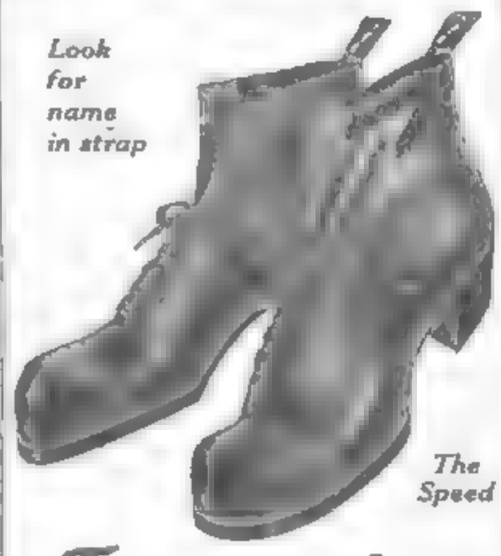
"What's the matter, Honus?" inquired Alma with a quick glance of apprehension at Heinrich and Johann.

"Papa and me go partners in the business," explained Honus happily. "It's to be a new sign—Koepler & Son."

Mamma Koepler turned with a frown to her highly pleased daughter-in-law.

"Alma," she said, "how soon can them Ganzels move out?"

Look for name in strap



The Speed

The Florsheim SHOE

Shoe Value

Get as much as your money will buy—be sure the name Florsheim is on the strap of your next pair and you will have satisfactory service—"Natural Shape" lasts insure fit and comfort.

Ask your shoeman for The Florsheim Shoe or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
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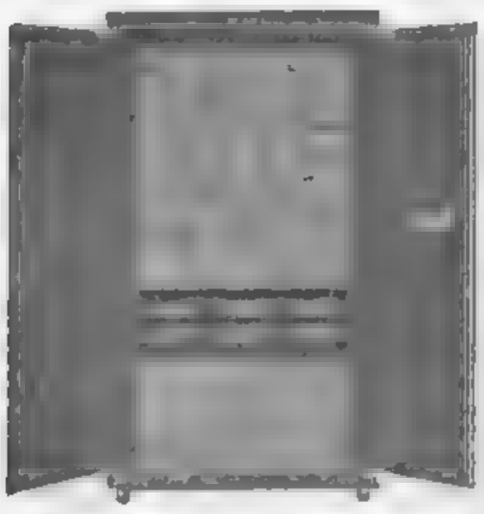

Approval *of the* Underwriters' Laboratories

is the goal towards which the manufacturers of all fire-resisting devices must ever strive.

THE SAFE-CABINET

(1913 MODEL)

has won this approval. It is included in the list of fire appliances **examined and tested** under the requirements of the National Board of Fire Underwriters by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

The Underwriters' label, reproduced below, appears on every SAFE-CABINET of the 1913 Model. It is evidence of the fact that every SAFE-CABINET of this Model has been inspected and has attained the same high standard as that which was tested and which secured their approval.

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORIES INC.
INSPECTED INSULATED CABINET No.

No insulated cabinet or safe except THE SAFE-CABINET (1913 Model) carries this label

Other interesting fire tests were referred to on page 41 of *The Saturday Evening Post* of November 9th. Booklet describing these in detail will be mailed on request.

"The object of Underwriters' Laboratories is to bring to the user the one best obtainable opinion on the merits or demerits of appliances in respect to the fire hazard."

THE SAFE-CABINET CO., Dept. P-2, Marietta, Ohio

Agencies in most cities. If you do not find us listed in your telephone directory write direct to the home office.

THE SAFE-CABINET IS USED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

A Fine Xmas Present for the Men

Genuine seal grain leather Combination Card-Case and Bill Fold, 5x3 folded, 5x8 open. Has many useful Pockets; calendar; stamp-book; identi- *The biggest bargain ever offered for only $1.00.* In genuine morocco $1.50 genuine seal or pinskin $2.00. ANY NAME STAMPED IN GOLD FREE. Draft or Money Order, to Dept. S.

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positions are very desirable. Good salary, short hours, easy work, pleasant surroundings, life positions, 30 days vacation and 30 days sick leave annually with pay. 46,202 appointments made last year. No political influence needed. Common school education sufficient. Full information about how to secure these positions and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

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A year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post* only *starts* with Christmas; it continues for a whole year.

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taught quickly through the celebrated Palmer Method Correspondence School. Write today for information and a free sample copy of the beautiful monthly American Penman.

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SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

70 pages telling of things which men desire

A book which is very much more than a catalog. It tells about all there is to tell concerning revolvers, shot guns, bicycles and motorcycles; shows how they are made; explains the actions and mechanical principles involved; gives a lot of information which will guide you in purchasing, for yourself or to present to others; shows how to distinguish good from unsound features and get full value for your money.

This book has been gotten up in very durable and handsome form—stiff board covers, fine plate paper, costly engravings. It has proved an expensive book to produce, but we want every man who is interested to have one. We will mail a copy without cost to you.

Bicycles

Our book tells why the Iver Johnson bicycle is fast, easy riding and long-lived. It tells of scientific, 3-point bearings, machined with wonderful accuracy; tool steel balls; seamless steel tubing; forged crown, rear fork ends, seat post and handle bar post; careful assembling and testing; five coats of enamel, baked and rubbed between coats; finest equipment.

The Iver Johnson costs from $30 to $40 with special models a little higher; "Boy Scout" and "Camp Fire Girl" juvenile bicycles from $20 to $25. These juveniles are in every respect the equals of our men's models—same bearings, frame construction and finish.

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolvers

An expert on ordnance recently wrote us as follows:

"We find but three revolvers worthy of consideration, the ———, the ——— and the Iver Johnson, but the cost of yours is only about half that of the other two * * * As to accuracy, range and penetration it is a most satisfactory weapon * * * It is well balanced and unquestionably the safest revolver on the market * * * Its reliability of action is due to the presence of spiral springs throughout, which are more positive in their action than the flat springs—the automatic disappearing firing pin is the feature that makes the weapon so remarkably safe to handle * * * It is the best low price revolver on the market."

You will find all models listed in our book from big range revolvers with walnut grip to small pocket sizes; also a full line of Iver Johnson "Champion" single-barrel shot guns.

Motorcycles

What has impressed engineers most about the Iver Johnson Motorcycle is the absolute soundness of its mechanical design—perfect harmony between parts and uniform distribution of strength.

It is difficult to believe that such volume and steadiness of power can be delivered by a motor so light and compact.

The motorcycle is graceful, with long wheel base and beautifully finished.

To buy without learning all about the Iver Johnson may result in dissatisfaction later on. Two sizes: 4-5 horse power single cylinder and 7-8 horse power twin cylinder. Prices and full description in our book.

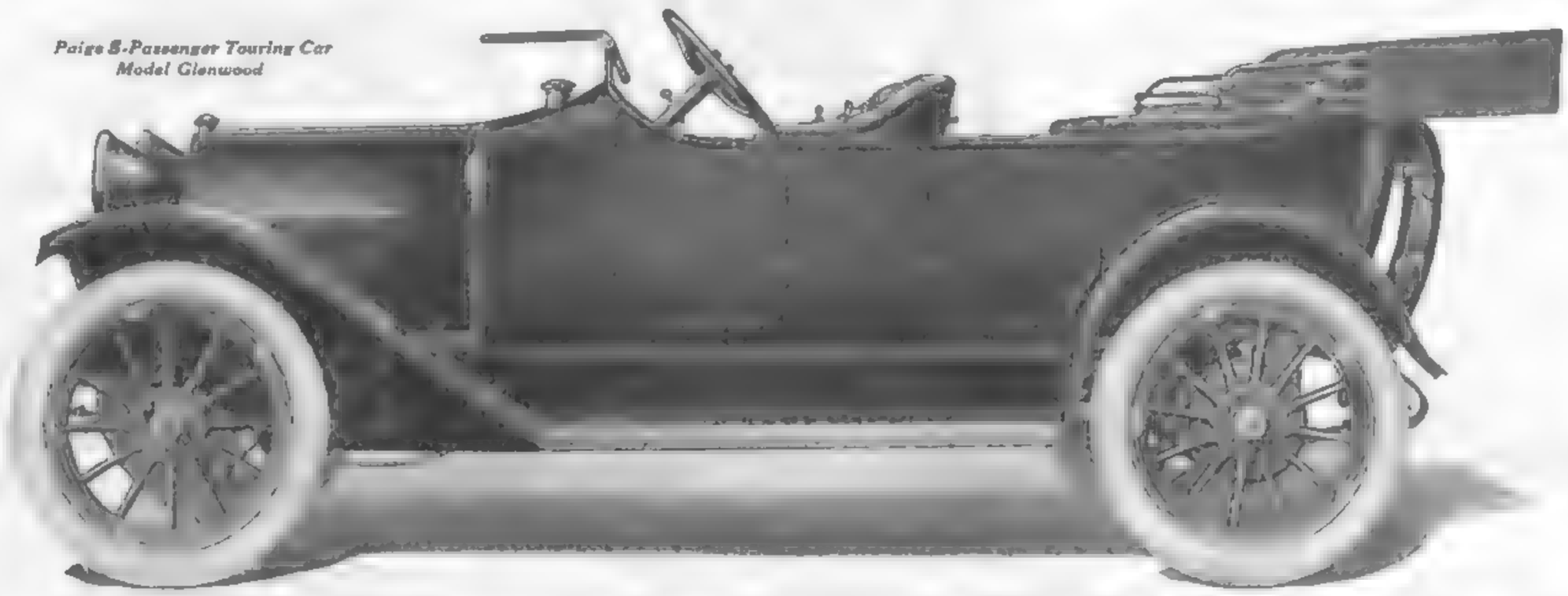
IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street Pacific Coast Branch: Phil P. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street, San Francisco

$1275 Buys This Remarkable

PAIGE 36

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System, Silent Chain Driven Motor Gears, 116 in. Wheel Base, 34 x 4 in. Tires, Left-Side Drive, Center Control, Cork Insert Clutch.



Paige 5-Passenger Touring Car
Model Glenwood

All the worth of this advertisement is lost if this new Paige model is not the *best* car and the *most* car for its price.

That's a broad, strong statement, but we mean it. Either this car *is* the *best* car, and the *most* car for its price, or it *isn't*.

If it *isn't* then we are mistaken. If we are mistaken then this advertisement is a misrepresentation, and, according to our ideas, a misrepresentation in advertising is *throwing away money*.

One of the largest producers of automobiles has said we cannot sell this Paige "36" for $1275 without losing money on every car.

We are not making as *much* profit as most manufacturers feel justified in demanding, but we are not *losing* money on this car and we would not *waste* money on it by misrepresentation.

This car stands all by itself as *extra value*. Other cars of equal value may be produced next year or the year after, but there is no other car *now* that gives *so much* in fine construction, size, power, quality of materials, and equipment for its price.

In the first place, the Paige has become a leader in the medium price field *primarily because of its motor*. We don't believe as good a motor ever went into any other car selling at Paige prices. We build our own motors. We couldn't build them more *carefully* or *test* them more *accurately* if we were building them for a $2500 car.

We have never had a Paige motor sent back to us. Every motor that goes from the Paige plant is RIGHT.

The Paige "36" Motor is a further refinement and offers some marked advantages. It is a long stroke motor 4"x5". And it is powerful—36 actual horsepower—and quiet.

Our silent-chain drive (enclosed and lubricated) for cam shaft, pump and generator, costs more than ordinary gears, but helps make this motor quiet—and easier running

Notice the size of this car, too. *Not* a small automobile, but a really big car. 116" wheel base. The touring body is as roomy as probably any 5-passenger body you ever saw.

Then think of what it means when we give you a Paige Car equipped with the famous Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Electric Lighting System, with Bosch Magneto for ignition.

The Gray & Davis system is found on the best cars ranging in price from $3000 to $5000. The high-priced cars are featuring this system.

The Paige "36" was especially designed for the installation of the Gray & Davis system. It is built *into* the power plant—a part of it. Not merely added to it. The starter control is on the steering post. No simpler self-starting system has ever been perfected. A woman can operate it with ease and assurance. No *surer* starting system *ever will be* perfected, for this equipment starts the Paige "36" *every time* and starts it quickly.

Try to find some other car at a price like the Paige "36" price offering you a starting system that *compares* with this Gray & Davis system.

In adopting left-side drive and center control for the new "36" we are in step with the best of the high-priced cars.

It is the logical drive and control. Control by simple gear-shifting ball-pivoted rod.

In the "36" we continue the cork insert multiple disc clutch running in oil. There's no grab or jerk to this clutch. You don't find it on other cars in the Paige price field.

The seats are very wide and deep, with 10" tilted cushions.

Coupled with the fine balance of this car and the luxurious cushions the [illegible] elliptic rear springs add to its riding comfort. The [illegible] 14" brake drums of this car contribute to its safety.

The gasoline tank carried under the shroud dash and filled from *outside* is a convenience typical of this car.

All dash equipment—Speedometer, ammeter, carburetor adjustment, magneto and lighting switches, etc.—are embedded flush in auxiliary dash, convenient to operator

The equipment on the Paige "36" is unusual—Ventilating Windshield (built into body), Silk Mohair Top (tan lined), Top Boot and Curtains, Stewart Speedometer (revolving dial), 12" Electric Headlights, Electric Side and Tail Lights, Bosch Magneto, Five Demountable Rims, Robe and Foot Rails, Extra Tire Irons, License Brackets, Horn, Pump, Jack, Tools, etc., complete. Heavy Nickel Trimmings throughout.

This advertisement gives you just a hint of *how good* and *how much* the Paige "36" really is.

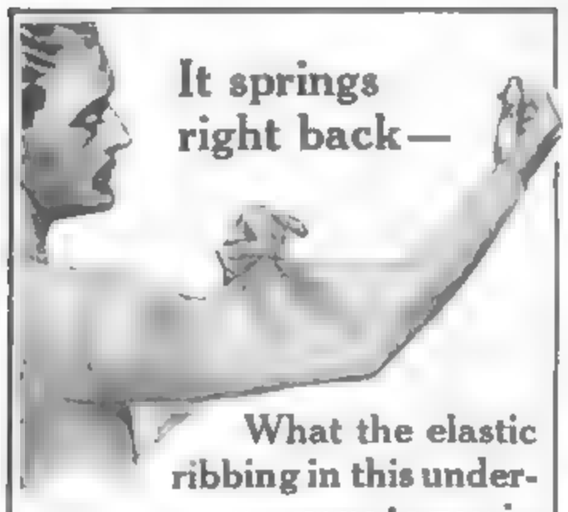
Let us tell you *all about it*. Write us today for Paige 1913 catalog. See the Paige dealer nearest you. If you don't know him ask us.

Paige "36" is built in touring, roadster and closed body-types.

The Paige 1913 Line also continues the Paige "25," Model Brunswick, touring car, $950, and Model Kenilworth, a roadster, $950. Regularly equipped in nickel trimming with rain vision windshield, silk mohair top, top boot and curtains, Stewart Speedometer, 5 nickel and black enamel lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, 5 demountable rims, extra tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools, etc.

See your Paige dealer or write us TODAY.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 265 Twenty-first Street, DETROIT, MICH.



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What the elastic ribbing in this underwear means to you in health, comfort and economy

Permanent elasticity is knitted into every stitch of Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear. It stretches to fit any figure, gives with every body motion—then springs back to normal shape and size. That is why it feels and fits so comfortably all over

Wright's

Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

is ribbed so there are air spaces to carry off the perspiration, keep the skin dry and let the pores breathe. That means health and freedom from colds and pneumonia.

That ribbing also makes Wright's Underwear stand the wear of use and washing

Ask your dealer to show it to you—wool or cotton—union suits or shirts and drawers. See this label on every garment:

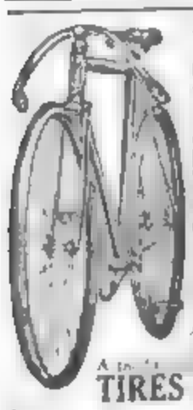
WRIGHT'S SPRING NEEDLE TRADE MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

Wright's Health Underwear is knitted to give wear and the elasticity that means perfect fit—fleeced inside for the comfort of your skin and the healthy breathing of your pores. Sudden changes of temperature cannot affect the man who wears Wright's Health Underwear—it keeps the body heat in and the cold out.

Ask your dealer to show it to you—recognize it by this label:

Wright's Health Underwear

Wright's Health Underwear Co.
75 Franklin St., New York



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stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1630 Lehigh Ave., Phila.

Write DOTY CO., Dayton, O.
for Special Christmas Offer on
low price, high grade VACUUM SWEEPER

DANCEY'S LEGACY

Continued from Page 11)

"Sure!" replied Ganz. "Want! He wants the whole blamed solar system, but if I slip him a century I think he'll be good. He'll be at David's place about nine o'clock. I told him I'd meet him there."

"I'll help you," said Dancey, dealing in two piles. "You leave me to make the talk and I'll see whether he won't be good enough for a fifty."

Ganz looked aggrieved.

"Bill," he said, "if you think that I'd chisel you for a paltry hundred right after you've turned a trick that puts seven hundred in my kick you must have a poor opinion of me. You attend to Mac yourself if you think you can save money, but don't you ever think he'll fall for a delegation."

"Well," said Dancey sullenly, "take the odd hundred then."

Dancey rose late the next morning and made a light breakfast consisting largely of soda water. When he arrived at the office his appearance excited the commiseration of Miss Fay Lodavine, the dark-haired, keen-eyed little stenographer who constituted the office force.

"Gee! But you look as if you'd been pulled through a knothole, Mr. Dancey," remarked the young woman. "Country life don't seem to agree with you."

"Where's Ganz?" asked Dancey shortly.

"He was in again and out again," replied Miss Fay. "There's a note on your desk."

Dancey tore the note open and read:

"It looks good, but it's going to take some work. Stick round. I may be in at any minute or I may send you a message. I may have to run down to Indianapolis; but stick round."

Dancey concluded to stick. He stuck until one o'clock and then, disgusted and wrathful, went away to gather up some loose ends of his own, leaving certain telephone numbers with Miss Lodavine to be used in case his presence was required. By five o'clock, at which time he knew Miss Lodavine would put on her rubbers and depart, he had received no message. It was evident that the Indianapolis trip had been necessary.

Weeks passed, however, before any word came. Then it was from New York instead of Indianapolis, and in the form of a letter.

Dancey crumpled the letter in his fist and then carefully smoothed it out on the desk.

"What do you think of this?" he asked, and read:

"AMIGO BILL: I regret to report that the hook broke just as I was reaching back for the gaff. I dare not face you after this failure; and I am afraid, as I intimated the last night we were together, that you have lost your old confidence in me—and confidence is the soul of business. Therefore you may consider the firm dissolved and retain the assets as an offset against the liabilities. Do not seek to find me, for it will be useless. Try to forget me. JOHN."

"What do you think of that?" asked Dancey again.

"My dream's come true," replied Miss Lodavine. "I didn't think he was on the square. He must have struck something meaty."

"And I thought he was stalling," said Dancey. "Well, I've got to hand it to you, lady. You had him sized up."

"I suppose you'll not need me now?" the girl asked with a lift of expressive eyebrows.

"As long as I can pay you," said Dancey.

She considered that for a moment or two, nibbling at the end of a pencil.

"Listen here!" she said suddenly. "I'm not making any insinuations about this firm. It ain't my business to put two and two together either—not having been hired as an accountant; but in the two months I've been working here I haven't been able to keep my eyes shut all the time and, seeing you've read me that letter, I'd like to ask you a question. Ain't you smart enough to make good in some other business?"

"Some honest business?" asked Dancey bluntly.

"Uh—uh," she assented—"maybe."

"I've tried honest work," said Dancey harshly. "I was raised to it—on the farm. No, my dear; I'm a wolf—not even that; I'm a hen-stealing, skulking fox, and I'll never be anything else."

"I wondered," said Miss Lodavine. "Well, I may be a goose," she continued

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

briskly, "but if you can find somebody to take my place here I'll be obliged to you, Mr. Dancey."

"Just as you please," muttered Dancey savagely.

He got up, put on his hat and coat and, taking his respectable umbrella in his hand, strode out. Miss Lodavine, who had grown a little pale, listened for the descent of the elevator and then put her handkerchief to her eyes and cried a little, being secretly tender-hearted.

She was removing the evidence of this weakness with a cold-water application when there came a rap at the door, and straightway entered a pudgy, elderly man, with a tobacco-stained beard and a roughened silk hat of ancient construction, who wheezed an asthmatic inquiry for Mr. William Dancey.

"I'm expecting him in any minute," replied Miss Lodavine. "He's at a directors' meeting and it is about time it was over."

"I'll wait," said the pudgy man, seating himself and unfolding a newspaper which he took from his coat-tail pocket. "I s'pose Mr. Ganz, his pardner, is out too?" he asked, looking over the tops of his spectacles at her.

"He's out too," assented the stenographer. "I think I can get Mr. Dancey on the wire though. I'll see."

Presently Dancey came into the office, nodded to his caller in passing, and went directly to his desk.

"Allen is my name," said the pudgy man, getting up and extending a freckled hand from a limp and frayed shirt-cuff. "Judge Abner Allen, of Pareta. I recollect you, now I look close at you, though you're changed a considerable, too, since you was a boy. Well, I might have wrote you, but I ——"

"What did you want to see me about, judge?" Dancey asked impatiently. He made a sign to Miss Lodavine, who picked up her book and left the room.

The pudgy man seemed a little disconcerted.

"Why, about your Uncle Joseph that was," he said. "He passed away yesterday morning. Yes, sir; so I thought, you and me being named j'int executors, I'd come up and talk things over with you."

Dancey lost color a little, and his breath came and went rather more quickly.

"Yes?" he said. "Go on; what is there to talk about? Come! I'm a busy man."

The judge's flabby cheek reddened.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered sarcastically.

"What do you mean?" Dancey questioned. "Sit down! I didn't intend any offense."

"I mean that the whole estate goes to you," replied the judge. "You're the sole legatee and joint executor under the will, and the will was made ten years ago and has been in my safe ever since."

Dancey moistened his lips with his tongue. His eyes shone with exultation.

"What does it amount to?" he asked.

"Last spring we figured out the property—real estate, mortgages and all—was worth over twenty-five thousand dollars," replied the judge deliberately. "I put it at that figure when your pardner asked me as we came down on the train together—time you was down to see your uncle; but, of course, when it came to raising cash and on that short notice we were doing well to get eighteen."

"Will you tell me what in the devil's name you are driving at?" demanded Dancey fiercely. "Is there eighteen thousand or twenty-five or nothing, and what do you mean by raising cash and telling Ganz what he was worth? Ganz said you told him the old man was broke. I know we sold him some stock ——"

"Nineteen thousand five hundred altogether," said Judge Allen, putting on his hat violently. "Fifteen hundred the first time, and then, when Mr. Ganz came down the next day with that other financial bigbug and your letter, we scraped the eighteen thousand. I guess you know all about that, but I want to tell you that I don't like the way you act. Them stock certificates are in my safe—that's all, and when you want 'em you can come and get 'em and settle up the claims. Good day, sir."

The door slammed heavily behind him and Miss Lodavine, who had been talking in the corridor with the young assistant bookkeeper from the plumbers' supply agency next door, tripped back, but had hardly looked into the room before she was in the corridor again.

"Oh, Charlie!" she cried. "Come in here quick; Mr. Dancey is having a fit!"

The "SWAN" Safety Fountpen for XMAS

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The judgment of experienced and successful dealers is the best guide to motor car values.

Reasons For Success

Our tremendous success is due to the public appreciation of the Cross Country and its popular advantages.

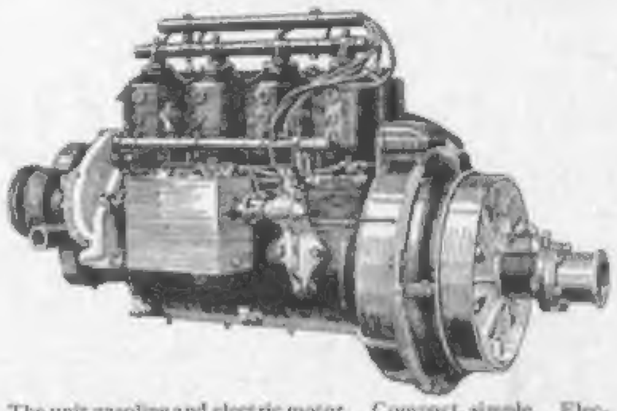
These are:

The gasoline and electric motor; the simplest and most effective starting and lighting system made. No chains, gears, belts or even an extra bearing.

It operates as silently as any electric motor.

Dignified beauty which compels you to stop, look and admire.

Coming or going the Cross Country is an aristocrat of the road. It is long and low and balanced perfectly. Finished in a rare shade of light Brewster green, this car has snap and beauty dexterously combined.



The unit gasoline and electric motor. Compact, simple. Electrical parts enclosed and protected. The commutator is bolted to the crank shaft and rotates with it, acting as a fly wheel. The other parts, mostly of aluminum, are bolted to the crank case.

Such comfort we cannot describe. It can only be felt. The steady, deliberate action of the springs gives to one that pleasurable sense of modulated motion, undisturbed by noise or jar.

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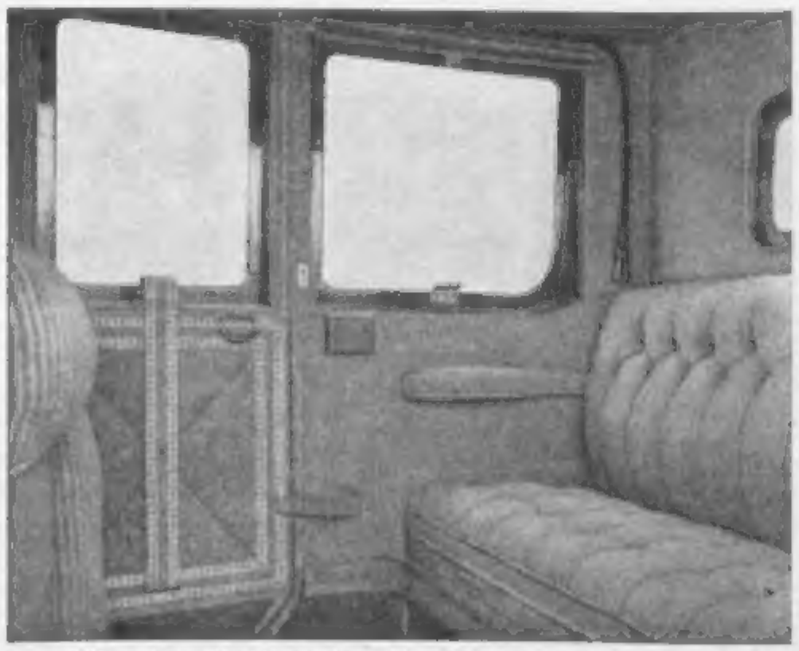
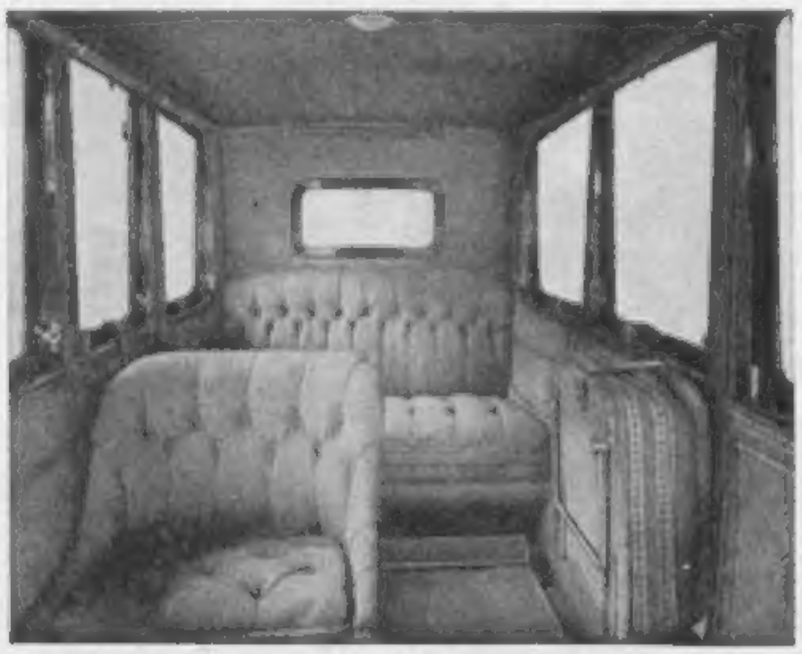
Reliability vouched for by our ten thousand mile guarantee, a signed copy of which we will give with each car.

A model factory covering twenty acres in which we make ninety-six per cent of our parts.

Back of these things—the responsibility of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, an independent concern which for forty years has commanded the good will and respect of the public.



The interior of the Rambler Gotham, limousine type, regularly accommodating five, but with folding, disappearing seats for two extra passengers. Built on Cross Country chassis. Forward compartment finished in leather. Rear compartment richly upholstered in grey Bedford cord; tight fitting windows, complete protection for driver. Send the coupon for the closed car booklet.



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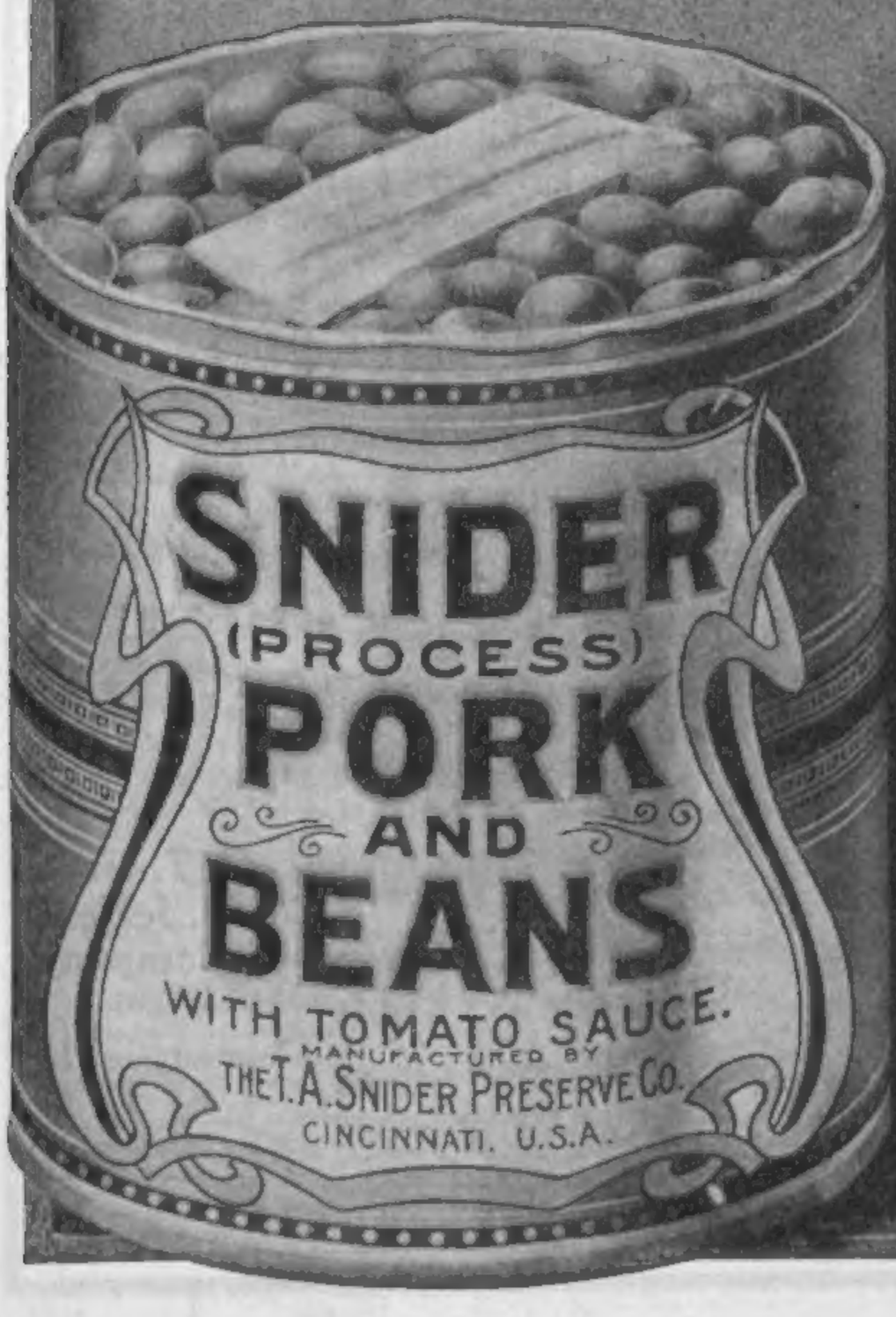

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

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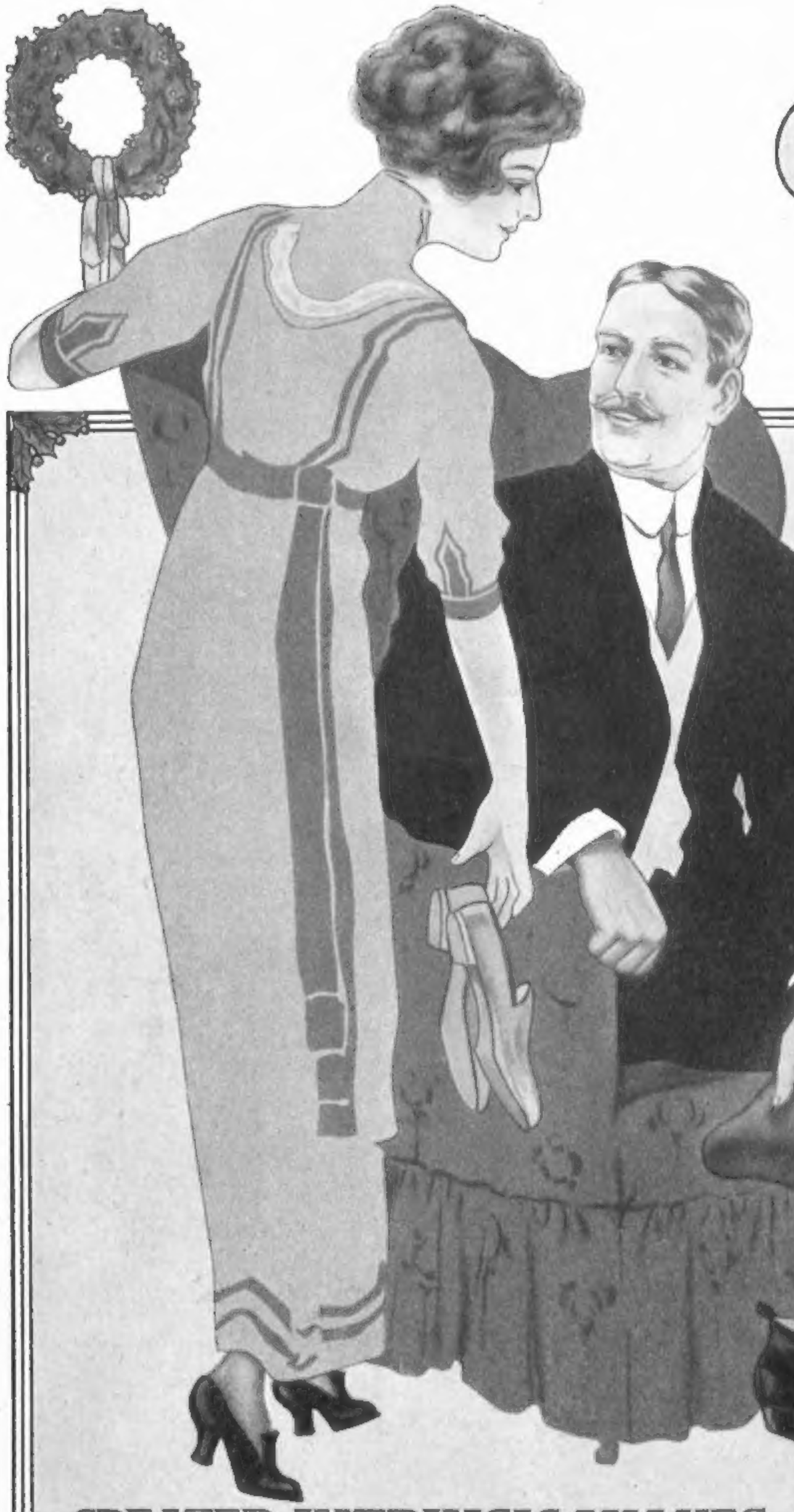

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